

HUSTLER

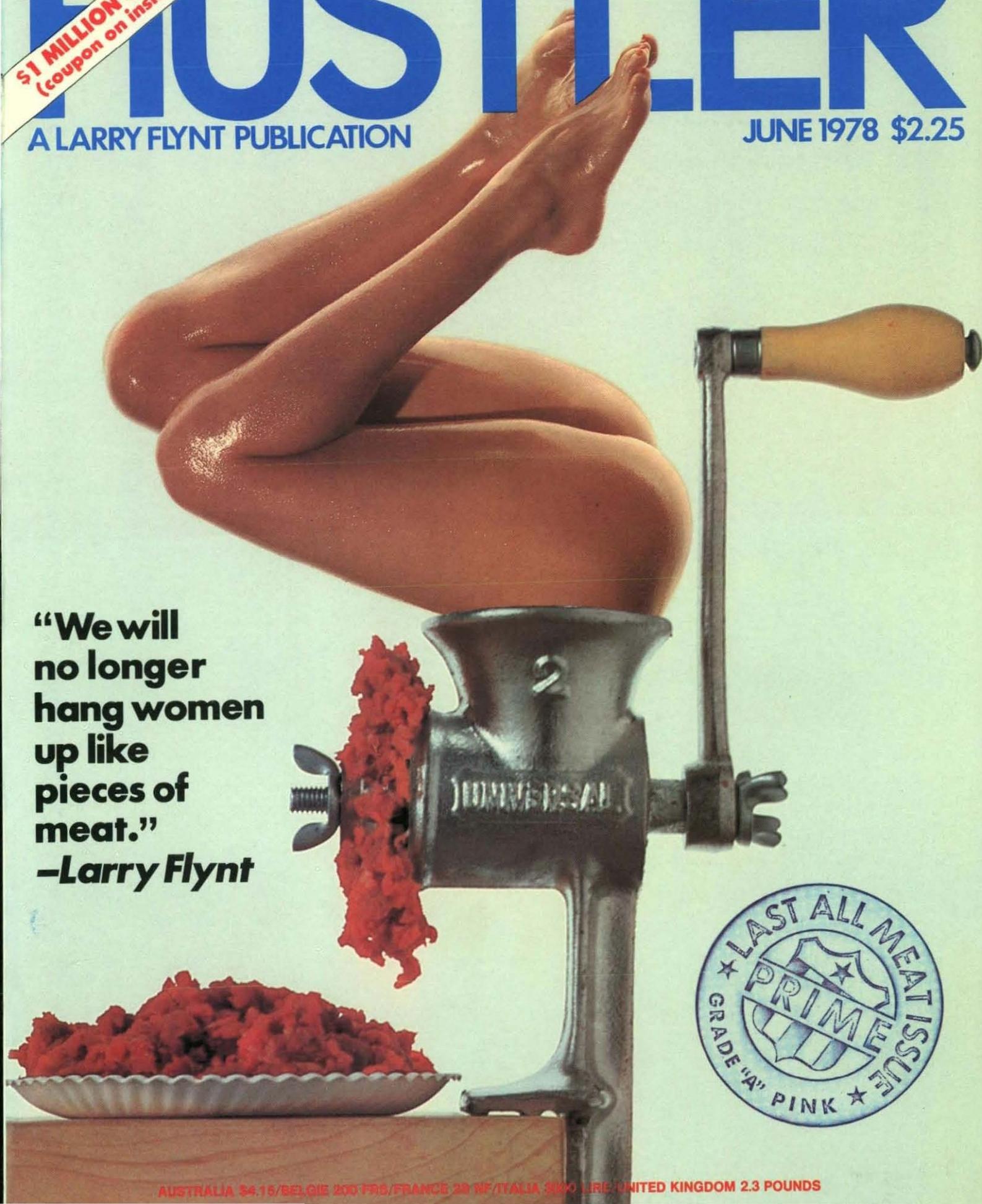
A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

JUNE 1978 \$2.25

\$1 MILLION GIVEAWAY
(coupon on inside cover)

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meat."**

-Larry Flynt



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2. To participate in the random drawing, complete the above entry blank, or one obtained elsewhere, or on a plain 3" x 5" card write your name, address, Zip code and telephone number, and indicate a number 0 through 9.
3. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight November 30, 1978, and received by midnight December 11, 1978, to be eligible for the 20 drawings to be made, two from each bin, on December 12, 1978. The first ten entries drawn will each receive a minimum prize of \$50,000 cash, to be awarded following the 1979 Super Bowl in Miami, Florida. Another \$50,000 in prizes will be awarded to ten entrants, each receiving \$5,000 cash in a drawing to be held one hour following the drawing for the ten final winners.
4. Each of the first ten winners will be provided an all-expenses paid trip for two to Miami for the 1979 Super Bowl as a guest of Larry Flynt Publications. The ten winners or persons designated by said winners must be in attendance at the game.
5. The score of the 1979 Super Bowl will determine which of the ten winners will receive the \$500,000 cash prize. Each of the remaining nine winners will receive \$50,000 cash. The scores of the winning and losing teams will be added and the last digit (0 through 9) will determine the GRAND PRIZE WINNER. Example: If the score is 13-6 (for a total of 19), the GRAND PRIZE WINNER would be number 9 (the winner drawn from bin 9).
6. All prizes totaling \$1 million will be awarded. The giveaway is open to adult residents of the United States except for employees, and their immediate families, of Larry Flynt Publications and of its licensees, printers and advertising agencies. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winners. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.
7. In the event a prize is disclaimed, or remains unclaimed for over one year, said prize will be awarded to an organization or organizations holding an exemption under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, said organization or organizations to be selected by Larry Flynt at his sole discretion.
8. Entries are to be mailed to Larry Flynt \$1 Million Giveaway, P.O. Box 16506, Columbus, Ohio 43216. A list of the 20 prize-winners may be obtained following the drawings by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the same address.
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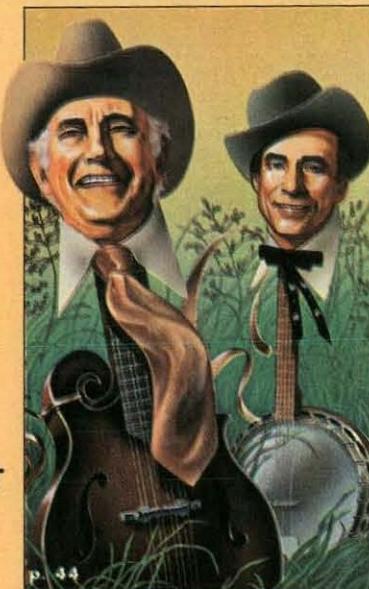
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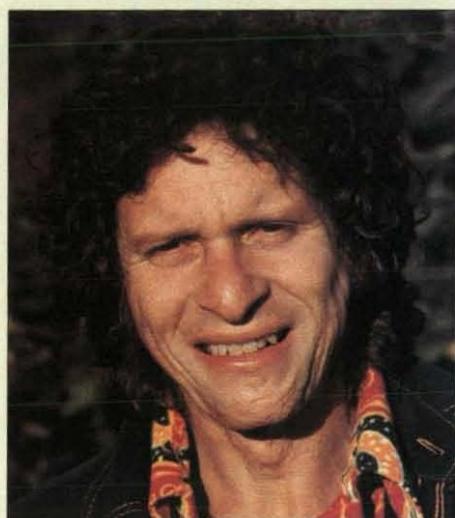
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Why Was Larry Flynt Shot?

I am sitting in a hospital in Atlanta, Georgia, nibbling on a slice of banana bread baked by a cop's wife, while Althea Flynt is listening to the compassionate advice of George Wallace. Al Goldstein, who has been sued by the Alabama governor, is mulling over a bit of religious literature so he can improve his bedside manner with Larry Flynt—who thinks we should publish color photos of his born-again, torn-apart stomach, shredded like a Watergate memo. Dick Gregory is concerned that his own missing address book has been lifted by an operative for the CIA.

In addition, Gregory is suing the FBI because it wanted to "neutralize" him. He interprets that as "kill." It certainly does not mean that the FBI planned to lighten the pigmentation of his skin by rubbing on lemon juice.

Neutralize—what a nice, clean word. Ten years ago, according to FBI documents, the intent was "to expose, disrupt and otherwise neutralize the activities of the New Left," meaning the anti-war movement. Agents were told "to remain alert for and to seek specific data depicting [New Leftists'] depraved nature and moral looseness...."

Although the First Amendment guarantees freedom of assembly, FBI instructions stated that when a student's participation in a demonstration "is accompanied by the use of or engagement in an obscene display, this infor-

mation is to be promptly incorporated into an anonymous letter which can be directed to his parents"—plus "neighbors and the parents' employers."

Another suggestion: "The use of articles from student newspapers and/or the 'underground press'... showing advocacy of the use of narcotics and free sex are ideal to send to university officials, wealthy donors, members of the legislature...."

Moreover, "since the use of marijuana and other narcotics is widespread among members of the New Left, you should be alert to opportunities to have them arrested by local authorities on drug charges."

The insidiousness of FBI counterintelligence ran the gamut from "the creating of impressions that certain New Left leaders are informants for the Bureau or other law-enforcement agencies" to the noting of an actual informant who "advised that the Students for a Democratic Society... is now considering a weekly trip via automobile from Detroit to Chicago to secure films. Detroit plans harassment of the individuals traveling in the SDS vehicle...."

Significantly, whenever there was friction between groups or individuals, the order was: "This hostility should be exploited wherever possible."

* * *

Whoever shot Larry Flynt was encouraged—if not assigned—by the

insane priorities of a legal system that uses pornography as an excuse for political persecution.

Free speech has always been an irritant to the Establishment. One FBI memo from late 1970 proposed the disruption of the physical plant of the Radical Education Project: "The Bureau is requested to prepare and furnish... in liquid form a solution capable of duplicating a scent of the most foul-smelling feces available. In this case, it might be appropriate to duplicate the feces of the species *Sus scrofa* [that is, pig shit]. A quart supply, along with a dispenser capable of squirting a narrow stream for a distance of approximately three feet, would satisfy the needs of this proposed technique."

Larry Flynt's mission to uncover the truth about assassinations in this country may have been the ultimate motive behind his shooting, even if the act was inspired by publicity surrounding a trial that could have ended with an acquittal. According to two jurors, the jury heavily favored a verdict of not guilty.

Larry Flynt was shot because he wanted to show there is no conflict between spirituality and sexuality. There is, however, a conflict between spirituality and cruelty. But neither tax-supported stink bottles nor the climate they have helped to create for bullets will stifle freedom of the press.

—Paul Krassner



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SHOW&TELL

Cover by James Baes

As you can tell from JAMES BAES's cover, HUSTLER is undergoing some significant changes in policy. We'll still be sexy, of course (HUSTLER will always be a pioneer in hard-hitting erotica), but our pictorials will concentrate on the whole body, physical and spiritual, rather than on just sex organs. Consequently, this is the last issue you'll see in our old style. So we've been hard at work seasoning and tenderizing our final selection of Honeys. As always, the raw, distinctive taste of HUSTLER comes through. Our compliments to the following master chefs:

PAUL HOFFMAN whipped up this month's profile of the Libertarian Party's **ROGER MacBRIDE**. Hoffman is presently completing his fifth book, tentatively titled *Courthouse*, an investigation of Manhattan's criminal-court system.

Hoffman's seven years of experience as a political reporter for the *New York Post* gave him valuable insights into MacBride: "I don't think the Libertarians can succeed until the Republicans splinter and the country adjusts to a multiparty system," he explains. "But MacBride's a delightful character. Very likable and easy to talk to, the sort of guy you want to take to dinner." **OVERTON LOYD** created the companion illustration. His funky visuals have also appeared in *Screw*, *New Times* and *National Lampoon*.

RONALD WASHAM, who prepared this month's humorous look at THE TERRORIST BOOM, has handled a few menus in his time. Until recently he was a waiter in a Pasadena steak joint. Washam is that rare find, a fresh comic talent whose article arrived on our doorstep unheralded and unsolicited. He has now been contacted by NBC-TV to write several comedy series. **ANDY LACKOW**, who, appropriately, illustrated last month's report on television censor-



ship, did the art for *Terrorist Boom*.

Down-home country jams are the specialties of the musicians **BOB ALLEN** chronicles in WHO'S WHO IN BLUEGRASS. Allen, a contributor to *Rolling Stone* and *Country Music Magazine*, traveled on the bluegrass circuit to do this piece. "I wasn't much of a bluegrass buff going in, but I came out with a sense that this could be one of the last enduring forms of American music," Bob remarks. "But I got sick of eating three-day-old hot dogs." *Bluegrass* is illustrated by **BOB GLEASON**, another new HUSTLER contributor, whose work has appeared in *New West* magazine.

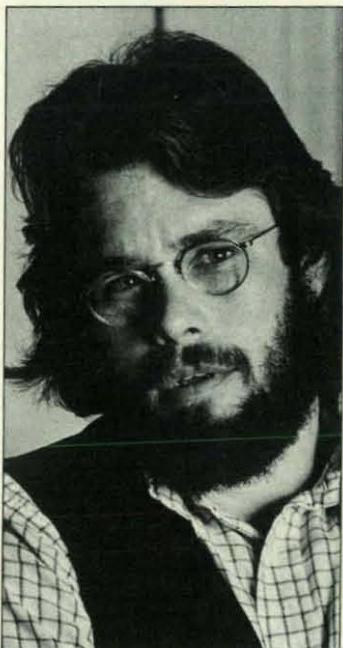
HAROLD NORSE doesn't open his mouth much, even for food. But the stories floating around in his active mind, as evidenced by **TALKING WOMAN**,

are worth preserving. For the artwork, HUSTLER has again called upon **ALEX EBEL**, the illustrator of May's cover and fiction, *An Affair of Very Little Importance*.

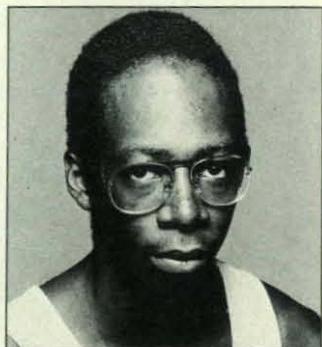
June wouldn't be complete without a wienie roast, so we asked illustrator **TOM HACHTMAN** to offer some frank and revealing discoveries about **CELEBRITY COCKS**. Tom certainly can't be considered a starving artist, since anyone whose work appears so frequently in periodicals ranging from *Screw* to *Boy's Life* has to be eating pretty regularly.

In *Sex Practices* free-lancer **JOHN MICHAELS** writes about PROSTITUTION AROUND THE WORLD. This survey could easily increase your appetite for international streetwalking. **STEVEN DOUGLAS**, who has also made educational and industrial films, illustrated the article.

If you're not drooling by now, take a look at our tongue-in-cheek photo-essay on displaying women as meat, which continues JAMES BAES's work from the cover. These Honeys are not exactly what you'd call run-of-the-mill Hamburger Helpers. So eat hearty, and use lots of napkins. ☺



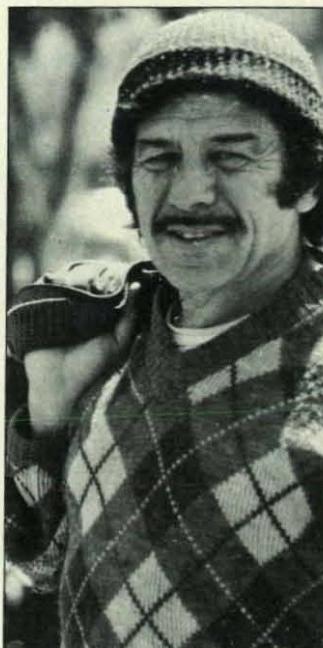
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FEEDBACK

On March 6, Larry Flynt was in Lawrenceville, Georgia, defending our First Amendment rights. Larry has always expressed a willingness to die for his beliefs, but that made the news of his being shot during a court recess no less shocking or disgusting. At press time, as he lay fighting for his life, we compiled this sampling of condolences. The response is a far cry from Time's quote of Lawrenceville Mayor Rhodes Jordan: "Somebody was sending Flynt a message, that they don't want his type of filth around."

Bullets and a Free Press: Georgians from all walks of life were shocked and stunned by the vicious and senseless assault directed at you while you were in our midst. We can only condemn the perpetrators of the wanton act of violence and hope for a quick arrest. As a peace-loving, law-abiding people, Georgians deplore and despise this kind of lawlessness. Resources of state government are being made available to assist in the investigation. Meanwhile, our prayers are with you for a speedy and complete recovery.

Governor George Busbee

I am praying for you that the Lord will be close to you and comfort you during this time of suffering. Your Brother in Christ,
Charles W. Colson

I was shocked and almost in tears when I learned from the evening news that Larry Flynt was shot. The fact that anyone could even think of shooting this dedicated man, a man who has done more to open our eyes to the problems of sexual inadequacy and in-

hibitions since Sigmund Freud, is ghastly!

His courage couldn't break, so someone decided to murder him; haven't things gone far enough?! For God's sake, the world needs its Larry Flynts.

Monty Edwards
Minneapolis, Minnesota

My wife Nan and I pray for your quick recovery. Your spirit is indomitable.

Gay Talese

Today, on my way home from work, I stopped off at the local gin mill for a few beers with my friends. After quenching our thirsts and hashing over the day's events, I went next door to a small store and picked up my monthly copy of HUSTLER, which I leafed through as my neighbor drove me home. I got home, kissed my wife and two small kids, and sat down to supper. After the usual good meal and mellow conversation, I tuned in the TV news. No one can imagine the disgust and shock I felt as—there in my own living room—the ultimate obscenity put the damper on an otherwise perfect day.

Some motherfucking asshole has gunned down Larry Flynt! As yet I don't know all the specifics. Was it some fucking Jesus-freak who would not share his God with a despicable smut-peddler like Larry Flynt? Or was it a disgruntled liberal who was incensed at Larry's pursuit of religious belief? It doesn't really matter.

What does matter is that Larry Flynt has given birth to an honest, unbiased magazine in which the views of all types of cockamamie assholes such as the above-mentioned

are expressed in his Feedback column. Larry got caught in the middle, as so many great men do.

I have always felt that Larry Flynt is a great man with a great magazine and a sense of reality few Americans have. I am not afraid to make this statement or publish my name for all you goddamned religious fanatics and bleeding-heart, phony "liberals" to see. I am not afraid because, first, I am a member of the military machine that defends the rights of all you fucking assholes out there. Secondly, I am not afraid because I doubt if there is one individual in either one of the above-mentioned groups who has the balls to dispute me face to face without a weapon in hand. As a defender of your freedom (which, I might add, few of you deserve), I subscribe to the right to bear arms. So screw you guys!

I am not a religious man, and I cannot say that my prayers are with Larry. If I could pray, I would; but suffice it to say that my best wishes are with Larry, and my sincerest sympathy goes to Mrs. Flynt.

J. Michael Brigham
Rochester, New York

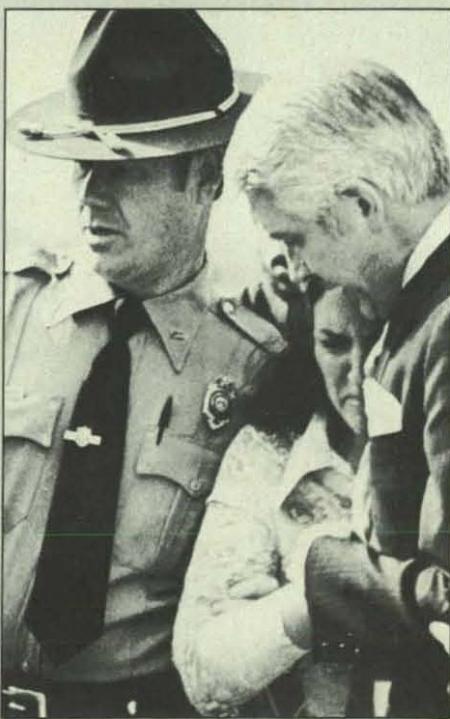
We at Playboy wish you a quick recovery. We stand firmly behind you and your Constitutional right of free speech, no matter whether it is attacked by appointed officials or self-appointed vigilantes. May you return to Columbus and to your presses soon.

Hugh M. Hefner

Last night was the first time I ever watched the news with tears in my eyes. I



Paramedics and hospital workers rush Larry Flynt to surgery after his transfer from the hospital in Lawrenceville. His condition had worsened in the three days following the shooting.



Attorney Herald Fahringer offers Althea Flynt a shoulder to cry on upon her arrival in Georgia.

FEEDBACK



Flynt is removed from the ambulance that transferred him to Emory University Hospital in Atlanta. Here he underwent his third and fourth critical operations.

felt completely helpless, but only for a second. I knew that Larry had the Lord at his side and therefore nothing to fear. I refused to believe that a man who has spent his life in a constant battle for freedom could possibly be shot like this. I could not sleep last night, so I prayed for Larry.

This is hard to say, but I believe it to be right: May God help the germ who shot Larry; the gunman is sick and in need of God's love. I've had more respect for Larry than anyone on earth.

James McCutcheon
Tampa, Florida

All my prayers go with you.

Garrett Morris

I've written to you before on my views against the outdated, outmoded KKK and the so-called Nazi Party. Yesterday morning I heard about Larry being shot by some mentally deranged person, a terrible thing to happen. I'm sorry that such things still take place and that we live in a society with people who have such little intelligence.

I believe that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder and that what people term dirty becomes so to them. They will never learn. I am a sculptor: I see nothing but beauty in the human form. You have my deepest sympathy and that of my wife.

Norman Guyewski
Galveston, Texas

The world of publishing has been shocked by the cowardly and tragic attempt on your life and on that of your associate, Gene Reeves. You have my sincerest wishes for a speedy and complete recovery and swift

justice for those who would burn books or harm those who would publish them.

Irvin J. Borowsky
Bestsellers

We love you and please let us know if there's anything we can do.

All the Robbins

As an ardent supporter of the Bill of Rights and an adamant opponent of censorship, I am terribly sorry to see Larry Flynt and his attorney suffer this symbolic crucifixion by some misguided gunman.



Ruth Carter Stapleton arrives to comfort Flynt. She had helped him discover his spiritual self.



Althea Flynt, in tears, rushes to Larry's side. She received the news at *HUSTLER*'s executive offices in Columbus.

The sick minds that choose murder over freedom of the press are a disgusting commentary on the condition of our society! Out of this disorder I sincerely hope we can win our way through and again prove that the Constitution really means what it has always said. Let sick people keep their hands off issues of *HUSTLER* and the *REALIST*, and we will not censor *their* books. Surely, people must realize that we can all be free.

Paul A. King
Kansas City, Missouri

It is difficult to express our feelings on this tragedy, which is not only yours but that of the American society itself. We look forward to your speedy recovery and wish we could be of greater assistance.

Jim and Carla Prescott

I have never written to any magazine before, although I read and buy several of them every month. *HUSTLER* is my favorite. This letter is dedicated to all self-righteous judges of other people's rights to freedom of expression.

These above-mentioned assholes are simply closet cases who are afraid to let their own emotions be known. Every human being has constant sexual urges; so why shouldn't they be shown? It is time for America to grow up. These same closet cases are generally the ones who commit sexual crimes or crimes of repression. The degenerate who shot Larry Flynt and his attorney is a typical example.

Assuming Larry Flynt was wrong (although I don't think so), that does not mean two wrongs make a right. So to the people who would condemn this man and deprive

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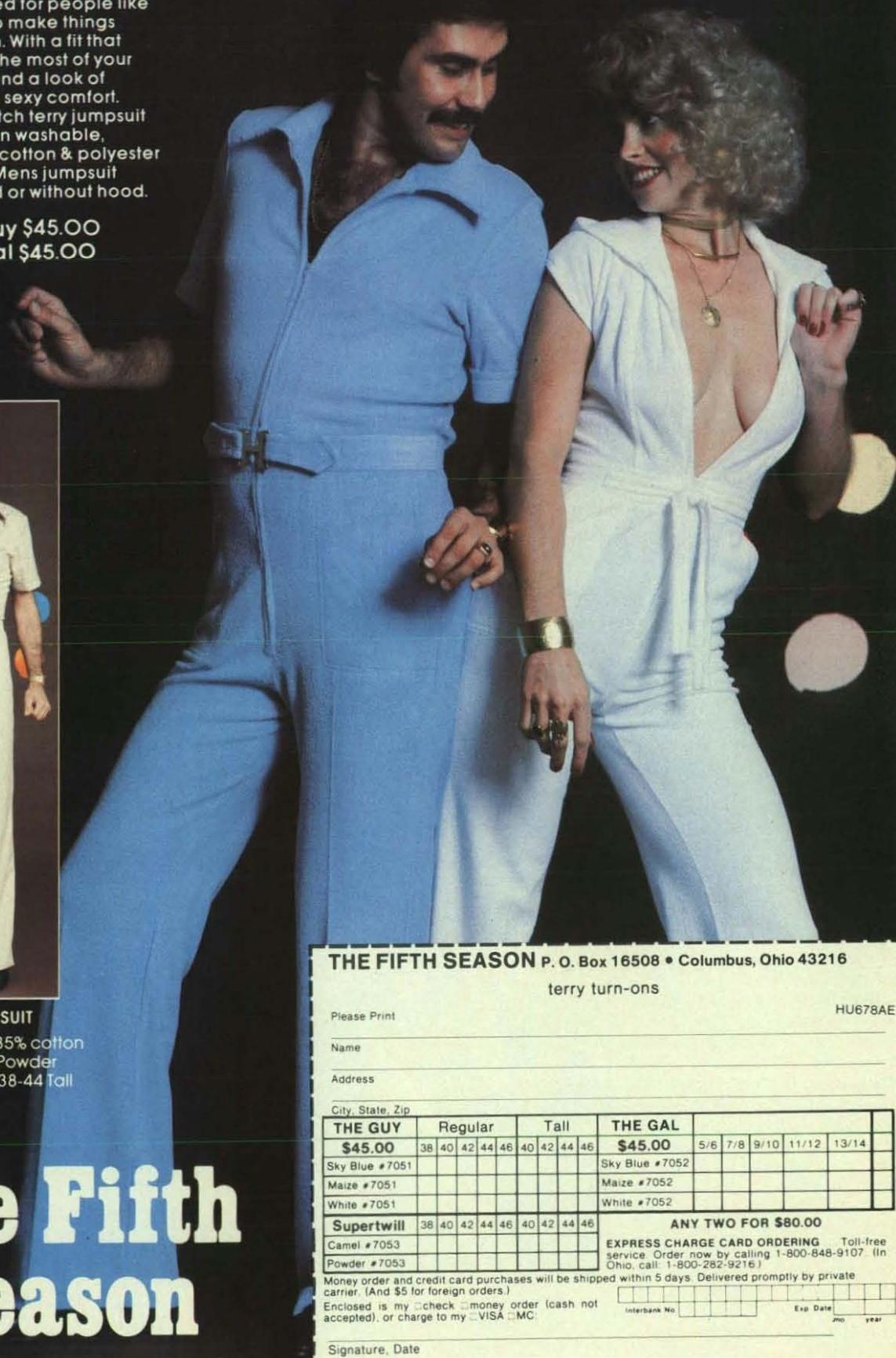
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FEEDBACK

him of his livelihood and freedom of expression, I say: Search yourself and think about what you are doing to yourself.

I offer my sympathies to Larry and his staff. I saw the trial and heard about the shooting today and could not contain my emotions. I sincerely appreciate your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Rabon Smith
Houston, Texas

Am praying for your complete recovery. Remember you belong to God. He has not forsaken you. Guard against bitterness. God Bless You.

Sister Sandra Segrest

Who did it? Who shot Larry Flynt? Who fired the shots that sent contempt, pain and sorrow into the hearts of millions?

What febleminded degenerate gloats with satisfaction that he or she has accomplished something of major importance? Who?! As you can see, one question leads to another. I, along with many other faithful readers of HUSTLER, grieve with the Flynt family.

I surmise that the person who conceived this atrocious vendetta against Mr. Flynt and HUSTLER Magazine is a hypocrite. Probably, he's a God-fearing person around his friends. I, however, am not a hypocrite, and I hope this brainless derelict rots in hell. I wonder if this person feels that he has saved the world from pornography?

I ask the asshole this: Did someone force you to buy your first issue of HUSTLER? I would truly hate myself if you bought it of your own free will and if it disgusted you enough to shoot someone.

Or are you just a Fascist/Communist pig from an Archie Bunker world? Does it bother you that the woman I love is white and that I am black?

Are you going to shoot us too?

Johnny R. D.
Lawrence, Kansas

We share your pain and hope for your quick recovery.

Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda

I've just heard about the attempt on Larry Flynt's life, and I am appalled. This proves that Larry was right: Our society is sick. We condemn a person for masturbating by invoking ridicule and guilt, and through the telling of half-truths and old wives' tales. We intimidate those who are sexually aware and/or active with labels such as "promiscuous," "sinner" or even "whore." And when a person is aware of our society's problems and tries to educate us, we arrest him for printing "pornogra-



Attorney Gene Reeves, shot at the same time as Flynt, receives first aid on sidewalk.

phy." Then, when all else fails (when those of us who are enlightened cry "no!"), we resort to our oldest and sickest form of protest—violence.

When the gunman is tried and found guilty, it will no doubt be determined that he is sexually repressed and therefore the "victim" of what Larry is trying to crusade against. It's ironic that Larry was probably hurt by someone he was trying to help.

It has been said that HUSTLER is in bad taste. Bunk! Satire is never in bad taste!

Mike Thrasher
Fresno, California



That morning in court: Reeves and Flynt discuss the case. A few hours later, bullets of repression ripped through the two men's bodies.

May the magic of our family in Marin bless you. Love, laugh and live.

Honey Bruce,
family and friends

We, the convicts of the Marion Penitentiary, would like to send our sincere condolences in the matter of Mr. Flynt's shooting. It's a profound disgrace that shootings of this nature should take place in our country. But when we look back at Watergate, nothing should surprise us. Don't you often wonder who the real criminals are?

Names Withheld by Request
Marion, Illinois

I have thought much about you and what you are going through. You are someone who has much to do, and it is important that you do it. Stick with it. I will help you to accomplish what you want as well as I know how. My prayers are with you.

Mary Calderone

My daughter was murdered a year and a half ago. Every condolence letter I received contained much the same kind of sentiment—"I know how little words can help at a time like this. . . ." But those writers were wrong. Every word did help. The fact that so many people cared enough to write helped me enormously in my grief.

I care about the violence done to Larry Flynt. I am full of sorrow and indignation, and for Larry's comfort I offer the shortest, simplest theological statement I have ever read. It is by the American poet Ezra Pound; near the end of his long poem *The Cantos* he writes: "Pray. There is power."

It doesn't matter if you think the power is inside you, or outside—or both—or whether you call it Jesus, Buddha or ten other names. It doesn't matter whether you understand it or whether you are baffled by it. The important thing is this: Power is there and it can help. May Larry find that power, and use it well.

Robert Anton Wilson
Berkeley, California

While whoever shot Larry Flynt may be some type of fanatic, we can't exclude the possibility that Larry was attacked by a professional hit man. The assassin's clean getaway and the absence of any witnesses has led to speculation that he was shot in an effort to silence a part of the free press that, among other things, is seeking new information on the JFK assassination. Larry's attempts to investigate what the press has ignored (and what the government has likely tried to hide) are the kinds of things that lead to violence more certainly than someone exposing a woman's body.

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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800
Los Angeles, California 90067

Judge Alfred Laureta in Hawaii ruled that it is physically and legally impossible for a woman to rape a man. The male defendant in a rape trial had challenged the constitutionality of Hawaii's law, saying it discriminated against men by excluding the possibility of a female rapist. Judge Laureta ruled that if a man gains an erection, this in itself is an indication that he is a willing partner in sex. The judge thus dismissed the defendant's challenge, which had been supported by a clinical psychologist and a urologist. Both doctors claimed that erections can be forced involuntarily through exposure to overt or covert stimuli, such as manipulation, music or visual images. Though the judge allowed that it is possible for a woman to be guilty of "sexual contact" with a man by force, he refused to concede that it was possible for a woman to commit rape, and thus upheld the constitutionality of the law.

Rhonda Davis, a 16-year-old student at the high school in Jones, Oklahoma, has gone to court to establish her right to attend class without being spanked. After an auto accident last fall, Rhonda was late for class five times because of her injuries. According to school regulations, tardiness warrants a mandatory spanking from the principal--a punishment Rhonda refused to undergo. Consequently, the school board barred her from class and gave her failing grades. With her parents' consent, Rhonda went to court over this cruel and unusual punishment. The case is still pending as we go to press, but a court decision in her favor would be surprising. Last year the U.S. Supreme Court affirmed the legality of corporal punishment in public schools. As higher-court decisions now stand, schoolchildren retain the dubious distinction of being the only Americans subject to legal beatings.

A South African provincial official declared that Pretoria's new \$53-million opera house will open for whites only because, he says, blacks can't appreciate opera music. Sybrand Van Niekerk, the administrator of Transvaal Province, said that blacks will be banned from the new facility because "they don't believe in the same sort of entertainment as we do." Van Niekerk added that blacks instead "do war dances, et cetera." This ban has set off a new nationwide debate over the white regime's apartheid policies.

New Mexico has become the first state to authorize the legal use of marijuana for medicinal purposes. A bill signed by Governor Jerry Apodaca on February 24, 1978, has established a three-member Patient Qualification Review Board to identify patients who are entitled to smoke the weed for therapeutic reasons. The bill specifically includes persons afflicted with the eye disease glaucoma or cancer patients suffering from the painful side effects of chemotherapy.

Under the new law's provisions, government-produced pot will be dispensed by prescription through state-owned pharmacies. The legislation was requested by a man who said he smokes about 100 marijuana cigarettes a month to relieve nausea and other side effects of his cancer treatments.

Fessor Leonard, a former basketball star at Furman University, was found dead in his apartment in Switzerland, apparently asphyxiated when he fell asleep after setting fire to a pile of nude centerfolds ripped from American men's magazines. The 7-1, 24-year-old Leonard, who played in a European pro league, was known to be suffering from depression.

Berkeley, California, police said they will run scores of samples of oil products past the noses of 60 rape victims in an effort to identify the substance that gives a rapist known as "Stinky" his peculiar odor. The rapist is believed to have committed between 60 and 100 forcible rapes in Berkeley during the last five years. To date, police know very little about him except that his victims all recall a specific oily odor. Standard Oil Company of California has agreed to assemble samples of every product it makes in an effort to assist police in identifying "Stinky's" unique aroma.

BACK ISSUES



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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. **Advise & Consent** is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: **HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.**

Extra Piece: I thought I had a normal dick until my first shower after gym class. There is a piece of skin that hangs down two inches from the underside of the shaft near the head. It stays a constant size and is always limp even when I get hard. The guys teased me about it, though they never got too abusive because I was one of the biggest football players in school. Now I'm married, and my wife loves my dick and doesn't want me to get the extra piece of skin cut off. But it's a source of embarrassment, especially in public rest rooms. Could it have been an error on the part of the doctor who circumcised me?

J. B.
San Antonio, Texas

The extra piece of skin is probably the result of a poorly done circumcision. Occasionally, the procedure has to be repeated later in life if too much of the foreskin remains. Since your wife apparently enjoys the added attraction, don't worry unless or until it causes any physical pain. If the guy at the urinal next to you asks about it, tell him it may look funny, but it's a natural french tickler.

Circumcision: I'm a healthy 19-year-old with an adequate cock. I have only one problem: I've never been circumcised, and during intercourse the pain is almost unbearable. Is it safe to have a circumcision at my age, and are there any side effects?

J. L.
Stockton, California

You should not be experiencing any pain at all during sex, whether you are circumcised or not. If you can't pull back your foreskin easily, you may have a condition known as phimosis, in which fibrous tissue has permanently attached the foreskin to the head of the penis so that pulling it back causes pain. Phimosis is corrected by circumcision. Consult a physician immediately for other problems like infections.

Once you have been treated for the pain itself, you may decide you don't want to be circumcised. There is no difference between the circumcised and uncircumcised penis with regard to arousal or ejaculation. But if you do decide to go ahead, the operation is considered a minor one. The foreskin is pulled out and part of it is cut off. Normally, the wound heals promptly and there are no complications. The operation on an adult male costs between \$300 and \$500 including the room

(one-day hospitalization), equipment, anesthetic and surgical fees.

Double Dipping: My boyfriend and I have a really wonderful sex life. He gets excited about fucking me in the asshole, and I want to satisfy him because he takes really good care of me. But sometimes he takes longer to fire than I can endure, so we switch to my cunt. I've heard that unless he washes off his cock before entering my cunt, I can get an infection. Is this true, and is there anything we can do to avoid the washing interruption—like douching afterward maybe?

C. J.
Anchorage, Alaska

There is a danger of infection when harmful bacteria are introduced into the vagina. As a matter of fact, many infections occur because women acquire the careless habit of dragging toilet tissue across the anus and then the vagina. You might consider vaginal insertion first, then switch to the anus. Douching will certainly help if you don't want to take the time to wash, but it is not the recommended procedure.

Sewer Serpents: Please settle an argument for me. I've just returned from a visit to New York City, where several persons

told me there are alligators or crocodiles living in the sewers. But my neighbors tell me they were pulling my leg and making me look like a hick. Who's right?

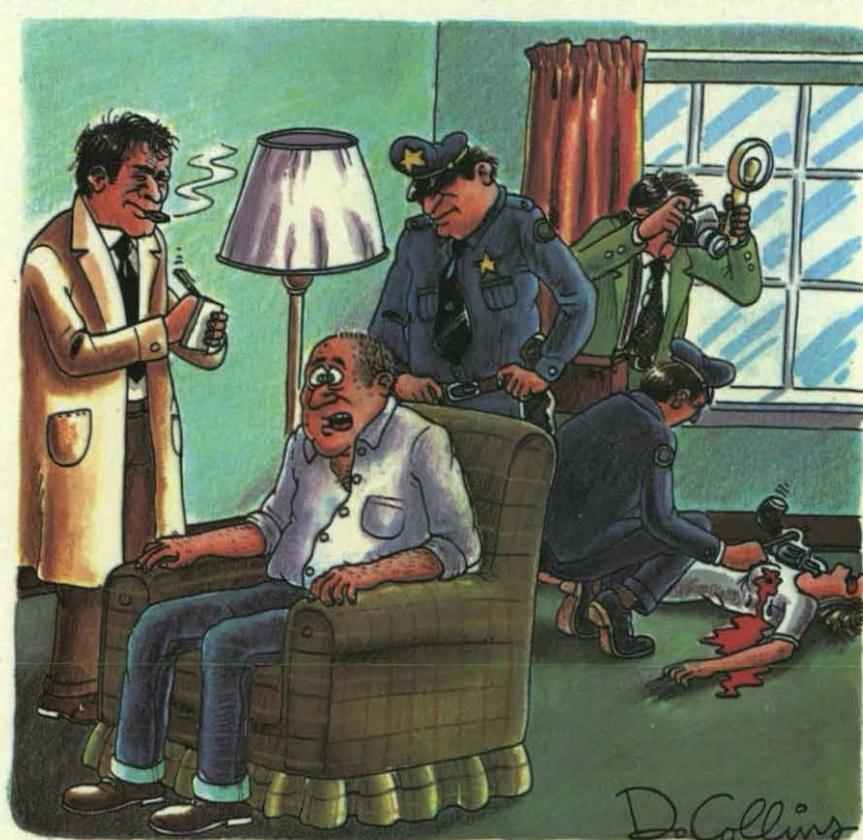
J. M.
Pocatello, Idaho

That rumor has existed for more than 100 years, but—according to New York's Environmental Protection Administration—no sewer worker has ever reported spotting any such beasts. Besides the presence of pollutants and chemicals in the sewer water, alligators and crocodiles require a temperature of about 80 degrees and will die in water that is only as low as 70 degrees—so the pet that's been flushed down the toilet wouldn't make it past the first winter.

Freedom of Information: I was a radical during the '60s, and I hear I can now find out whether the federal government has a file on me. I'm sure it does, because I was always involved in demonstrations. How do I find out what it has on me, and will the government answer me honestly?

J. F.
White Plains, New York

Under the Freedom of Information Act the particular government agency involved (e.g., the FBI



"It all started when we tried to decide if it was a breath mint or a candy mint."

ADVISE & CONSENT

or CIA) must, upon request, send you copies of what it has on you. It retains the right, though, to leave out portions deemed unreleasable for reasons such as national security or invasion of another's privacy.

The easiest way to obtain copies of your files is by writing to the individual agencies that you suspect might have them, noting on the envelope: "Freedom of Information Request; Attention: Office of Public Affairs." There is a fee for the copies, but you may be able to avoid paying it. Point out in your letter that the FOIA says the government can waive or reduce the fee if the information would benefit the public interest. Tell the agency you believe this is the case, and ask them to waive the fee. Be sure to include your date of birth, birthplace, Social Security number and phone number.

The agency must reply within ten working days. If you are notified it won't release copies of your files, you can appeal. In this case, the agency will have to reply within another 20 working days. Good luck.

Stage Fright: I love to masturbate, and I love to watch my husband when he masturbates in front of me. I would like to perform for him, but I feel I might be too embarrassed. Do you have any hints?

T. G.
Richmond, California

It sounds like you have an exhibitionist fantasy and are just too shy to act it out. Most people fantasize but do not or cannot share their fantasies

for fear of being laughed at or rejected. If masturbation is the easiest method of reaching orgasm for you, it may be you're afraid your husband will be upset by the possibility that his cock isn't "necessary" to your happiness.

Perhaps by demonstrating your personal techniques he may feel you are belittling his own. If you want to masturbate in front of him to teach him what "works" for you, you might be better off just telling him. At any rate, discuss your hidden desire with your husband—simply talking about it might well be the prelude to a one-woman show.

Dry-Skin Dilemma: Is there any way to change one's complexion? My facial skin is very dry and often peels, especially in cold weather. I would like to know if a plastic surgeon can operate on it or do something to make me look more attractive.

A. C.
Ithaca, New York

For really dry skin, cleanse at night with a rich, heavy cream rather than soap and water. In the morning use a lighter cream and a skin toner with a rosewater base. Apart from moisturizing treatments, there is a process called "face-peeling" or "chemosurgery," in which the top layers of skin are peeled away, revealing pink new skin. This process is usually done for severe cases of acne or blackheads, or to remove old scars. A dermatologist can tell you whether your problem is due to poor diet or infection (such as psoriasis or eczema) and what treatment is necessary.

To Dye or Not to Dye: I have been dyeing my hair for five years now, and the news that hair dye may cause cancer really scares me. I only do it about once every four months. But my father had some small, cancerous skin tumors removed two years ago, so I'm afraid that I'm more susceptible to cancer than most people.

Should I stop dyeing my hair?

A. K.
Beverly Hills, California

Since there is a history of cancer in your family, it might be safest to let yourself go natural. However, the effects of hair dyes are still being studied, and the reports are contradictory. The Food and Drug Administration and the National Cancer Institute have proposed hair-dye warning labels because rats fed large doses of hair-dye chemicals 2,4-DAA and 4-MMPD developed cancer. Other ingredients, such as benzidine, are also known carcinogens. On the other hand, the American Cancer Society found no increased incidence of cancer among beauticians who work with the dyes daily (but, then, they wear gloves and plastic aprons). What is most frightening is that the FDA is powerless to ban these chemicals outright because of a special exemption granted the hair-dye industry 40 years ago.

Sex Ads: I recently purchased a magazine listing girls and guys interested in meeting and swinging with others. The pictures and descriptions promise the world. I am very interested in answering some of the ads, but I have some doubts. I am also interested in placing an ad myself someday. Are these magazines for real? What do postal authorities say about these things? Should I be open and aboveboard, or do I cover myself by using a post-office box and a phony name? Also, many ads request a "SASE"—what is this?

B. T.
Chicago, Illinois

Most of the major swingers' magazines, such as *The Seekers* and *Select*, offer very real ads. When you see an appealing ad you want to answer, you must use the code number provided. Every ad has one, and many magazines insist that their subscribers use it. When you answer an ad, the magazine will forward your letter to the person who placed the ad and charge the advertiser a fee.

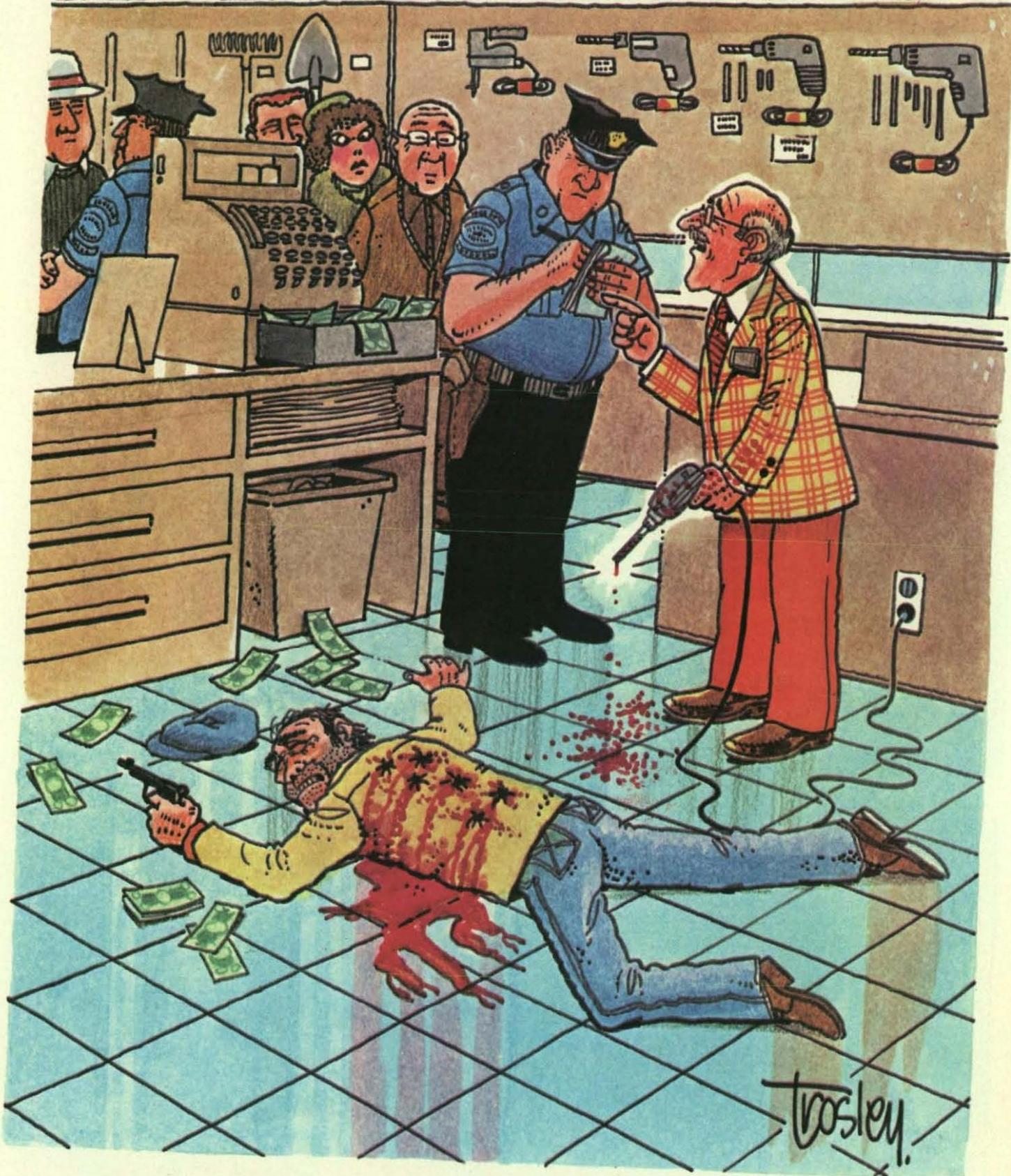
If you are going to place an ad, it is best to send a picture with it. A very sharp black and white is recommended. Try to pose in a natural position, because the people seeing the ad don't know you, and you may appear kinkier than you might want. Don't bother saying you are attractive, healthy, young, etc. These are stock phrases; let the picture speak for itself.

Finally, SASE means that the person placing the ad wants you to send a "self-addressed stamped envelope" when you reply.

Scrotal Swelling: I have a tumorlike swelling in my scrotum that my doctor called a varicocele. I was too embarrassed to ask, but what causes it and could it interfere



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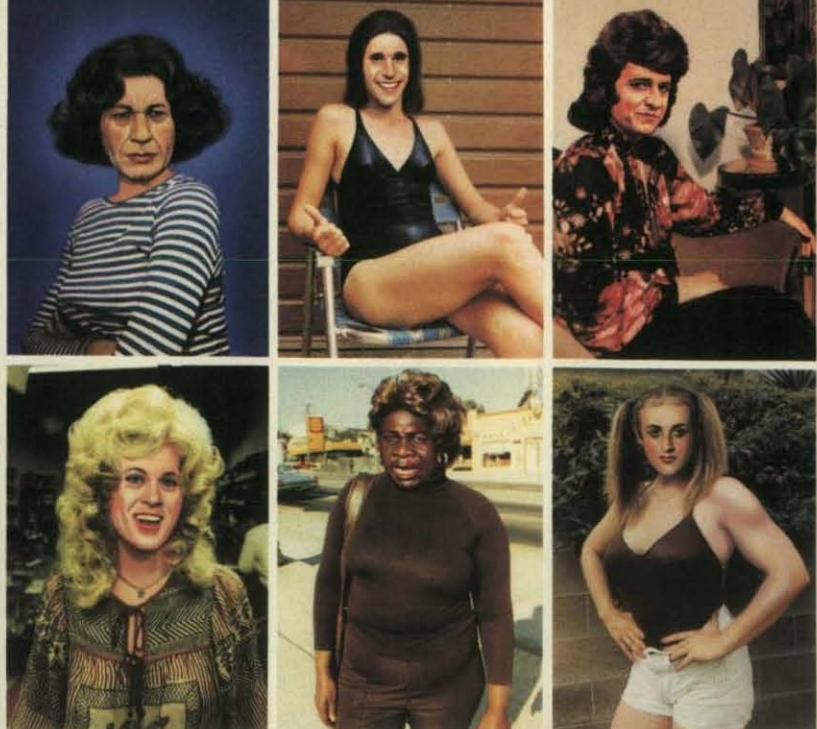
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Charlene Bronson

Rhonda Winkler

Raeleen Cash



Cyndee Redford

Edie Amin

Angela Stallone

Bits & Pieces

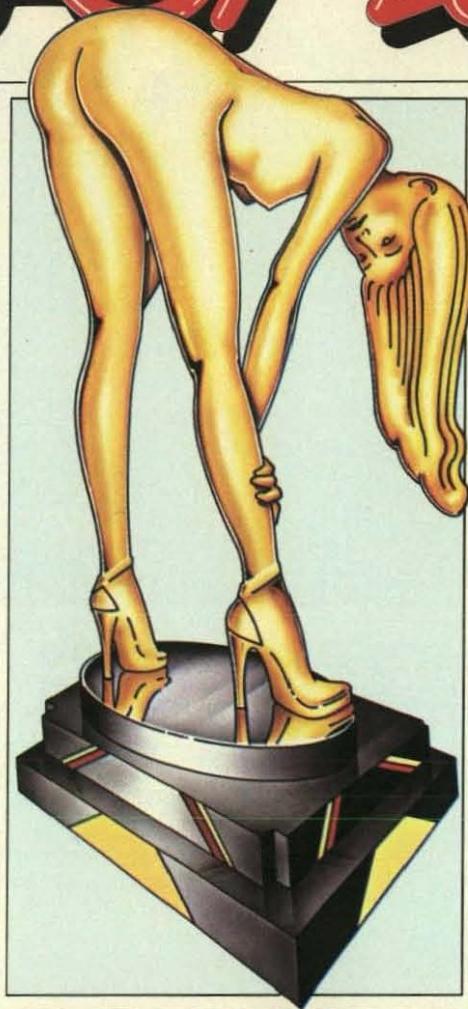
Displaying an attitude all too typical of many judges today, Fayette County (Ohio) Common Pleas Court Judge Evelyn Coffman early this year denied a jailed woman—the mother of a terminally ill three-year-old—permission to see the child during his last moments of life.

"There is no sense in releasing her just so she can come down here to watch the kid die," this month's Asshole said. And to further show the coldness of her heart, the judge failed to understand the press's interest in the incident, adding: "A child dies. He wouldn't have even known the mother was there. What value is the story?"

We counter with this question: What value is a human life in the hands of a judge like Coffman? The death of a three-year-old obviously means as little to her as the future of the child's mother: Joan Sloan, a black woman sentenced by Coffman to from one to ten years in prison for trafficking in marijuana. This was a harsh decision from Coffman, who usually gives first offenders probation or a slap-on-the-wrist sentence. That Ms. Sloan had no previous criminal record and was subject to this kind of treatment is bad enough; but the fact that Coffman stood in judgment and denied a mother the right to be with her child as he died is most inexcusable.

Prior to her son's death, Ms. Sloan did get a chance to visit the boy, but not without much pleading. After turning down requests from Ms. Sloan's family, Coffman responded to a petition from the attending physician to allow the mother to see her boy. Coffman denies that requests had first come from the Sloan family, but a spokesman at Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, where the child was being treated, confirmed that they had.

Ms. Sloan made the 70-mile trip to the hospital in handcuffs, which remained on her as she spent an hour with her son. The shackles made it impossible for her to cuddle him, and sources claim she stood in tears of grief and embarrassment under the watchful eye of a law officer during her brief visit. This was to be the last time Joan Sloan saw her son alive. Soon after being hustled back to jail in Fayette County, Ms. Sloan learned that her son was at the point of death, but her impassioned pleas for a return visit were denied.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



Judge Evelyn Coffman

Coffman turned deaf ears to the Children's Hospital chaplain, the Reverend Thomas Eisentrou, who asked the judge to allow the mother to be with her son when he died. Calling the request "far out," Coffman explained her decision by trying to throw the weight of the judicial process behind her: "It would be cruel to have her out on the highway all night visiting her son when she has to be on trial as a witness the next day."

Ms. Sloan was to testify in the case of one of three other young women arrested with her. The only black in the group, she was also the only one, at press time, to have been sentenced.

Perhaps seeing the shallowness of her own pretext about the defendant's testifying in court being more important than a mother being with a dying child, Coffman backed up her action with reasoning that further exposes the judge's unfeeling attitude toward her fellow humans.

Answering the Reverend Eisentrou's charge that she was violating Sloan's human rights, Coffman retorted that the reverend's views were "a bunch of modern, silly social talk that these people use. Like Carter and his talk of human rights, who then goes out to meet with Communists, who are the cruelest people in the world." More pretexts, or just a case of the pot calling the kettle black?

"Many law-enforcement individuals thought I made a mistake in the first place by asking the girl if she wanted to see her son," the judge remarked. But, undaunted by these opinions of her peers, Coffman proudly announced: "The mother was not denied . . . permission to attend the funeral." That's really sweet, Your Honor.

The fact that the child had been afflicted with hepatitis since birth, we're sure, didn't make his death any less hard to take. And Ms. Sloan's being made to stand helplessly by her dying child, and then being denied access to him at the time of his death, only compounded the mother's grief.

But grief and human suffering don't seem to be of too much concern to Judge Evelyn Coffman—unless, of course, she can cause some herself. Her ruling in the case of Sloan's son was so inhuman that we think she should be immediately removed from the bench.

UPDATE



WHY WE'RE FREEZING THIS WINTER

HUSTLER: Jan. '78

In the wake of the deadly blizzard that swept across the Midwest, the Great Lakes and the Ohio Valley this January, HUSTLER's predictions for a frigid winter of '78 proved all too true.

The toll of weather-related deaths reached over 100, with thousands of citizens stranded, cold and out of work as factories and offices were forced to close their doors.

In Ohio alone some 150,000 homes were left without heat or electricity as the thermometer plunged below zero. At one point state utilities reported coal stockpiles as low as a 40-day reserve, an amount the utilities industry considers just short of dangerous.

Next winter we hope the public gets hot enough to put some heat on the industry paid to provide it.



NUDE BEACHES

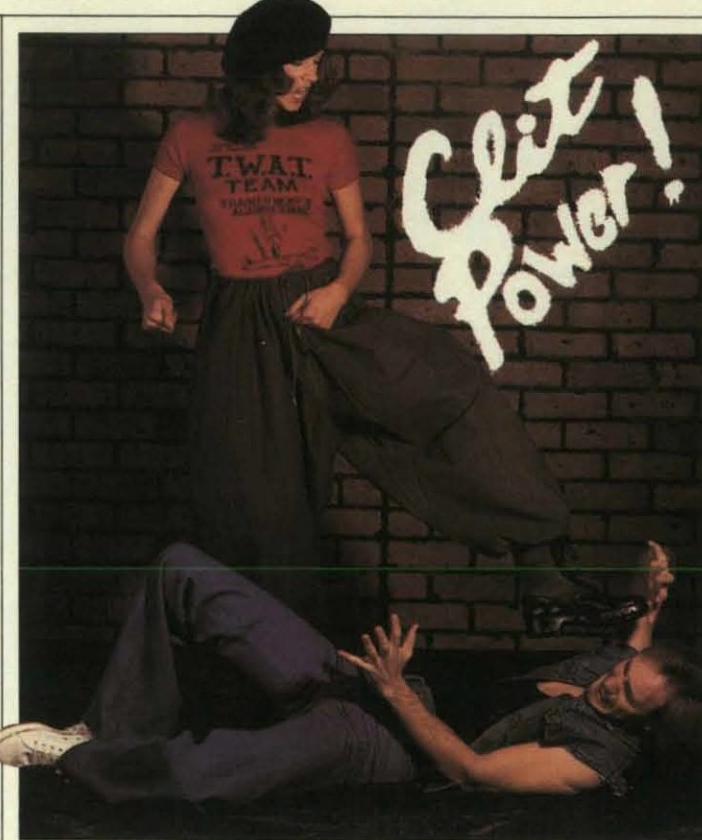
HUSTLER: Mar. '78

While there has been no change in the current ban on nude bathing at Black's Beach in San Diego (*Bits & Pieces*), there is good news for everyone who'd like to know more about skinny-dipping in public.

Free Beaches (P. O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54902; \$2 contribution), a tabloid devoted to the "Clothes-Optional Recreation Movement," is now available for the most up-to-the-minute info on nude bathing.

Put together by a grass-roots network of skinny-dippers across America, *Free Beaches* features a nationwide guide that can help the devoted bareback find sand and seclusion, from Plains, Georgia—where Jimmy dipped—to hundreds of hidden lakes and coves throughout the country.

When you're looking for a place where the sun shines, but where the heat is not too hot, *Free Beaches* is the paper to grab before you pack your towel and head out.



THAT'S NO BANANA

Remember the old ploy of getting a chick to go down on you by first trying it out with a banana?

"That wasn't so bad," you'd say. Then you'd check to see that she hadn't slipped and taken a bite before you let her proceed with the real thing. The only problem was that some uncircumcised fellows got hurt by girls trying to peel their foreskins.

Will the same trick work on virgins whose furrows you'd like to plow? Not unless you use protection, of course.

With rape on the rise in every major city, American women are now learning to hold their own against attackers. And, most recently, the Body Bar has begun marketing these no-nonsense antirape T-shirts.

The brains behind the operation is Marcia Blackman, *Screw*'s West Coast editor, who once put a man out of commission—for good—when he tried to hold up her San Francisco body-oil shop. The TWAT (Trained Women Against Thugs) team, according to Marcia, is designed to instruct women in martial arts and, ultimately, to have women patrolling the streets. We hope she succeeds in her mission, and hope any rapists in the audience get the message—right between the balls.

(TWAT T-shirts are available for \$6.50 apiece, or two for \$12.00, from the Body Bar, Box 6342, Terra Linda, California 94903. Specify small, medium or large—women's sizes only.)

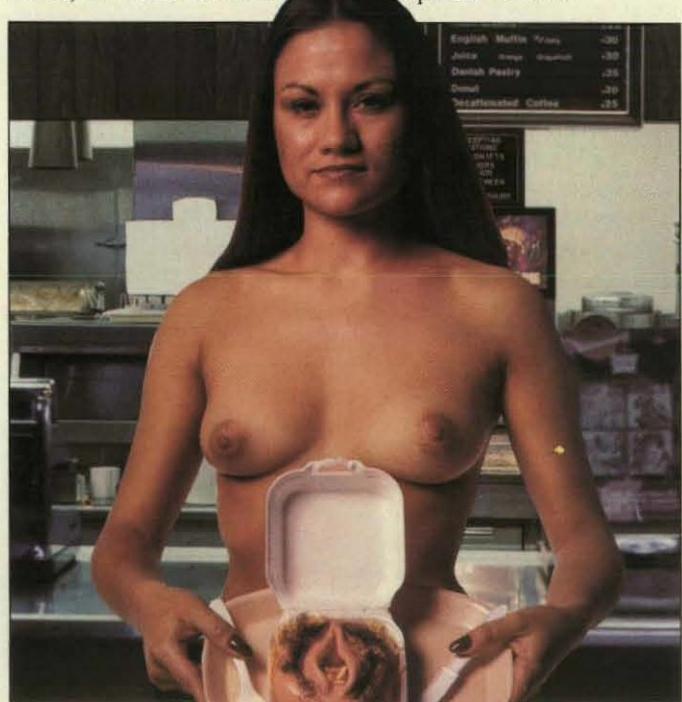
EGG McMUFF

The MacMoldy hamburger people, in an effort to curb the company's kiddy image projected by its mascot, Goldy MacMoldy, have made public their new "adult breakfast"—Egg McMuff.

Slated to go on the menu with Big Muffs and Hash-Marks, the erotic omelet is

part of the publicity campaign for the new MacMoldy massage parlors.

M&M girls, wearing "Smile" panties and paper hats, will come wrapped in cellophane. Until then, burger brass are confident that the Muff-Dive will sew up the early-morning quickie market.



GOOD-BYE, COLUMBUS

Now that HUSTLER has moved its digs to sunny Los Angeles, we think it's time to say thank-you to the town that gave birth to the magazine—the pearl of

the prairie, Columbus, Ohio.

For many of us, Columbus wasn't just a city; it was a condition—not unlike syphilis or a deep-blue funk. And to cap-

ture that special quality, we took a few pictures to let the world know how we feel about our former headquarters. Love's a funny thing, of course,

but we hope you'll clutch your stomachs and come along with us as we bid fond farewell to "Heaven on the Banks of the Olentangy."



A NIGHTLY RETREAT

How well we remember the crack coverage Columbus TV news offered. Local stations WBNS, WCMH and WTVN are always reliably dull on the issues. As for intelligent reporting, here's a shot we grew accustomed to. It wasn't much, but the locals are mostly happy just to sit and listen to the hum.

INDIAN NOTION

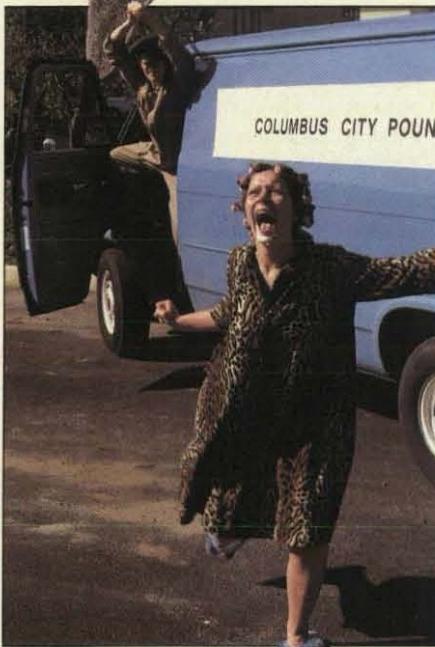
But there were times, needless to say, when life seemed a bit too tough to take in Columbus. At such moments our thoughts would always turn to Indira Gandhi. What with her very own nuke to play with, we at HUSTLER thought she might like to try the thing out on Columbus. After cutting through some red tape our editorial department managed to slip



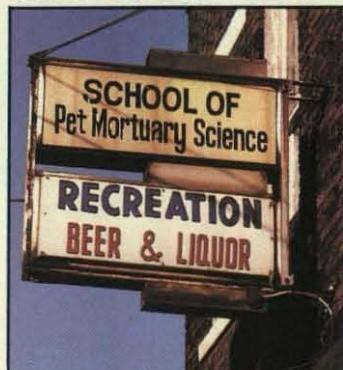
Ms. G. a map of Ohio, with Columbus prominently marked, and we even offered to drop the Big One for her if she sent it COD. Indy pulled out, though, when she realized the atomic bomb wouldn't fit in an aerogram. Instead, she sent us her recipe for chicken curry, claiming that one gulp and our farts would be radioactive.

WILD IN THE STREET

During our final months in Columbus the townspeople faced the ugly specter of a rabies epidemic among their pets. After a number of animals were bitten by raccoons and other wild creatures, the city council invoked Statute 955.26, permitting the trapping of small game right in town. In this shot a dogcatcher is hard at work, ridding the terror-crazed city of one more rabid bitch.



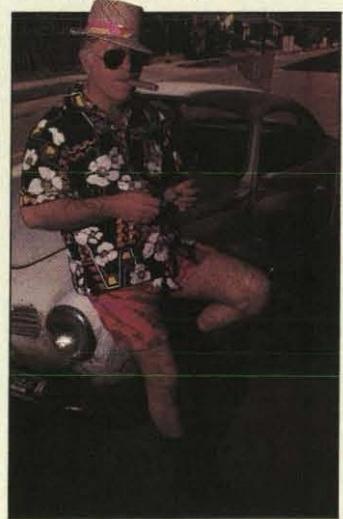
NEARER MY DOG TO THEE



A good college can give any city a reputation, and Columbus is more than proud to be the home of the School of Pet Mortuary Science. "Stuff U," as some like to call it, is an adjunct to the department of tree surgery at Ohio State, and has become one of the cultural and entertainment centers of the Midwest. As Columbus Mayor Tom Moody loves to brag, "Pet Mort is the Harvard of sanitary landfills."

OHIO SLIM

Like any big city, Columbus has its own population of transient streetwalkers. They come streaming into town by the dozens: calico-clad, gap-toothed farm girls seeking their fortunes on sidewalks lined with clay. And when they get there, Ohio Slim, that shark of the corn shucks, is waiting right at the bus station.



Slim, shown here by his Simmobile, is the town's boss mack. On Main Street he's still a legend, sporting a Masonic pin-kie ring, a set of cuff links made from human molars and, on Sundays, a pair of rhinestone-studded suspenders.

A STATELY EXIT

Finally, a gesture from all of us to all of them: HUSTLER staffers mount the Capitol steps to salute the good people of this All-American town. We may have left Columbus, but we sure haven't forgotten.





REWARDING PHOTOGRAPHY

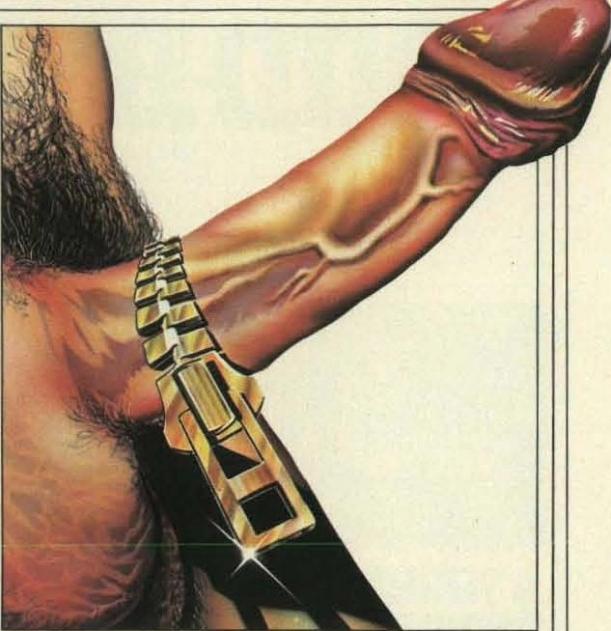
This month, frequent *Bits & Pieces* contributor Jerry Aibel has presented us with an award for men with large cocks. Jerry says they often feel left out, but it looks to us like the idea resulted from a hangover.

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

Leave it to modern medicine. Not long ago we were all gaga over heart transplants, but now the men in white have come up with an even more astounding miracle—reattaching an amputated penis.

Yes, strange as it seems, doctors at Atlanta's Emory University Hospital found themselves with their hands full when a 20-year-old man was rushed into emergency, his prick on ice in a separate baggy. Apparently, a jealous estranged husband had lopped the thing off with a butcher knife, but the victim's roommate had enough on the ball to bring it along in the ambulance.

At last report the young fellow was functioning normally, happy to be reunited with his member.



AN AMERICAN DREAM

After his decisive TKO victory over Gore Vidal at a Manhattan cocktail party, slugger Norman Mailer knew he was ready for the big time—a shot at Muhammad Ali. At first Ali was a bit reluctant to enter the ring with a writer, but when he heard that Stormin' Norman had called him Howard Cosell's lost son, he knew he had to fight.

In round one Ali looked like he had feet of clay, as Mailer the Flailer, a master of powerhouse prose, delivered a flurry of stunning putdowns. By the second round, though, the ex-champ was back on top, calling his opponent "a whitey gettin' ready fo' his nighty." Rhymed the militant Muslim: "Mister



Mailer will look paler when he meet de cosmic jailer."

Still reeling from this jab, the author responded with an existential poke. "All men," he

grunted, "are naked when they're dead."

"Death stings like a bee," Ali added, and both bruisers called it a draw.

Offal Art

Victor Spinski has a thing about garbage. An artist who works in ceramic sculpture, Spinski believes that the stuff of life is to be found in the trash bags Americans lug out the back door every day or two. According to Spinski, not only does this rubbish define our lives, but it could easily end them as well. "Some people feel we'll go up with a mushroom-shaped cloud; I feel we'll go because of garbage." So much for a happy, healthy tomorrow.

A Spinski specialty, Ken-



tucky Fried Chicken, looks so real even the Colonel could be fooled. It almost seems the only difference between art-rubbish and the real thing is that art costs more.

The contents of your average garbage can or a half-eaten meal, prepared in superlifelike ceramics, run anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000. At those prices, you may want to shellac a TV dinner and invest in a disposal instead.

(Victor Spinski's creations are available through the Theo Portnoy Gallery, 56 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.)



SPORTY PORN

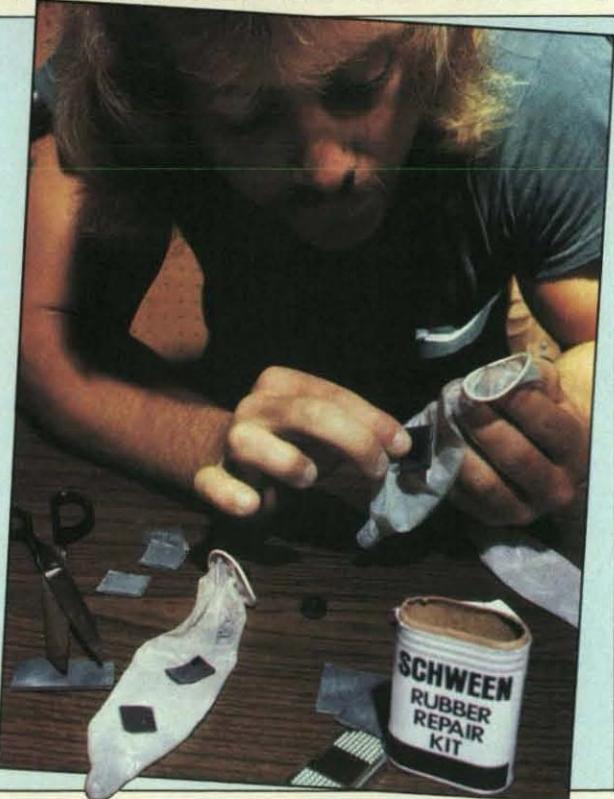
Sports Illustrated, of all things, recently ran this gorgeous spread of fashion model Cheryl Tiegs, thereby helping her knock Farrah F.-M. out of her slot as World's Greatest Model.

Since we're such good sports, we won't mention how more and more magazines now routinely slip in this kind of titillating shot. Just once, we'd like to see them expose shady sports deals, inhumane politics and social quagmires as fully as they do models' tits.

(Interestingly, *Time* also reproduced this shot. That journal's tit fetish is examined in *Press Report* on page 30.)



ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE #7



Costly rubber products and the dwindling supply of fuels don't mean you have to pay exorbitant prices for condoms. In fact, you can now buy one and then use it as often as you want. No fast trips to the drugstore or gas-station rest room and no worry about spillage.

With a Schween Rubber Repair Kit you can avoid these hassles. Patches are available in two scents: plain and bicycle seat. A product of Squirt Industries, the kit was developed by the Polish Birth Control Council and is available at hardware stores everywhere.

BATHROOM BROWNIES

The English, always a practical people, have come up with a recipe for making cookies from human stool. The fecal treats, products of a University of Liverpool Civil Engineering project, contain sterilized and cooked human feces.

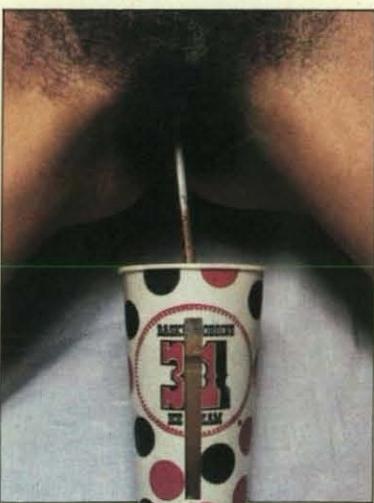
According to instructor J. Tolley, human waste matter has more protein than many meats.

What this means, of course, is that recycled snacks would have far more nutritional value than the shit we're used to.

Whether or not the offal snacks ever catch on, they certainly provide fresh avenues of consideration for replenishing world food supplies. At least they give "Waste not, want not" a whole new meaning.

Sipping Pretty

It's widely known in porn circles that *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein's favorite restaurant is Baskin-Robbins, and now we know why. The attraction isn't necessarily the 31 fine flavors, but the way the soda jerk makes milk shakes. Al doesn't care if he drinks them or not, just as long as he gets to watch the process.



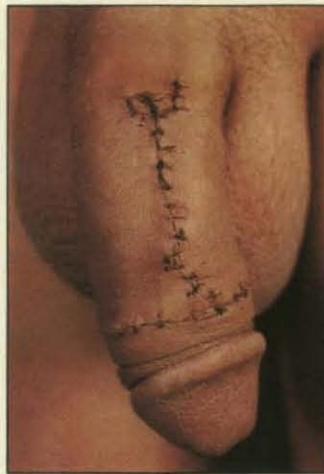


Adults as well as children could use good sex education if these two submissions are any indication. For example, finger-fucking is an accepted form of fore-



FLACCID FOLLIES

play, although men usually do it to women, not to themselves—as in the first photo. "Stretch" here believes in being more flexible, but someday he'll have to knuckle under and stop this nonsense.



The three remaining photos show that love is fickle. The unfortunate soul who loved Rose has found out what happens when you let a woman get under your skin. Not only did the scalpel hurt, the doctor had



cold hands. Now this dude will have to tell chicks it's a war injury, but we don't think they'll swallow it—unless they close their eyes.

SOFT-CORE SELL

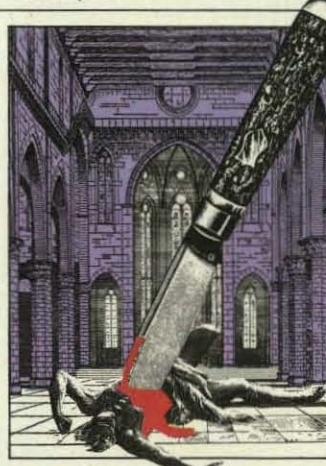
Take a look at this ad by Jovan, Inc., for its latest odors—Man and Woman. What is really being sold here, of course, is not

cologne, nor is it the funny-shaped bottles that grown men and women will doubtless want to play with. Much worse than these are the tired clichés of "Masculine" and "Feminine" being propagated.

Once again we have the man as "dynamic" and "beckoning," replete with "leather, tabac (much classier than 'tobacco') and peppery spices." It's hard to believe so many myths of manhood could be wrapped in such a neat little

package. Likewise, the "total femininity" evoked here as "intensely floral"—whatever that means—and "softly seductive" is probably the most hackneyed portrayal of female human beings since Dolly Parton put socks in her bra.

Rather than creating a "new generation" of anything, the Jovan people have dug up those old notions of sexual identity we all hoped were buried long ago. For that reason, we think the whole thing stinks.



Jovan has created a new generation of fragrances.

So different, they don't just say who you are.
They say what you are.



One is for her.
It's a cologne concentrate called
Woman by Jovan.
The other is for him. Man by Jovan
after shave cologne.

Here, sheltered in clear glass
sculptures, is a new
generation of fragrances
to hold in your hand,
to hold in your head,
to experience the joy of
gender. Their power is
so physical, so dynamic,
and so beckoning they
say everything else is
empty. They want
to kiss. To caress. Another
man. A potent blend
of leather, tobacco and...

peppery scents. With a surprising twist,
its message is unmistakably
magistic. Because it's powerful
interesting sex.

From Jovan's what woman
wants from man.

Woman by Jovan.
The ultimate fragrance.

Total femininity
that is intensely floral.
And softly seductive.
It commands
attention. Subtly
beautiful. Yet with an
unmistakable power
that draws man closer
physically.

Woman by
Jovan is what man
wants from woman.

What man wants from woman and woman wants
from man, Jovan has created.

Last Laugh

Some people can fuck up anything. What seems simple for us is an ordeal for them, and so publishers swoop in to make a killing selling how-to books.

Normally, we only use them to swat roaches, but this one is special. *Doktor Bey's Suicide Guidebook*, by Derek Pell (\$4.95 from Dodd Mead Publishers, 79 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016), is just what we've been looking for.

The *Guidebook* offers tips on all aspects of self-destruction, from quicksand to live-wire suicide. For slit-wrist fans it suggests: "Take a deep breath, and bleed."

But Pell's book is so interesting you won't want to die until you've finished reading.



HOT DOG! FRESH HAM!

How many times have you heard someone say, "She may have been a pig, but she was hot for sex"? That's not a very

sensible sexual attitude, but when animal lust takes over, for many it's just a case of "any old pork in a storm."



DEEP FACE

Well, here's one thing the *Kama Sutra* didn't cover. Head sex—or "giving face," as some like to

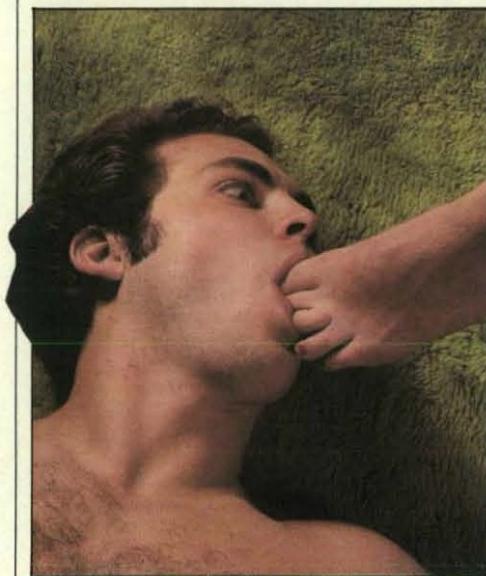
call it—is the lost art of satisfying a woman with nothing but your skull. Traced back to the bawdy seamen of ancient Greece, the practice is favored by those who love the scent of fish. However, we recommend that, unlike the fellow in this photo, a gentleman remove his hat before diving in.



Minding Her P's and Q's

There are two theories as to what this photo means. Half of HUSTLER's staff maintains it's

some form of antique pornography. The rest think it shows an old coordination test for backward teens. Either way, we feel it's somehow reassuring to know our ancestors shared the same, sexy tastes we do. Grandpa may look straight in those old albums, but give him a nude beauty to squeeze his privates, and you can bet the old family tree will start to grow.



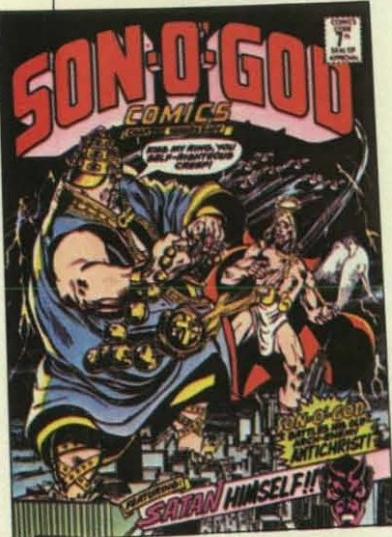
TOE JAM

Almost everyone has put his foot in his mouth at one time or another, but it's rare to see a person putting someone else's foot there. For many, caressing the lower extremities is considered foreplay, but for others the foot is the main sexual object. We can't expect these fetishists to toe the line of straight sex, nor can we condemn the sexual path they've chosen. While foot sex is often considered a demeaning act, this couple shares the pleasure of attending to one another's appendages with a fervor that would make both Dr. and Mrs. Scholl jump for joy.



PRESS REPORT

HUSTLER has always kept its eye on America's media. In *Press Report*, we hope to continue this watchdog policy, covering developments—both good and bad—in this ever-changing field. We only know what we are told, after all, and it's up to all of us to make sure we're told the truth.



HOLY CENSORSHIP!

It wasn't exactly writing on the wall, but God—or a self-appointed representative—recently got in touch with *National Lampoon*. *NatLamp*, it seems, has a history of poking fun at the Almighty, and members of

Citizens Against Sacrilege in the Media (CASITM) decided they had had enough.

The group's president, Andrew McCauley, brought blasphemy charges against the magazine's publishing director, Matty Simmons. Citing the *Lampoon's* "attacks on the Deity," McCauley and company dug up a 280-year-old Massachusetts statute to support their case. If convicted, Simmons faces a \$300 fine and a year in jail. A similar complaint, filed in New Jersey, was thrown out of court.

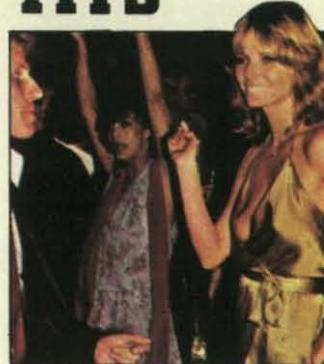
As offensive as CASITM's allegation, though, is *National Lampoon's* reaction. Summing up the magazine's position, publisher William Lippe declared: "We have to put out a magazine that appeals to our readers; but we also have to maintain an environment for our advertisers."

Translated, that means no more God jokes and no more issues like "The Judeo-Christian Tradition—The Joy of Sects." After that title hit the stands in December 1974, over a dozen major advertisers took their money elsewhere. But, at that time, there were no editorial changes.

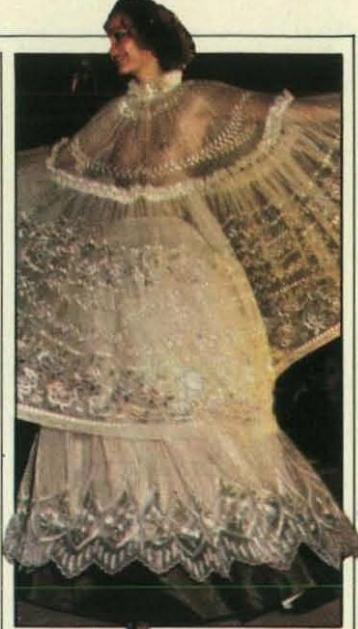
In an editorial explaining the new blasphemy situation, Senior Editor Sean Kelly said that *Lampoon* had decided to

discontinue such features as *The Adventures of the Son of God* and *Sermonette*. "Don't count on us to play the martyrs and suffer for your rights to freedom of speech and religion," Kelly wrote. "We need markets and advertisers, and we don't intend to spend the remainder of our lives wandering the halls of the Supreme Court with rackets and writs." For a "freewheeling, iconoclastic humor magazine," that's really pretty sad.

FOLLOW-UP: TIME FOR TITS



When we reported on the tits in *Time* magazine (*Bits & Pieces*, March), we wondered how the antiporn publication would respond to our attack. Now, it seems, *Time* has acknowledged its role as soft-core sex mag, as



these more up-to-date photographs show.

Under the guise of "Fashion" or "Society" coverage, *Time* thinks it can push these prurient pictures and get away with it. We say more power to them. Once people start realizing that they're buying the magazine for the erotic shots (we know it isn't for the news), and once they realize they can get better erotica from a mag like HUSTLER—which admits to being a turn-on—we think everyone will be happier. At least we pay our erotic models as models, rather than passing off their photos as news items.



CHEEK SHOTS

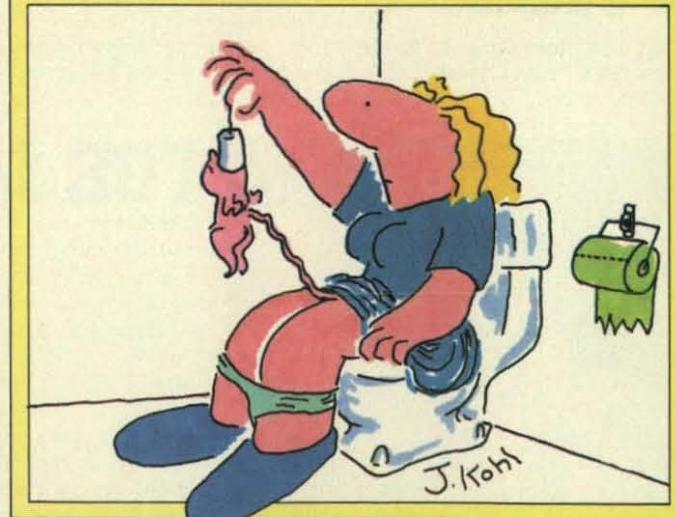
According to the publishers of *Asses* (\$18.95 from Avocation Publishers, Inc., 50 King Street, Suite 3-D, New York, New York 10014), "94 percent of all people" are infatuated with this portion of our anatomy.

To satisfy this wholesome affection, they have put together

an entire book of nothing but butts. The creative crevices are captured in dozens of erotic and not-so-erotic poses, including a nude couple in the forest, a nude jogger and a pair of shapely ladies pressed cheek-to-cheek—all viewed from the rear.

To some, no doubt, spending \$18.95 on a book of backsides may seem kind of asinine. But if you feel like an ass, this is probably the best collection to grab.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. Submissions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. For June, \$100 and thanks to Susan Bai, D. P. Lawrence, John E. Bourgeois, Jerry Aibel, J. Imperial, Wilfred Gallien, Gary Hatfield, Brian O'Toole and "Bud."

The Erotique Collection



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B. Greek Stud Pendant



C. Hetero Couple Pendant



D. Bitch in Heat Pendant



E. Muff Diver Pendant



F. Deep Thruster Pendant



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All silver is .925 sterling.

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X-RATED REVIEWS

MOVIES

by Frank Fortunato

When a news story catches the public's imagination, you can lay odds that it will soon be fictionalized on film. Thus, *Coma* seems to be inspired by the Karen Anne Quinlan case. Quinlan, you remember, fell into an irreversible coma and was kept alive by artificial means. A court order let doctors pull out the plug of her life-support machine. Miraculously, she is still alive, but unconscious. In *Coma* the same situation arises, but with a new twist: The comatose patients are victims of a murder-for-profit ring.

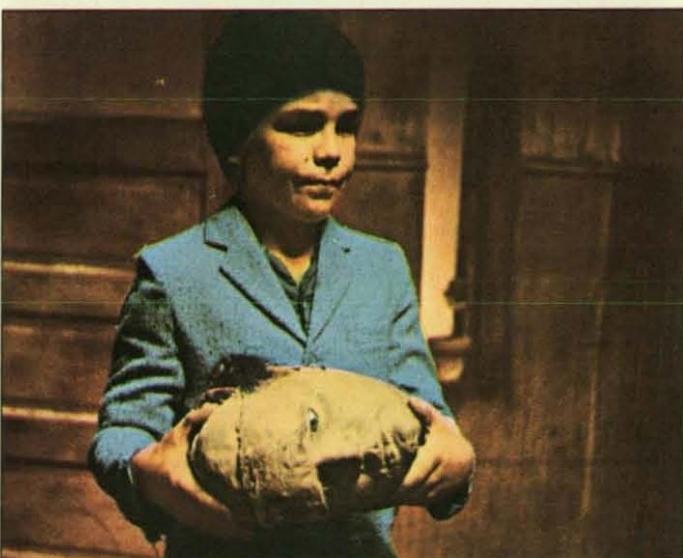
Starring Genevieve Bujold, Richard Widmark, Michael Douglas and Rip Torn, the film opens with shots of sultry Genevieve in the shower. Bujold plays a doctor who discovers that her best friend has lapsed into a coma on the operating table. Since the girl was having a routine abortion, Bujold fires accusatory questions at the hospital's powerful Chief of Anesthesiology (Rip Torn). Her subsequent nosing-around almost gets her killed.

That, in essence, is the plot. Throughout the film, though, we are barraged with little extras—mostly unintelligible medical jargon, for instance. (A piece of patter I found interesting was the fact that the ratio of comas resulting from anesthesia is six per 100,000 operations.) We are also treated to the standard hospital cliches: the intern who casually eats a sandwich while watching an autopsy; the evil, too-efficient nurse; and, of course, the staff's general skepticism at Bujold's mind-boggling discoveries.

Coma is a good, fast-paced whodunit. Like the main character, the audience is held in suspense right up to the last moment. Much of the credit for this goes to writer-director Michael Crichton (who also wrote *The Andromeda Strain* and *Westworld*). As usual in a Crichton film, future shock is in



In 'Coma' (above), Genevieve Bujold sees that hanging around a hospital can be murder. In 'Eraserhead' (below), a child displays his find.



HUSTLER's reviews will keep you up to date on the latest films and paperback books. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the porn movies we review might not be the version you see. We suggest you check with your theater to make certain you're getting the real thing. Censorship treads on your rights.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
HALF ERECT
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
TOTALLY LIMP
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

evidence. Here it comes in the form of a hospital where the unconscious patients are suspended from wires and float dreamily in mid-air. Since this is a suspense thriller, I'll have to stay comatose about the ending—but I think *Coma* has a positive prognosis at the box office.

I don't think it will become a cult film, though cult films—usually the work of independent filmmakers—are enjoying so much popularity that even the major studios are trying to get in on the act.

David Lynch Productions has just released *Eraserhead*, no doubt inspired by the success enjoyed by a cult favorite, 20th Century-Fox's *Rocky Horror Picture Show*. A cult film, from a studio's point of view, is one that is marketed not to the general public but to a precise, limited audience. Such films are screened on a part-time basis—at midnight only, say—at art theaters in hopes that the film will attract a loyal following, who will pay to see it each time it is shown.

Eraserhead has a lot of the right cult ingredients. It is the work of a 30-year-old novice, David Lynch, and is a surrealistic stew of nightmares and ugly jokes. John Nance plays Eraserhead, so called because his hair is piled straight up on his head. His body is squat and dumpy; his sleeves and pants are hopelessly short; and, true to form, he gets pushed through life.

Eraserhead fathers a mutant child, who is always wrapped in bandages and has a snakelike head. (Some people think the director used a calf fetus to play the child, but Lynch isn't saying, nor has he allowed stills of the "creature" to be released.)

After his wife splits, Eraserhead kills his monstrous child out of mercy. The father's problems are far from over, as he is beheaded somehow by the mutant's ghost. The head falls out of a window and is found by a boy, who takes the brain to a pencil factory. There it is converted into—you guessed it—

erasers. At this point the film gets really weird....

Though the film is slow in spots, *Eraserhead* is not without merit. It will be going into national distribution soon and will probably appear at an odd art/hippie/campus theater in your area. I recommend it only to stoned-weirdness fans.

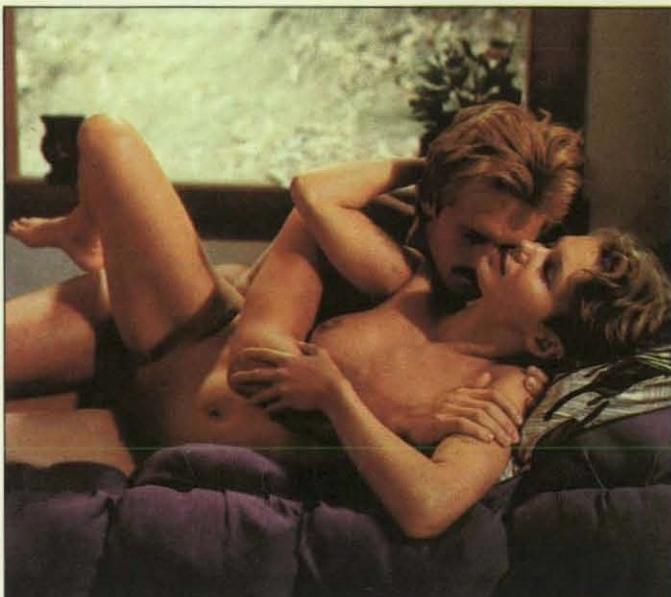
Do You Wanna Be Loved?

PA few years ago Rene Bond emerged from the wilds of Southern California and became an instant blue-movie star, thanks to her totally sensuous face and totally uninhibited style. By the time she stopped making porn films about two years ago she had attracted a large following. Her fans will be glad to know she's making a comeback, looking and acting as lewd as ever.

In a trailer for this film Rene tells us her hiatus was due to "a lack of good scripts." Well, OK. Nevertheless, her current movie, *Do You Wanna Be Loved?*, seems to have been written by a hand computer. But there is nothing computerlike about Rene, who elevates this otherwise average fuck film into something special.



Good grooming in 'Loved.'



'Wanna Be Loved?' Joey Nassivera says yes to a clean-shaven beauty.

Here she plays Melanie, the sex-starved wife of Jim (Paul Tanner), a corporate executive whose ambitions cause him to neglect his wife's needs. Melanie takes matters into her own hands—and mouth—when she dresses like a man and cruises a men's room, where she goes down on a guy at the urinal. Still frustrated, she spends a weekend at a dude ranch with Jim and a friend, Liz (Anita Sands).

The place is more raunch than ranch. Guests and employees alike are in a constant state of heat. A blond shaves her snatch. A hired hand gets fucked every-which-way-but-over by three of the girls. And Liz gets it on with the social director (Joey Nassivera) while the frustrated Melanie gloats on. Husband Jim is still too pooped to pop.

After a series of unrelated but interesting sex scenes the highlight of the weekend arrives: a lavish costume party. The party opens with a cocksucking contest starring a young lady who feasts on a succession of tube steaks ranging from six to ten inches—or so we're told.

Watching the spectacle are Melanie, who gets hornier and hornier, and Jim, who falls asleep. Finally, Melanie joins in and becomes the life of the party with an incredible display of enthusiastic deep-throating. She brings four men to syrupy

climaxes all over her face, while three others splash their manchowder across the rest of her body. Jim suddenly appears, looking as if someone has just pulled the plug out of his world, and on this note the film ends.

Despite the "computer story," *Do You Wanna Be Loved?* offers continuous, imaginative sex, good production values and Rene Bond—a true queen of the blue screen.

Maraschino Cherry

Pradley Metzger (a.k.a. Henry Paris) is probably the most competent filmmaker in porn. Several of his works, including *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, are among the best to come out of the genre. However, *Maraschino Cherry*—though still better than 90 percent of the competition—is a minor effort.

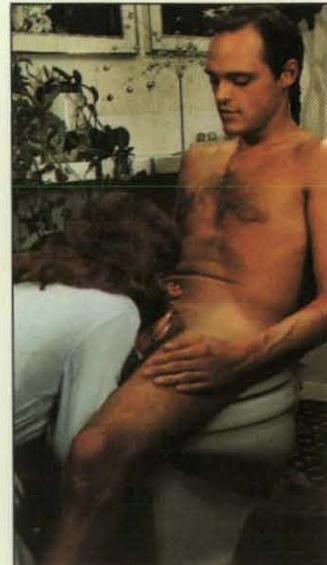
Metzger is the king of "pleasure porn"—films that are more entertaining than titillating. The sex takes place in dozens of vignettes, many of which are short laugh-getters, while a few are sustained, dramatic and imaginative scenes. Delivery boys are paid in blow jobs; time is kept by whipping girls across the back; and there are several credit-card sex jokes—a Metzger trademark.

The rather thin story of *Maraschino Cherry* has a girl from Poplar Springs (Jenny Baxter) visiting her older sister, Maraschino Cherry (Gloria Leonard), who runs a high-powered New York City bordello. It seems little sis wants to open "a middle-class whorehouse" back home, so she has come to the big city to pick up some pointers.

By means of fantasies and skillful editing we're taken through a series of whorehouse episodes. Some of them are funny in an absurd way. Little sis, for instance, sits next to a middle-aged client who takes out his cock after he sneezes, wipes its head and puts it back in his pants. He repeats this several times until the girl politely asks him why he is doing that. "Oh, I always have an orgasm when I sneeze," he replies, returning casually to the magazine he's reading.

Some of the scenes are "tastefully horny," as when the beautiful Annette Haven is ravished on top of a piano bar by the elegantly dressed Maraschino Cherry and her escort. And some scenes are kinky, as when a slave girl (C. J. Laing) is whipped, humiliated and ass-fucked with a dildo while being forced to balance drinks on the backs of her hands.

As usual with a Metzger film, the production values are excellent, including the editing and camera work. Typically, he has



'Cherry' tops off a hard drink.

X-RATED REVIEWS



It's happy hour at Maraschino Cherry's, where the cocks meet the tails.

gathered a large cast of the best players in porn—including, besides those previously mentioned, Leslie Bovee, Constance Money, Eric Edwards, Susan McBain and Wade Nichols.

Maraschino Cherry is a true Metzger extravaganza, even though it amounts to no more than a series of scenes that pick up where his previous film, *Barbara Broadcast*, left off. Again, even an "average" Metzger film is much better than most of the competition.

Waterpower

 In all fairness, this film merits a double rating: half erect for the average guy, who is not likely to appreciate the sight of shit-filled water careening off bathroom walls, and fully erect for enema enthusiasts, who may find that *Waterpower* constitutes the biggest splash to hit their fetish since the Bardex nozzle. Director Gerard Damiano (*Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *The Story of Joanna*) here tries to boost his sagging popularity (as well as the declining quality of his most recent films) with the most graphic depiction of water sports to date.

Even though *Waterpower* opens with crisp photography, excellent camera work and breezy dialogue, the story soon fizzles out with too many simpleminded plot lapses. The cast, however, is superb. For my money, Jamie Gillis has always projected the best macho pres-

ence in porn, especially when playing a tough guy.

Here he is perfectly cast as an enema rapist, a role borrowed from two sources: One is an actual case, the "Enema Bandit"—a guy who burgled the apartments and assholes of female victims in New York, Illinois and California—and the other is the psycho sickie Robert De Niro portrayed in *Taxi Driver*.

As the film opens, we follow Gillis into a whorehouse for fetishists. After a brief blow-job scene with Sharon Mitchell, he asks the madam (Gloria Leonard) about the house's other services. She tells him enemas are "the fetish of the year" and lets him watch a young girl receive a high colonic from a quack doctor (Eric Edwards) and his nurse (Marlene Willoughby).

The camera zeroes in for a basin's-eye view of the liquid evacuation. Though this scene turned off a lot of the screening audience, it does not turn off Jamie Gillis, who exits, muttering into the night, "Got to clean out those bitches... purify them of their vile humors... enemas are where it's at... it's my job."

Jamie soon is performing his "job" with a vengeance. His first victim is a stewardess he's been watching through a telescope. She must sit still for a golden shower, abusive language and a "bountiful" enema, which drove a few members of the audience from the theater.

Several "straight" sex scenes are interlaced for balance, while Gillis—who manages to look crazier and more strung-out as the film progresses—merrily enemas his way through a variety of victims. Finally, a decoy policewoman (C. J. Laing) lures him to her apartment and is almost enemaed to death.

Meanwhile, her male partner (John Buco) drives around New York City—apparently unable to find Laing's apartment, though he was there the night before, balling her. Of course, he arrives in time to save her, but not in time to save the film's ending.

Indeed, as an unconventional sexological study, *Waterpower* is interesting. As a turn-on for enema fans, it may well be profound. Otherwise, bring your barf bag.



Gillis's explicit enemas in 'Waterpower' may be for fetishists only.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Barbara Broadcast
Big Thumbs
Butterflies
Desires Within
Young Girls
Erotic Adventures
of Candy
Hard Soap, Hard Soap
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
Punk Rock!
Seven Into Snowy
Sex Crazy

Three-Quarters Erect

Breaker Beauties
China De Sade
Health Spa
The Jade Pussy Cat
The Secret Dreams
of Mona Q
The Seduction of Amy
The Spirit of
Seventy-Sex
V-The Hot One

Half Erect

Cinderella
Dirty Lilly
Dutch Treat
Hard Candy
Her Coming Attractions
Joint Venture
Playgirls of Munich
The Love Couch

One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long
A Teenage Pajama Party
Expectations
Foxy Lady
Long Jeanne Silver
Overnight Sensations
The Lure of the
Devil's Triangle
Underage

Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Cinderella 2000
Let My Puppets Come
Reunion

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheetter

We know that most people read paperbacks. Yet elitist critics continue to ignore the paperback market, which provides reading material at prices the average man is willing to pay. So *HUSTLER*, the magazine of the people, will now review paperbacks only, presenting here those works that attempt to serve our readers, either as entertainment or as education.

The Best of Photojournalism II

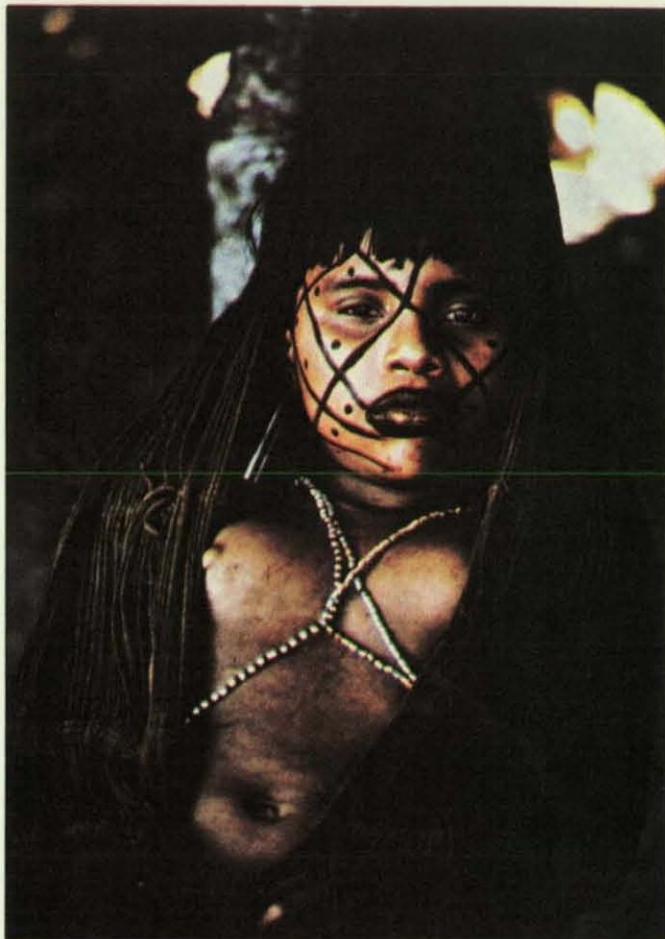
With an introduction by Harry Reasoner; Newsweek Books, National Press Photographers Association and the University of Missouri School of Journalism; 255 pages (530 photos, 31 in color); \$9.95

 How objective is the news? Not very. The reporter has to sift through so many facts—the color of a victim's hair, the make of a hit-and-run car, deciding which ones are important and which aren't—that he subtly shapes the news with his values. The press photographer, however, is truly objective. He just goes down to the scene of the crime, snaps the picture and lets the facts speak for themselves.

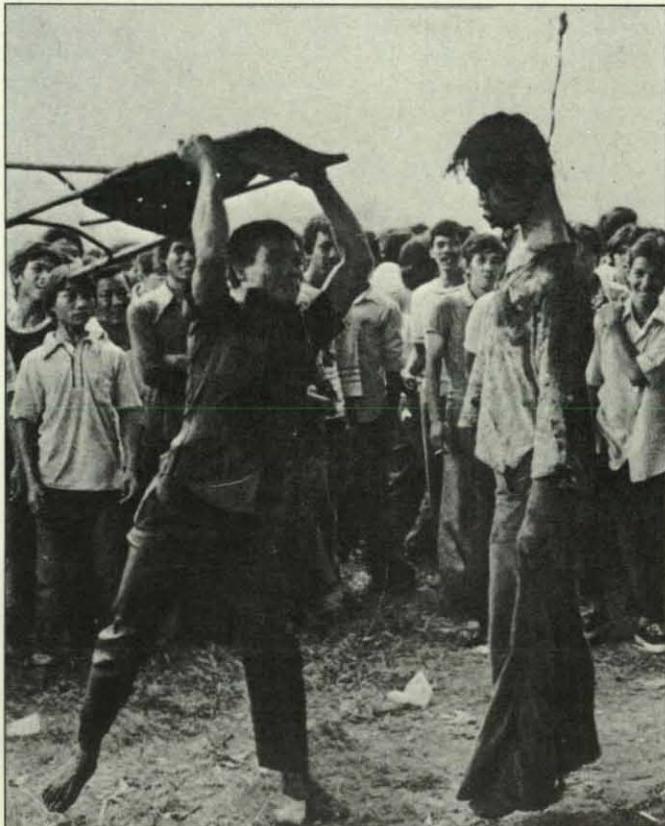
Of course, there is more to it than that. Knowing when to take a picture is a sixth sense you can't buy. Skill is no bargain-basement commodity either, especially now. For with the advent of the small, versatile 35mm single-lens reflex camera, the photographer can bridge the distance between mere cub-reporting and fine, museum-quality work.

If nothing else, *The Best of Photojournalism II*, a volume of few words and many pictures, shows how journalism has become artistic, and art, journalistic.

The book is nothing short of fantastic. There are "hard-news" photos in abundance here, such as a grisly series showing the lynching of left-wing students in Thailand and



'Photojournalism': A Brazilian chieftain's wife, possibly 12 years old (above); rightist attacks corpse of a left-wing Thai student (below).



another set of pictures showing a man shooting his wife after he has been hit with police bullets.

Here, too, is a poignant photo-documentary entitled "Gramp," in which a family records the last days of its senior member from the onset of senility through death. In the final frame, the old man's funeral, we realize that we have experienced a family's love in a way that is far more vivid and touching than anything on the motion-picture screen or in a novel. Fact really is more beautiful than fiction.

There are humorous photos as well: swine-flu injections, fat umpires going wild, priests playing pool. Another series, entitled "Kansas," is straight out of Norman Rockwell. All the pictures are beautifully reproduced on glossy paper.

Well, then, is photojournalism art? After looking over *The Best of Photojournalism II*, we can say yes. It often is.

The Cracker Factory

By Joyce Rebeta-Burditt; Collier Books, 866 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022; 312 pages; \$4.95

 *The Cracker Factory* is the story of Cassie Barrett, a 28-year-old woman who undergoes institutional psychiatric care. Cassie has been out of sync with her family in the suburbs and, when we first meet her, she is struggling with a severe drinking problem. Eventually, as a last resort, she decides to commit herself to a mental hospital.

Hers are not the kind of problems a bureaucracy can solve. *The Cracker Factory* paints the mental-health profession as just that: a vast, depersonalized (if well-intentioned) bureaucracy. Troubled as she is, the heroine penetrates the swamp of red tape and correctly assesses the caliber of the help she is offered. It is, in her words, "lousy."

In fact, her critical attitude is the best part of the book. She is constantly engaged in a battle of wits with the hospital hier-

X-RATED REVIEWS

archy. At one point she scoffs at her tormentors: "Running amuck is the patient's way of saying he's lonely."

Cassie Barrett and her fellow patients are not helped; they are merely accommodated. The other recent novels on this same theme—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Eden Express* and *Ordinary People*, to name a few—join *The Cracker Factory* in condemning the practice of benign neglect in mental institutions.

They show us a picture of the patient being parked in a ward, subjected to nursery-school rules and left to wither. So-called "therapeutic" drugs become tools of control. Yet Rebeta-Burditt's book is not grim. The heroine is too tough and too witty to let the system rob her of her personality.

In time—owing to a long, hard process of self-examination—Cassie sorts herself out and reenters the outside world. The reader will share her disillusionment with and indignation over the shoddy, unfeeling treatment she has encountered along the way. Her cure is a personal triumph, rather than one due to medical treatment. We are left with the impression that psychiatry is, at best, a hit-or-miss discipline. One either stays whole or crumbles inside *The Cracker Factory*.

Sombrero Fallout

By Richard Brautigan; Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; 187 pages; \$2.95

Richard Brautigan calls *Sombrero Fallout* his "Japanese" novel. His heroine, a Japanese woman, says very little and is asleep throughout most of the book. Nevertheless, she is important to the story if only because it is her function (in a flashback) to walk out on the hero, a humor writer, just before the first chapter opens. Her leaving drives him crazy, which is exactly what the book is about: craziness. Free-floating craziness.

Item: A black, ice-cold sombrero falls out of the sky,

square into the middle of Anytown, USA. It is ignored by the townspeople, though somehow, in the most indirect and occult fashion, the hat's presence drives them all out of their minds. Who knows?—maybe the townsfolk were in an ugly humor that day.

Next, there is a small riot, which escalates... thanks to the tactless intervention of the state police. Sides are chosen, and a senseless general massacre ensues. The humor writer, meanwhile, is still crazy. And the readers—at least the more irritable ones—have been driven crazy too, if not by the sombrero itself, then by Brautigan's unusual approach to plot.

If there is a point to any of this, it may be that we are standing on the edge of Nutville and are being pushed harder by our times than our ancestors ever were by theirs. The contagion of Sombrero's madness as it sweeps from character to character suggests a sort of domino theory of insanity. In the future, Brautigan seems to be gleefully warning us, a crucial thread will give.

Freaks: Cinema of the Bizarre

By Werner Adrian; Warner Books, Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019; 111 pages (160 photos, 79 drawings); \$3.95

In the 18th century, Samuel Johnson wrote that men act like beasts in order to forget the pain of being men. Perhaps this theory hints at the appeal of horror movies, in which beast-men are made to act out the animal evil in us all.

For whatever reason, filmmakers have been fascinated with horror since the earliest days of cinema. Even Thomas Alva Edison, in 1910, made a movie—it was his second—called *Frankenstein*. Since then a host of other distinguished names have tinkered with the genre. It is this continuing fascination with horror that Werner Adrian documents and explains in *Freaks*.

Adrian believes horror films are but the latest in a historic series of grisly amusements that



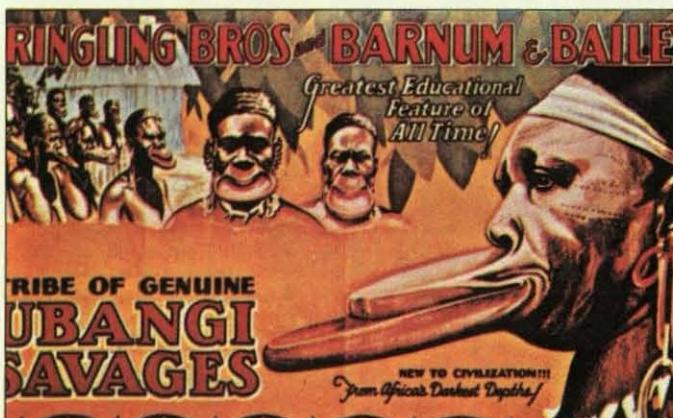
Celluloid ape-girl: A symbol of humanity's darker self?

includes freak shows, gladiatorial contests and hockey games. Using old woodcuts and paintings, he makes the point that physical deformity and monsters serve humanity as symbols of its darker self.

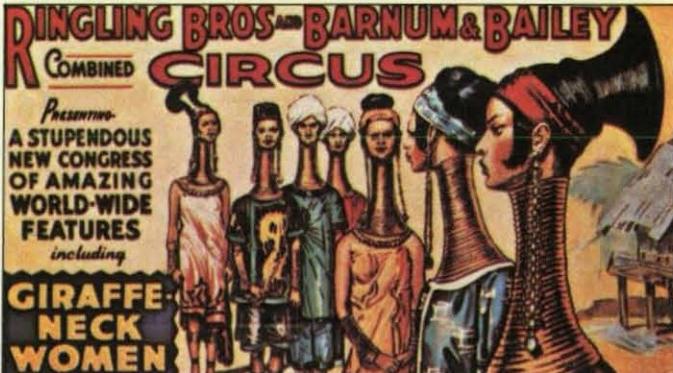
As a creature of legend, the monster helped explain major philosophical notions within the context of a thrilling story. While horror movies have hardly been made for philosophical purposes, they still deal with some weighty propositions: life after death, men playing at god, unnatural versus supernatural. Like humans, monsters are often flawed creatures in conflict with their creator.

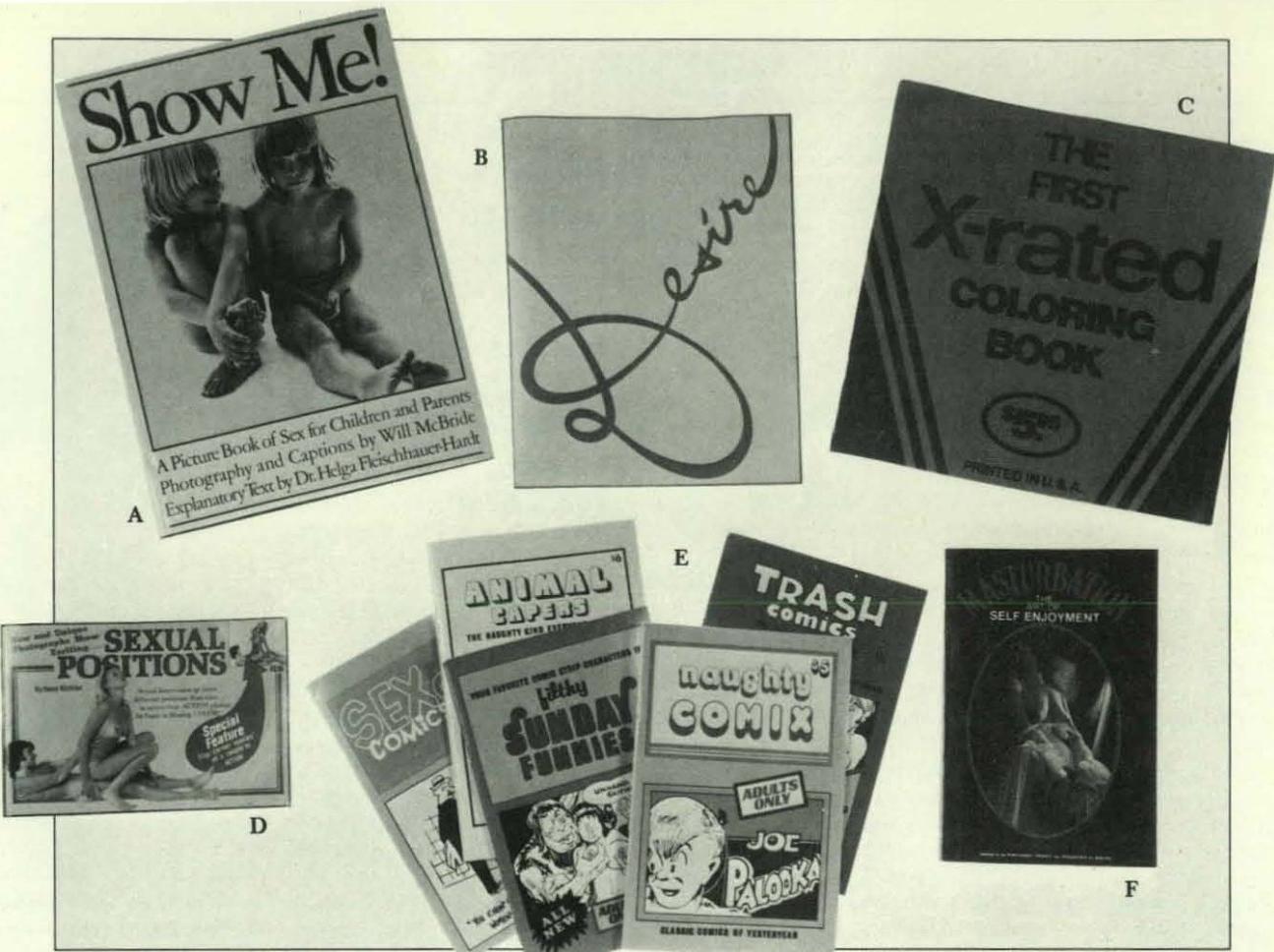
The theory here is not a new one, but in *Freaks* it is expressed in a livelier and more readable form than we have seen before. The book will satisfy horror-film buffs with its many rare stills and posters. Everyone will enjoy Adrian's witty impatience with the tons of cinematic garbage that have emerged in the form of teenage werewolves, hipster vampires and musical trogs.

Adrian sums up the genre tersely: "Horror films with... freakish man-monsters can really be divided into two groups—those with minimum makeup and those with too much makeup."



'Freaks' traces the history of shock entertainment; these circus posters show how one culture's beauties were another culture's gross-outs.





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SEX PRACTICES

By John Michaels

Prostitution is as old as humanity. Prehistoric man, no doubt, offered his choicest pelts to the free-wheeling cavegirls who gave him what he wasn't getting at home.

Our earliest record of commercialized prostitution comes from ancient Greece, where, in 550 B.C., Solon became the first state official to license public brothels. The taxes from these prosperous joy houses paid for construction of a temple—appropriately dedicated to Aphrodite, the goddess of love.

Yet love is not normally associated with prostitutes. The word comes from the Latin verb *prostituere* ("to expose"). According to Roman law, a prostitute was anyone who offered his or her body for sale *passim et sine dilectu* (indiscriminately and without pleasure). It is central to our notion of prostitution that it be an unfeeling business proposition—despite the fact that "the whore with a heart of gold" is so common in fiction (if not in reality).

Today prostitution exists all over the world—even, we suspect, in the Soviet Union, where sexuality is so totally repressed that prostitution is supposedly nonexistent. In America, commercial sex is quite alive. From the cute \$20 California surf kittens at Los Angeles beachfront bars to the sleek, swift, \$300-a-night call girls in Manhattan, prostitution is a big industry. Back in the '40s, Kinsey found that 69 percent of the white males he interviewed had employed "working girls" at least once.

At present it is said that the availability of "free love" in America is hurting "fee love" operations. A current joke has a disgruntled prostitute looking down an empty street and griping, "Shit, piss, fuck! All the college girls are taking away our business!"

But, in truth, business is booming. Big cities, small cities, every city has a "street" where women can be had for a

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.

available throughout the country, giving the girls access to a nation full of potential clients ("johns," as they're known in the trade).

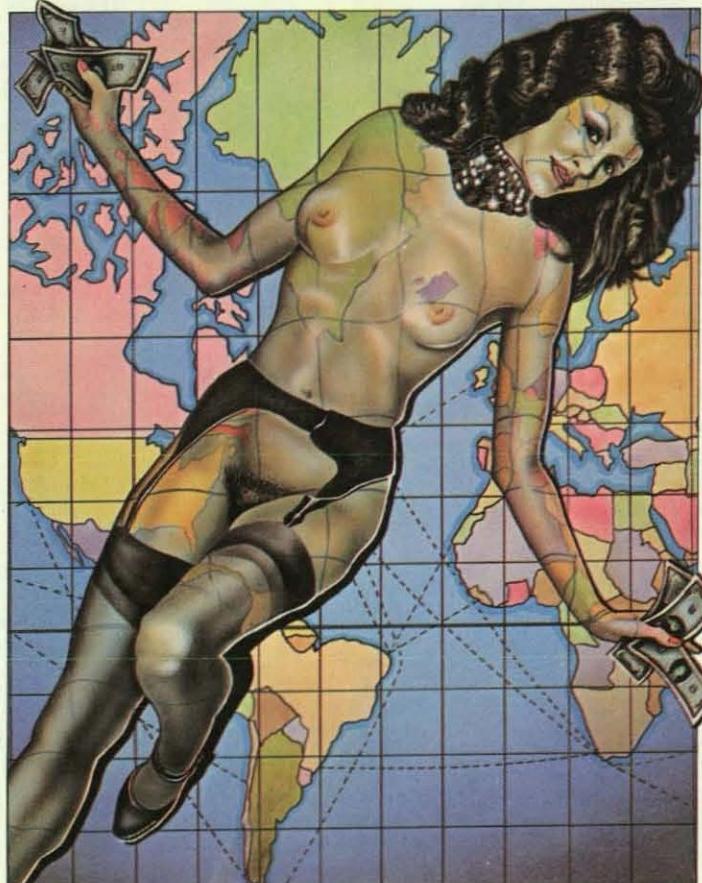
Of course, the client must be willing to go to the girl's locale or import her to his, but more and more small-town "working girls" are advertising in these big-city papers so they can better serve their local areas and reach the man in the street—their streets. Most of these women live in centrally located apartments and, if the call is local, will be glad to drop over to the caller's hotel room within an hour.

In Nevada the law prohibits a prostitute from entering the state and also prohibits anyone from living off the earnings of a prostitute, but it has no state statute deeming prostitution a crime.

Each county decides the issue for itself, and so far three of the state's 17 counties have licensed brothels. (Interestingly, Clark County—which encompasses free-wheeling Las Vegas—has yet to legalize the world's oldest profession.) In those counties where it has been legalized, the brothels can simply charge a fee for "room and board" in order to get around the state prohibition against living off the girls' earnings. It is generally accepted that no Nevada brothel, regardless of location, is closed down unless a nuisance complaint is filed against the establishment.

There are laws against prostitution in every other state. Most authorities no longer consider them a high priority—except, of course, around Election Day—perhaps because so many people are benefitting from commercial sex, either through bribery or direct involvement. If every "pimp" in America were unmasked, think how many surprises there'd be.

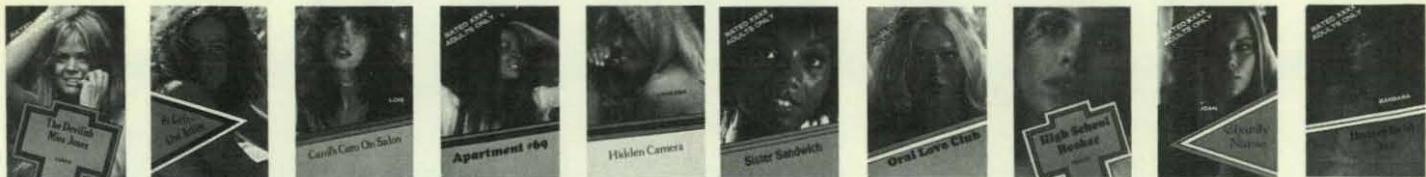
Oddly enough, the staid Orient is the most liberal part of the world regarding prostitution. The practice also accounts for a substantial portion of some locales'



PROSTITUTION AROUND THE WORLD

price. And the popularity of massage parlors in recent years has nothing to do with an interest in back rubs or Swedish culture. The "cultures" that predominate in the world of prostitution are "French" (oral activities), "Greek" (anal activities) and the latest, "English" (spankings).

Our "working girls" have come far from the days when they had to stand at lampposts or frequent smoky cocktail lounges. Modern girls advertise in underground newspapers and include their phone numbers. Though these papers come out of big cities—San Francisco, Boston, New York—they are



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SEX PRACTICES

total income. The large influx of American soldiers is partly responsible. Wherever GIs have been stationed, hooking has flourished. Thus, Japan and Southeast Asia are prime outlets for prostitution in the East.

In Japan, legalized prostitution grew out of the world's most accepted red-light district. It was created hundreds of years ago in the country's least developed area. Today we know the area as Tokyo. Strange as it may seem, the red-light district was at the heart of the sophisticated city of Tokyo.

At first, prostitutes' status was divided between the courtesans (basically women for hire) and the geishas (etiquette-perfect ladies). Certainly, geishas could provide sex for their customers, but only after a tea ceremony, a dance and a musical performance. In old Japan a geisha—from *gei* ("art") and *sha* ("person")—was classified by her particular art (song, dance, cooking, etc.), and her fees were commensurate with her class. Geisha houses still exist, but much of the art has been shucked. The modern man gets his quickie in a brassy, cosmopolitan club.

In Southeast Asia the center of prostitution is Hong Kong. Because of the influence of Britain and the U.S. on that city, the method of procuring

women is the same as in the West. Women are available on the street and in the bars; the classier the bar, the higher the hooker's price. The rule for travelers in Hong Kong is this: It is far safer to invest money in meeting a higher-class woman in one of the better taverns than to risk getting rolled or mugged by street hustlers.

In Thailand, prostitution has always been rampant—and was given no small boost by the presence of the U.S. Air Force. Unfortunately, many prostitutes are children—which will remind the Vietnam vet of Saigon, where girls nine or ten years old made themselves up to look older and tried to hook on streets already patrolled by their older sisters. Adult women are also available in Thailand—and at very low prices.

But no one undersells the prosties of Bombay, India. The poorer the country, the cheaper (and more numerous) the prostitutes, and on the streets of Bombay the prices (and the standard of living) are low, low, low. In some parts of the city a woman can be had for the equivalent of 25 U.S. cents.

However, in Europe, where the standard of living is relatively high, there is still no shortage of sex merchants. London, Rome and Amsterdam all have their stunning women and swank bars.

London, of course, is infamous for call-girl scandals involving members of Parliament. In Rome, prostitutes prefer to wear tight skirts, which show off the ample parts they're so justly famous for. In Amsterdam the girls of the red-light district are so bold they sell their wares in storefront windows; they sit on display, miniskirted and pantyless, casually reading a romance novel and—just as casually—fingering themselves.

Then there is Paris. Not for nothing has it been called "the city of love." There the prostitutes are known for their tiny waists and tigerish creativity in bed. Lining the streets of Pigalle, the red-light district, is an assortment of women—some beautiful, some as old as your grandmother. For years France has regulated prostitution in the interest of hygiene. A prostitute must carry a card certifying that she has had her weekly checkup and is currently VD-free.

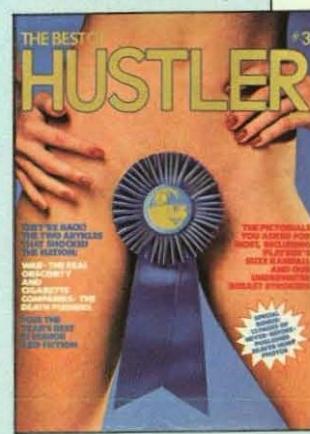
Prostitution is legal in France, but recently the government tried to "clean up" its better neighborhoods. Prostitutes were arrested on a variety of absurd charges: "causing a nuisance," "annoying pedestrians" and "encouraging debauchery." This prompted the streetwalkers to form a national federation and stage church sit-ins to protest the police harassment.

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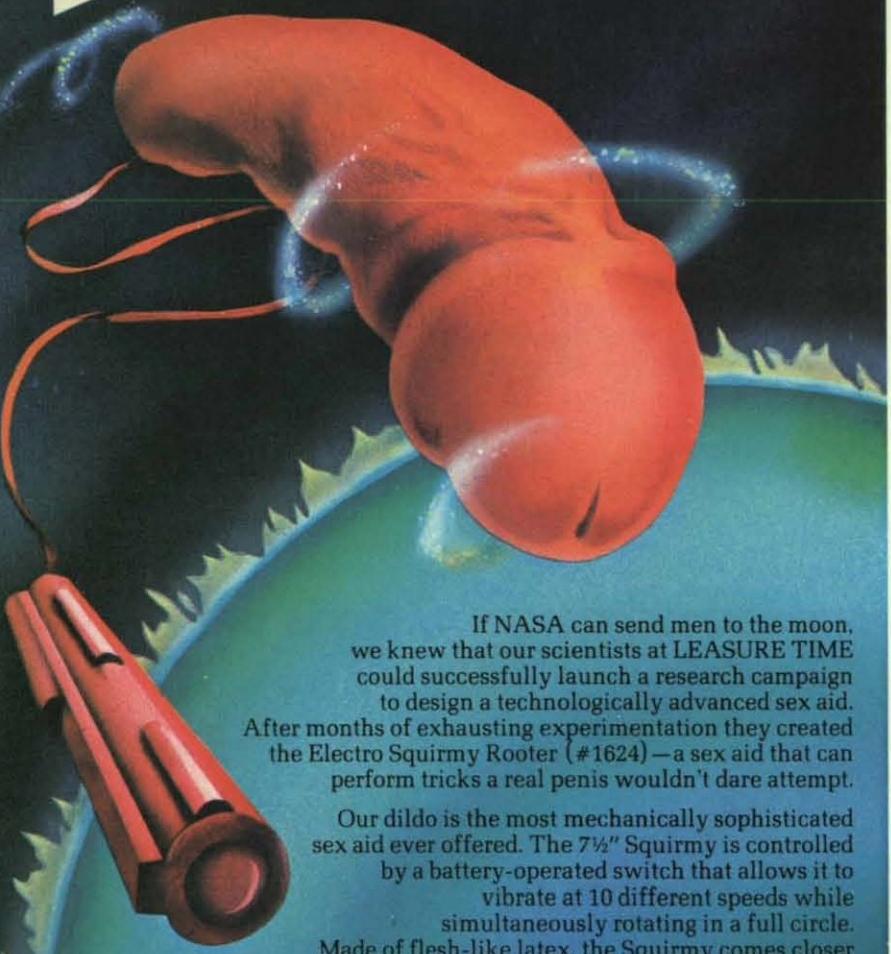
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SEX PRACTICES

"What is particularly intolerable," a federation leader said, "is that when they send us to prison, they take our children away from us. Many of us are mothers, like any other women, and we don't see why we should be deprived of our children because some people don't like us." (Many of the "ladies of the evening" who were arrested turned out to be transvestites. The transvestite-prostitute is a rising phenomenon, not only in France, but in America, too, as tastes become kinkier and TVs find new ways to meet sex partners.)

In America, Margo St. James has formed a similar union of prostitutes, COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics). St. James contends that any woman who lives off a man's paycheck is a prostitute. Now many major American cities have prostitute alliances. In Boston, that traditional bastion of uptightness and book-bannings, there exists a union comprising former and current prostitutes, male and female.

Backed by the American Civil Liberties Union and a formidable staff of lawyers, the Boston group is lobbying for the civil rights of hookers. It maintains that prostitution is a victimless crime. (In the best of all possible worlds perhaps that is so. But as things stand, it often involves robbery, extortion, exploitation and disease.)

The Boston prostitutes' union uses its funds to bail out women arrested for prostitution and to finance public lectures, where they argue for the legalization of their trade. One of their fundraisers, the Prostitutes' Ball on New Year's Eve, is considered by some in-the-know Bostonians to be the hippest local event of the year.

This is a far cry from the degradation prostitutes are subjected to in the Middle East. In Turkey the law allows a man to sell an adulterous wife into a brothel for the rest of her life. The unsavory air of slavery is rampant in some lower-class brothels, which is why Istanbul shocks those Westerners adventurous enough to sample its fleshy delights.

In Israel the attitude is so restrictive that most whores are Arabs. For a Jewish woman to be a prostitute in that country would almost inspire a public stoning, as in biblical times.

It is impossible to be comprehensive on the subject of world prostitution; we offer here but a glimpse at our changing attitudes toward the streetwalker. It's to be hoped that most people will come to take an enlightened position on what, in the end, is only a trade, not a crime, so the prostitute can step out of the shadows and take her rightful place with other tradespeople. 



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Who's Who in
BLUEGRASS

White Man's Soul Music Heard 'Round the World

Article by Bob Allen

At six in the morning Bill Monroe's tour bus leaves Nashville and heads east on Interstate 40 through mist-shrouded mountains. The destination this early autumn morning is a bluegrass festival near Caryville, a small town in the foothills of the Cumberlands, right

in the heart of northeast Tennessee's coal country.

Later in the day, Bill and his Blue Grass Boys—in matching suits, ties and ten-gallon hats—take to a flatbed truck trailer that serves as the stage. They are silhouetted by the late-afternoon sun. As the 700 or so



beer-drinking, whooping spectators on the overlooking hillside shout their requests, and as the group's tenor voices and strident fiddle and mandolin licks echo through the pine forests, it's as if bluegrass has come home.

Standing stock-straight in his three-piece brown corduroy suit, clutching his mandolin like a bird-hunter holding a .410 shotgun, Bill Monroe exudes the homespun regality of a small-town politician. His silver hair bushes out thickly from beneath his hat, and his poker-faced countenance hints of intelligence, reticence and austerity. He is the kind of guy you are hesitant to approach while you're smoking a cigar and clutching a can of beer.

As he and the Boys harmonize their way through "Uncle Pen," a cadre of drunks with beer cans in their hands flail around like spastic square dancers no more than ten feet from the stage. They are whooping and hollering and raising a cloud of dust; occasionally, one falls down and kicks around in the dirt. A young photographer with hair flowing past his shoulder blades is frantically taking pictures of them, as if they were the main event.

But Monroe ignores them—overlooks them entirely—as he and the group continue with "Footprints in the Snow" and "Mule Skinner Blues." At the end of his brief set he acknowledges the appreciative applause from the rest of the audience with a flicker of a smile. He thanks them in a quiet voice, and leaves the stage. Back at his bus he is besieged by autograph-seekers.

Bill Monroe is to bluegrass music what Colonel Sanders is to Kentucky Fried Chicken or Charles de Gaulle was to the Fifth Republic. Some say he invented bluegrass—if a term as pragmatic as *invent* can be applied to the mysterious alchemy that raises new strains of music from old ones. But this is certain: He's sure as hell the man who put bluegrass on the map.

Bluegrass (or "my music," as Monroe is fond of calling it) has often been described as one of the purest forms of American music. It conjures up images of hazy mountaintops, ramshackle cabins, little country churches, clear-flowing streams and lonely valleys scarred by played-out coal mines. It is a music that is widely enjoyed, yet not widely understood.

Ironically, it is regarded by many as an ancient form of mountain music, as old as the hills and as undistilled as spring water. In reality, as a musical style it is only a little more than 45 years old. Bluegrass originated in the relatively flat farmlands of western Kentucky,

and is actually—like other forms of country music—a new synthesis of the musical forms that preceded it.

Bluegrass music has not varied much from the strict nonelectric instrumentation of five-string banjo, acoustic guitar, fiddle, upright bass, mandolin and tense, high tenor vocals with which it began. With this—along with its rustic themes, often of sadness and disaffection—bluegrass has had more in common with the music of the old mountain string bands of the '20s and '30s than with more modern strains of commercial country music.

Pedal steel guitar, electric guitar and drums—staple instruments in country music—are seldom heard in bluegrass. It is "cultist" or "purist," and its arrangements and instrumentation have changed little over the years.

But whatever its history, bluegrass music is now a full-blown phenomenon. For the last ten years it has spread like crabgrass. What was once an obscure musical style limited mainly to the rural confines of Virginia, Tennessee, Ken-

tucky and the Carolinas is now heard in clubs and on college campuses from Boston to San Francisco. *Pickin'* (one year's subscription \$9 from 545 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10018), a monthly bluegrass trade magazine, estimates that every summer between 300 and 500 bluegrass festivals are held throughout the U.S. and Canada. There are also said to be as many as 200 bluegrass groups in Japan. Similarly, the music has also found large audiences in Ireland, Britain, Germany, Holland and other European countries.

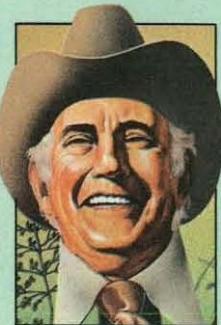
Indeed, all of this must be sweet music to Bill Monroe. Although for years he has been a popular star of Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, the worldwide popularity of his music has made him a sort of ambassador-without-portfolio, a role he gladly accepts.

Born 66 years ago in Rosine, Kentucky, Monroe claims to be a direct descendant of President James Monroe. (There are those who doubt this, pointing out that both of James Monroe's

BLUEGRASS FIRST-STRING PICKERS

Bill Monroe, Mandolin

Indisputably, the pioneer of bluegrass mandolin is Bill Monroe, but David Grisman and Jesse McReynolds of Jim and Jesse are also masters. The latter's distinctive cross-picking is analogous to Earl Scruggs's three-finger banjo rolls. The Seldom Scene's John Duffy is credited with introducing the "newgrass" mandolin style, while the New Grass Revival's Sam Bush is considered the leader among today's mandolin progressives.



Earl Scruggs, Banjo

Earl Scruggs, the father of three-finger-picking, has been acclaimed as the world's greatest banjo player. He is now playing with an electric group, the Earl Scruggs Revue, which includes his sons Randy on bass and Gary on guitar.

Another widely acknowledged pioneer is Don Reno, who is credited with developing "plectrum" picking (using a flat pick rather than finger picks). Two of today's leading banjo innovators are Bobby Thompson (a Nashville session player) and Bill Keith (a former Blue Grass Boy).



children were daughters and that the president had no direct descendants named Monroe.) The youngest of eight children, Bill Monroe was orphaned by the time he was 12. Suffering from a cross-eye, he was shy and lonely as a child, and so self-conscious that he would often run and hide in the barn when visitors came. As he grew older, he seemed to turn all his pain and passion inward, toward music.

"I felt lonesome. Well, I guess most of my life, a lot of days I'd feel like that," Monroe recalls. "I can see that through the music. I feel it down through the music . . . about lonely and lonesome, you know."

He is fond of saying that his music goes all the way back to the bagpipes of his Scottish ancestors. As a child, he grew up listening to his Uncle Pen, who played fiddle, and to a black guitarist-fiddler named Arnold Shultz, who introduced him to Negro blues. The story goes that since Bill was the youngest of the Monroe children, by the time he came along all the other instruments

were taken. So he took up the mandolin, then a relatively obscure instrument.

Like most musicians of the day, Monroe was heavily influenced by the old-time string bands popular in the '20s and '30s. After he and his brother Charlie worked as a successful mandolin-guitar duo, Bill struck out on his own in 1938 and formed the Blue Grass Boys (named in honor of his home state of Kentucky). Their sound and style would eventually revolutionize an entire segment of country music.

"I began experimenting with bluegrass music in 1938," Monroe recalls, several days after the Caryville concert. He is sitting on a straight-backed wooden chair in the mobile home that serves as Nashville headquarters of Monroe Enterprises. "I had been playing all kinds of music prior to then. I figured that string-band music needed a different, more hard-drivin' rhythm to it."

In 1939 Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys became Grand Ole Opry regulars. After several years of hard

practice, Monroe had become a master of transposing fiddle tunes and blues-guitar runs to the mandolin. His fiery new style revolutionized the use of the mandolin, which had never before been a popular instrument in country music. Besides his mandolin-playing, his high-pitched, rafter-shaking voice made listeners sit up in amazement.

"Bluegrass is a music I set out to have as my own," Monroe explains. "I wanted a music that had never been played before, one that was started from scratch."

Many aficionados, however, will argue that genuine bluegrass music didn't really get started until 1945, when Earl Scruggs, a shy 21-year-old from Shelby, North Carolina, joined the Blue Grass Boys. Already he had perfected a complex, three-finger style of picking that simply redefined the banjo's place in American music.

"I'd never heard a sound like that banjo before," recalls Bobby Osborne of the Osborne Brothers, a popular bluegrass group. "When I first heard Earl, I didn't believe one man could do all that with his fingers at one time."

From 1945 to 1948 Bill Monroe's Blue Grass Boys included Scruggs on banjo, Lester Flatt on guitar, Chubby Wise on fiddle and Cedric Rainwater on bass. Even today this band is considered to be the finest bluegrass ensemble ever. This was the vintage era of bluegrass, and these men would set the style for years to come.

"Anybody who has ever played bluegrass music has either learned it from my band or from people who learned it in my band," Monroe asserts with the mixture of pride, conceit and righteousness for which he's famous. But as pompous as that statement might seem, it's just plain flat-out true.

Over the years, having learned their licks from the master himself, various members of the Blue Grass Boys have struck out on their own and made names for themselves. Dozens of leading bluegrass performers—among them Scruggs, Flatt, the late Carter Stanley, Sonny Osborne, Jimmy Martin, Vassar Clements, Byron Berline, Don Reno and Mac Wiseman—have served apprenticeships in Monroe's band.

It wasn't until the late '50s and early '60s that the rest of the world began to pick up on bluegrass. With the gradual resurgence of interest in folk music, representatives of bluegrass began surfacing at college campuses and prestigious events like the Newport Folk Festival. The Kingston Trio is credited by some for paving the way for bluegrass by popularizing the banjo.

(continued on page 54)

Chubby Wise, Fiddle

As a member of Bill Monroe's classic 1945-48 Blue Grass Boys, Chubby Wise set the definitive style of bluegrass fiddling. Another pioneer, Benny Martin, played with Bill Monroe and later with Flatt and Scruggs. Kenny Baker, Vassar Clements and Byron Berline are ranked as some of today's best fiddlers.



Lester Flatt, Guitar

Traditionally, in bluegrass the guitar has been a rhythm instrument, with a few bass runs thrown in now and then for good measure. Lester Flatt, another member of the '45-'48 Blue Grass Boys, refined the bluegrass rhythms.

In the early '60s the late Clarence White, then with the Kentucky Colonels, added inventive guitar work to their music; in addition, he established the guitar as a lead instrument in bluegrass. Later, White played with the country-rock group the Byrds.

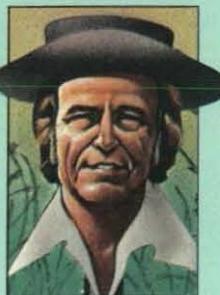
Norman Blake, Dan Crary and Tony Rice (who inherited White's classic Martin guitar) are three pacesetters in modern-day bluegrass guitar.



Buck "Uncle Josh" Graves, Dobro

The dobro is a guitar, with an attached metallic resonator, that employs a slide over the neck for note and chord creation. It was hardly used in bluegrass until Buck "Uncle Josh" Graves introduced it in the early '50s. As a member of the Foggy Mountain Boys, he defined the bluegrass dobro style by incorporating banjo rolls and blues phrases into his licks.

The Seldom Scene's Mike Auldrige is considered today's premier dobroist.





PRIME CUTS

Our regular readers, we're sure, have been wondering about the effects of Larry Flynt's simple, straightforward policy announcement: "HUSTLER Magazine will no longer hang women up like pieces of meat."



Photography by James Baes

This issue bids a fond farewell to all that...in a typically outrageous, self-mocking HUSTLER feature following the tradition established by Larry himself. This month marks the final time we'll be running our regular girl photos, the last of an inventory of beautifully photographed HUSTLER Honeys. To celebrate this passing, we're giving you a different feature—all pink and juicy, primed and raring to go. Feast your eyes on the last of our sexy sizzlers served up the way you like them—raw.

Go ahead, make a pig of yourself. It's the last chance to sink your eyeteeth into the spicy photography that we've made infamous. There'll be no second helpings. (Of course, anyone wanting back issues of HUSTLER should turn to the ad appearing on page 16.)

HUSTLER will still deal with sex, but in an open and candid way that will put sex in perspective with the rest

of life. The men and women you'll see here will not simply be extensions of their sex organs. They will be shown with all their human needs—spiritual as well as physical. Our models aren't sex objects, but whole persons, of whom sexuality is only a part.

We are entering a new era, in which nobody is a piece of meat. If HUSTLER can be said to have found religion, it is a religion that honors God's greatest work—not churches, but humanity. In the glory of the human body we see the glory of its Creator.

Does all this also signal a change in our policy of irreverence? As long as we have to shock people into thinking about the problems and issues of the day, you'll always see our cutting commentaries. If you don't believe that, take a close look at these photos, which prove that at HUSTLER there are no sacred cows.



That's some saucy tomato!
What we can't figure out is why all these spaghetti
noodles are so limp.

A woman in a red bikini is posed in the center of a large, round sandwich. She is lying on her back, with her arms raised above her head and legs bent at the knees. Her body forms the shape of a burger patty. The sandwich consists of a bottom bun, a layer of lettuce, the woman's body, another layer of lettuce, and a top bun with visible seeds. The background is a solid green.

Grilled indoors or out,
this pink patty
takes two
hands to
handle.



A photograph of a woman's torso and hands resting on a platter. The platter contains a whole turkey, several carrots, and some green vegetables. The woman has her hands on her hips, wearing a ring on her left hand. Her hair is orange. The background is white.

No need for a
holiday to munch on this
bird's spread.
But gobble it up fast, because it's
time to say good-bye to
women as meat in
HUSTLER.

WHO'S WHO IN BLUEGRASS

(continued from page 47)

But the two men who probably had more to do with the bluegrass explosion than anyone else were Earl Scruggs and Lester Flatt. Though they have since gone their separate ways, and Earl has drifted out of traditional bluegrass altogether, in 1948 the two of them left the Blue Grass Boys and formed the Foggy Mountain Boys.

Theirs has been called "folk music in overdrive," and the compelling power of such instrumentals as "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" sparked enthusiasm across the country. (Their appearances in Japan, where bluegrass is revered, incited the kind of riots usually associated with rock concerts here in the States.)

In 1962 Flatt and Scruggs sold out Carnegie Hall. Also in the early '60s their "Ballad of Jed Clampett" became the theme for the television show *The Beverly Hillbillies*. (However, it was sung on the air by Homer and Jethro.) In 1967 "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" was widely popularized as the theme for the motion picture *Bonnie and Clyde*. Eventually, songs by Bob Dylan and Buffy St. Marie found their way into Flatt and Scruggs's repertoire, and their single releases became the first bluegrass records to reach the top of the charts.

In 1965 along came Carlton Haney, (profiled in the November 1977 HUSTLER), an obese entrepreneur-turned-music-impresario who figured the world was ready for the first bluegrass festival. He rented land outside Roanoke, Virginia, and hired 14 top bluegrass bands, drawing over a thousand people to the three-day bash.

The fast-talking Haney may have lost money on the venture, but he did prove his point: The world was ready for bluegrass. Within five years bluegrass festivals were proliferating around the country like mushrooms. Audiences numbering in the thousands included all sorts of new bluegrass aficionados, and veteran devotees often found themselves sitting behind city folk and northerners picking up on the music.

Bluegrass further entered the era of mass appeal in the early '70s when promoters realized that by mixing up their bills—throwing a couple of borderline folk or country-rock acts like the Byrds, Poco, John Hartford or John Prine in with the bluegrass groups—they could draw a whole new crowd of college-aged youths. Also, for many young listeners bluegrass seemed to symbolize the traditional values they'd sought. The vitality and purity they heard in the music hinted at ancient and powerful truths swept under the rug long ago by our rootless, consumer-oriented society.

Whatever the appeal, bluegrass has since brought fans flocking to the festivals. Some say this is the heyday of bluegrass music; others say it is the beginning of its demise. Bill Monroe, the poker-faced patriarch of bluegrass, has taken it all in stride: "You know, I intended this music for country people, but it's growed and gone all over. The mountain people have been with me for 30 years. But my hippie fans know when the music is played right."

Some bluegrass performers aren't quite so overjoyed with their music's mass acceptance. "Sometimes you get real depressed when you play at these big festivals, because it seems like nobody's listening," says Alice White of the McClain Family, a bluegrass group that has played at the Grand Ole Opry and in more than 20 countries. "But I just tell myself it's OK, as long as people are having fun."

* * *

One thing about bluegrass is ironic: Even though hundreds of thousands attend festivals every summer, and even though the world is supposedly full of closet banjo players who spend their evenings in dark cellars trying to cop Earl Scruggs licks, one almost never hears bluegrass on the radio. Oh, maybe early on a Sunday morning, or in the predawn hours a country station might sandwich a Jim and Jesse title among the latest by George Jones, Tammy Wynette or Johnny Cash. But, by and large, bluegrass has never really penetrated the "iron curtain" of AM and FM radio programming.

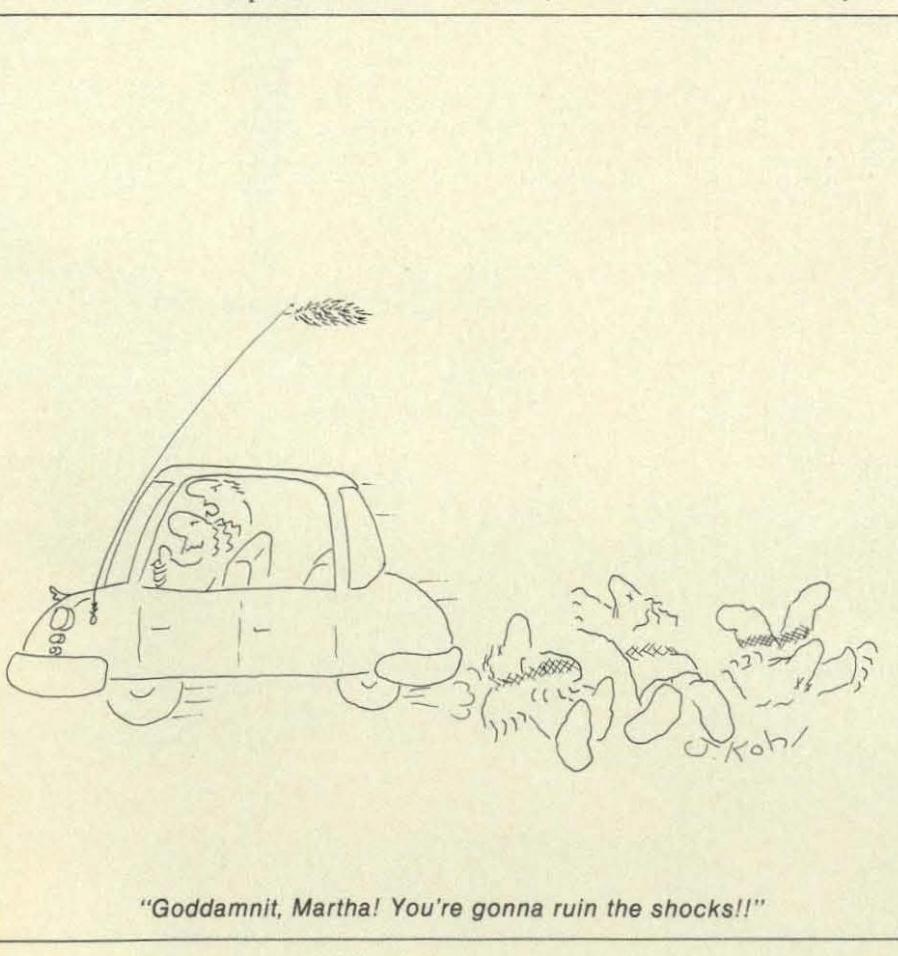
Similarly, in most popular record stores the latest efforts by bluegrass artists are usually found collecting dust in the "Miscellaneous" section or filed under F for Forgotten. Despite its mass acceptance by festivalgoers, bluegrass has never been successfully marketed by major record labels.

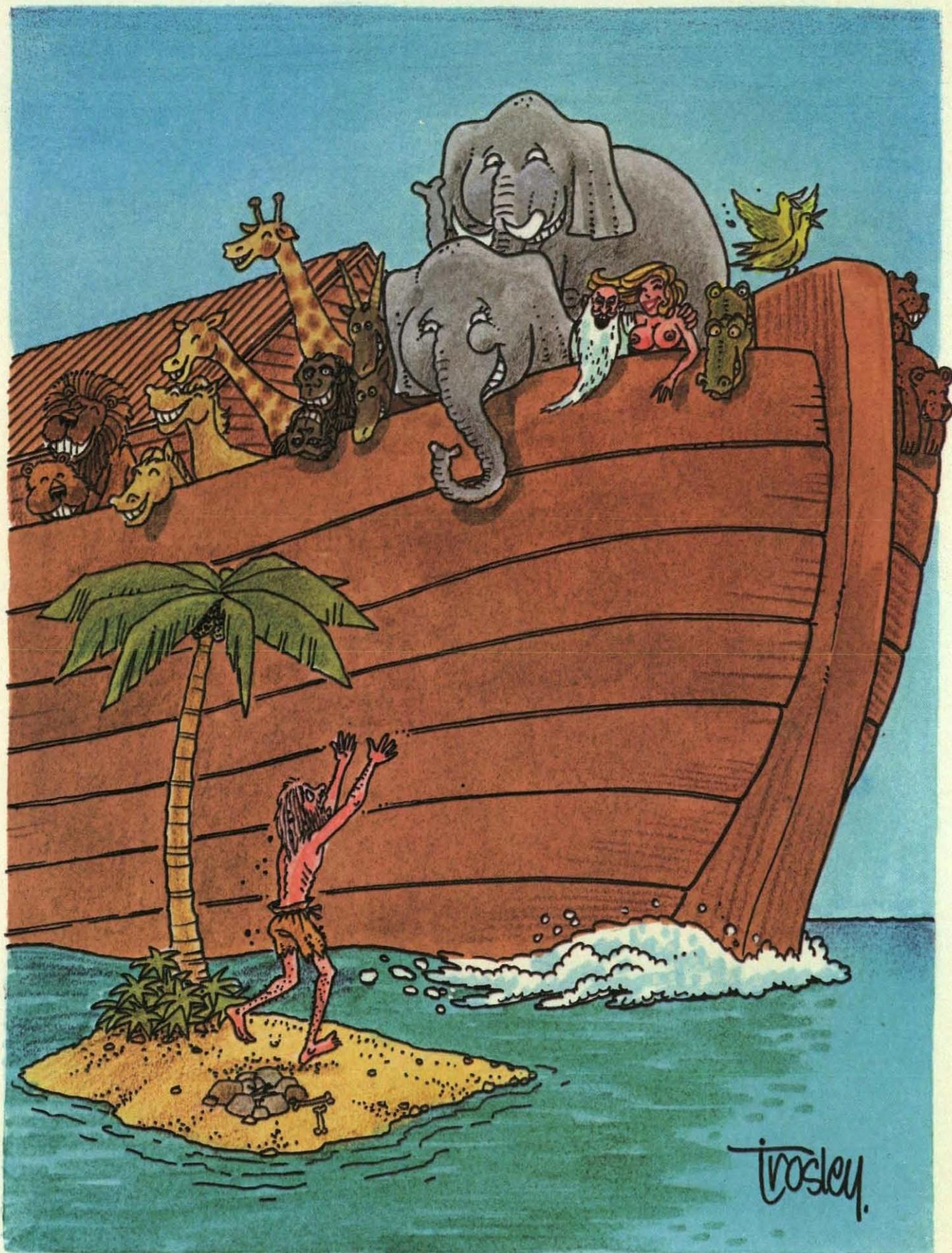
Over the years this dilemma has sent recording-company executives scrambling after their Valium bottles and scratching their heads in consternation. Consequently—though a half-dozen or so regional labels have enjoyed limited success at marketing bluegrass—at this time Bill Monroe (on MCA Records) is considered to be the only bluegrass artist on a major label.

"We just don't know what to do with bluegrass," admits one Nashville recording exec. "I like it. It's meaningful music, and it should be on major labels. But nobody buys it. I don't know why, but they don't."

"One thing that has held bluegrass back is the artists' tendency to record the same songs over and over," adds

(continued on page 106)





"Sorry. Couples only!"

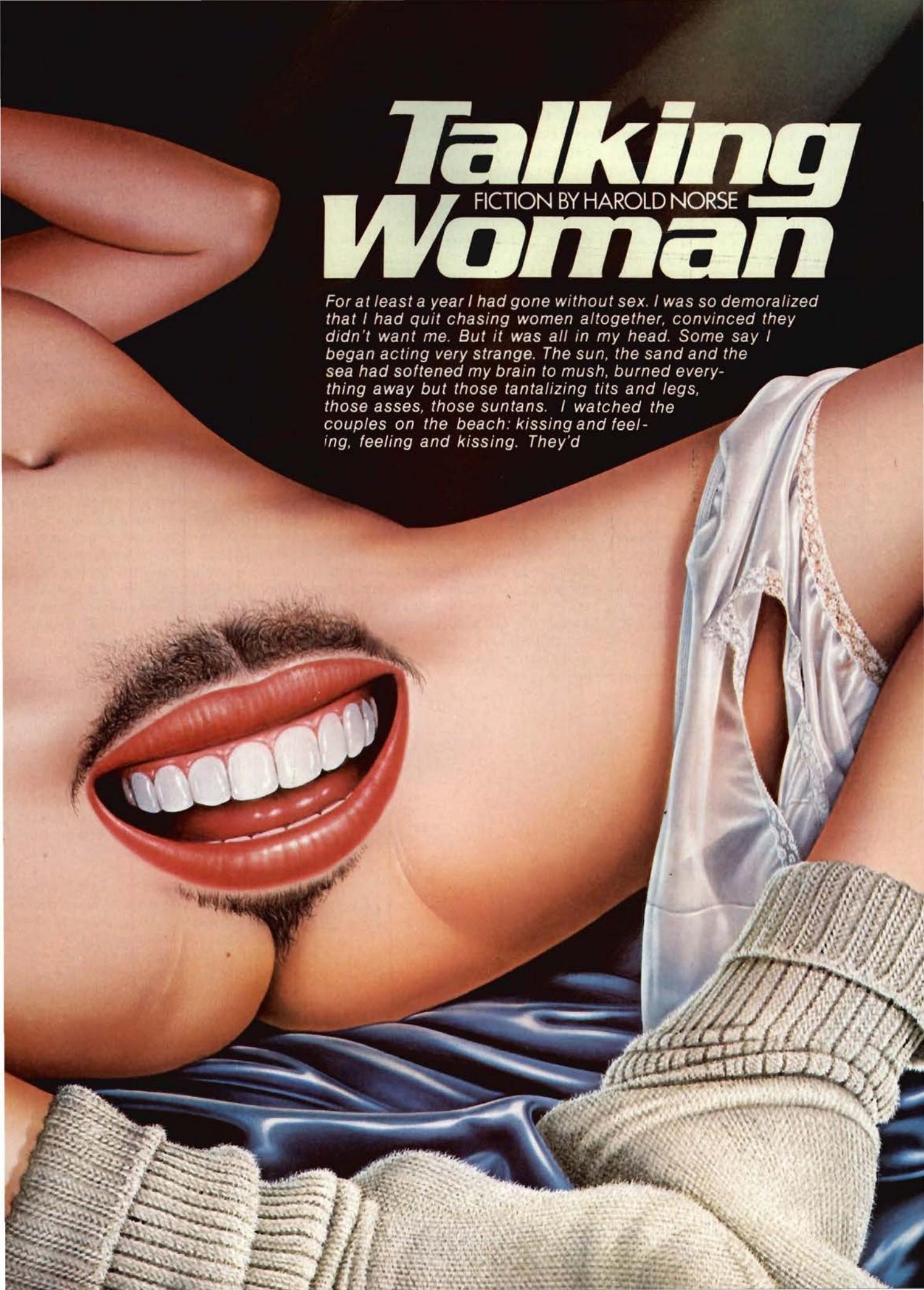


LEX EERL

Talking Woman

FICTION BY HAROLD NORSE

For at least a year I had gone without sex. I was so demoralized that I had quit chasing women altogether, convinced they didn't want me. But it was all in my head. Some say I began acting very strange. The sun, the sand and the sea had softened my brain to mush, burned everything away but those tantalizing tits and legs, those asses, those suntans. I watched the couples on the beach: kissing and feeling, feeling and kissing. They'd



practically be fucking, and I'd play with myself while seated nearby like a peeping tom. I'd return to my apartment, draw the shades and jack off—a crazed monk in his cell. Fighting temptation, you might say, with my bare fists. All I thought about was sex. And I wasn't getting any.

Half-loony with wild fantasies, I began to buy porn magazines like *Twat's New*, *Shaved Pussy*, *Big Tits & Open Splits* and so forth. They had subtitles like: "Their Mouths Watered for the Taste of Cum!"

My fantasies grew bizarre. I pored over pages of pics with one hand while masturbating with the other. I shot my load all over the pages, which would often stick together with dried cum. I'd throw the mags away like used rubbers.

Then I'd go down and browse at the racks of the liquor store on Windward, below the fleabag St. Marks Hotel, where winos and bums hang out.

New mags were always more tasty than old ones. Old porn was like an old whore you wouldn't pay for again. I couldn't wait to get the new ones home. I'd hover self-consciously over them at the store, feeling sneaky and weird, aware of the unfriendly notices thumbtacked to the racks: THIS IS NOT A LENDING LIBRARY—THESE ARE FOR SALE—BROWSING TIME 5 MINUTES ONLY.

I never looked around. I felt like a sex fiend or a thief. I felt sure the owner expected me to rip off a magazine and split. I concealed my excitement, but I was burning up inside. I craved those paper nudes like a junkie yearns for his fix. But this was all in my head. Being without sex is DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

After deciding on one or two of the dozens of magazines I had examined, I'd go to the counter, purchase a pack of Camels and a bottle of cheap red wine, and casually throw in the magazines. I'd exit whistling nonchalantly. Your usual lonely madman. It was a strange game, but I played it every time.

I had become peculiar, unsure of myself. No question about it. Gradually, I felt myself losing confidence, although I lost none of my sexual powers.

My friends didn't help much. Though they laughed at me, they seemed even hornier and crazier than I was. Maybe it was the tropical heat of Southern California. Maybe not. At any rate, all they talked about was sex, describing in detail their latest conquests or grumbling about their frustration if they didn't score for a few days. Or even a few hours. You'd think they were dying.

The only one who talked of other matters was old Sam Norton. So I'd visit him and his wife, Jenny, in the evening and sit around watching the TV news

after one of his interminable monologues. The old guy was a talker.

He and his wife lived in Venice, in a small bungalow with a neat garden on a back street near the canals, far from the maddening beach. At night the air was scented with lilac and honeysuckle. It offered some relief, but not much.

Sam Norton was an old radical in his 70s—short, bald and ailing. He had a potgut, a purple nose and a stinking cigar butt clamped in the corner of his toothless mouth. He held forth sarcastically on every conceivable subject in a gruff, gravelly voice. But underneath he had a heart. Often it would seem to be made of stone. He flew into uncontrollable rages. He'd blast away and wave his arms like a demented loon.

He wrote a column for the LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS with zigzag lightning bolts surrounding the title: "God Blast America!!!" I derived perverse satisfaction hearing from this aging firebrand about "the imminent collapse of a corrupt system." That prospect made me feel good, in a perverted way, since it could be no worse, I believed, than my own collapse.

But when he stormed at his long-suffering wife, it made me feel bad. She would fall back a few steps, flinching from his fiery dragon's breath, shaking with terror. Flecks of Norton's spittle hit her pale face. A loving, doting woman, she took care of him like a mother with a cantankerous child, putting up with his tantrums. Actually, most of the time they babbled and cooed like newlyweds, and I'd get this lonely feeling again.

I had heard stories about old Norton, how he still had an eye for the ladies. And how, despite his age, he managed to get it up for some very nice young ass. I found those stories hard to believe. But I've got to admit I even felt secretly envious of Norton.

One night, while I sat drinking his wine, half-listening to one of his screaming fits against the latest crime of the administration in Washington, D.C., the doorbell rang and in walked Trudy. An attractively buxom young lady, she had a round face, inquisitive blue eyes and long brown hair. I could not take my eyes off her, especially that hair.

Norton greeted her with a tender kiss. Jenny Norton, wreathed in smiles, busked about, brewing coffee and serving pastries and chocolates.

As the evening progressed, I observed that Trudy kept staring at me. Norton had introduced me as a well-known writer, so I figured this was the source of her interest.

But her stare gave me a hard-on all evening, although she said nothing to

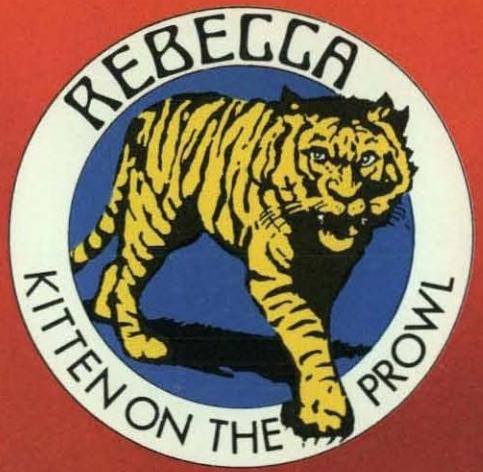
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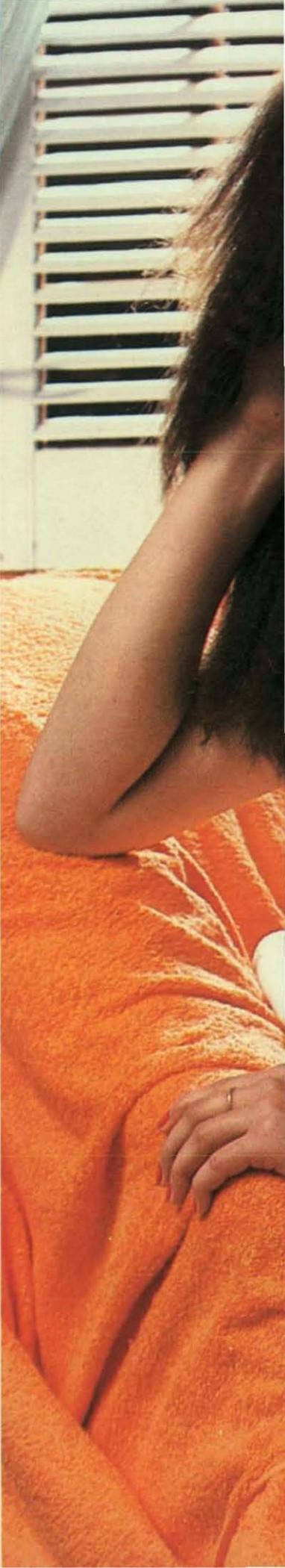




J. Koki









Sassy and independent, 22-year-old Rebecca likens herself to a velvety black cat with long, sharp claws. "I don't do anything I don't want to," she insists, and we believe her. This young Michigan native has already seen and done a lot. As a stewardess, she flew to New York, the West Indies and Athens before landing in Los Angeles and starting her modeling career nine months ago.

Rebecca has her vulnerable, reflective side too. Like most newcomers, she finds L.A. "a little confusing at times, though it's easy to lie back and let your life float out to sea." But an active girl like Rebecca doesn't take to lethargy lying down. "When the mood strikes," she says, "I strap on my roller skates and take off for the beach, just six blocks from my apartment."

This freewheeling fox gives in quite readily to any spur-of-the-moment urge. "I believe in lust at first sight. When I see a guy who turns me on, I want him immediately." Lately her taste has run to surfers and musicians, but Rebecca doesn't play favorites. "Sooner or later," she giggles, "I might get through the entire phone book."









HUSTLER'S HONEY·JUNE 1978



LARRY FLYNT'S

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At a football game two Texans were seated behind two nuns. One Texan said to his friend, "I can't wait to get back to Dallas. There are only ten Catholics there."

His buddy replied, "I can't wait to get back to Houston. There are only five Catholics there."

Finally, one of the nuns commented, "You both should go to hell! There aren't *any* Catholics there!"

One day a farmer caught a traveling salesman making love to his youngest daughter. Yelling "You son of a bitch!" he shot the amorous salesman in the groin with a .12-gauge shotgun.

The screaming salesman quickly took off for town to find a doctor. He found one, but the physician took one look at the man's perforated pecker and told him that nothing could be done for him.

"Oh, please do something," begged the salesman. "I'm a rich man and can pay you anything."

"Sorry, son," said the doctor. "There's nothing I can do. However, there's a man across the street who might be able to help."

"Oh? Is he a specialist?" asked the salesman.

"No," said the doctor, "he's a piccolo player. He'll teach you how to hold it without pissing in your face."

Ever since St. Peter and Satan began taking turns manning the Pearly Gates, there was trouble. It all came to a head recently when Satan refused to work his shift at heaven's entrance. Outraged, St. Peter told Satan, "I'll sue! I'll sue!"

"Go ahead," Satan coolly replied, "but where in heaven are you going to find a lawyer?"

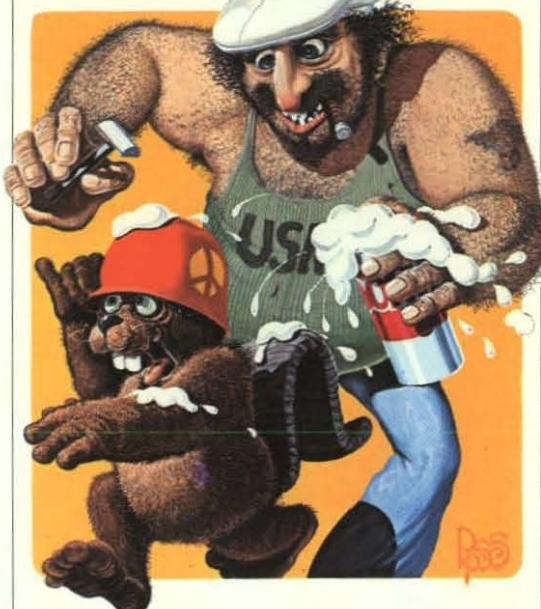
The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *jockstrap* as: a ball-bearing device.

There was a fellow who had never screwed a girl, so two of his friends decided to play a trick on him. They bought an inflatable love doll and put it into his bed. Then they called him at work and told him the girl of his dreams was home in his bed and ready for anything.

The next day his friends asked him how things had gone. "Very strange," he replied. "I slipped out of my clothes and got in beside her. She was cold, so I tried to warm her up. Then I bit her on the neck, but she just farted a couple of times and flew out the window!"

Recently, we overheard a frustrated executive say, "Sometimes I'm surrounded by so many assholes I feel like a hemorrhoid."

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think that's funny...

A conductor, while taking tickets on the train, noticed a lady sitting with a small and extremely ugly baby on her lap. "Lady," the conductor said, "that is by far the ugliest baby I have ever seen."

The woman, horrified by the conductor's comment, began screaming at him, and demanded that her money be refunded and the conductor be fired.

The head conductor then came into the car and tried to smooth things over. "Listen, lady," he said, "if you will forget all about this matter, I'll see that you get the best treatment possible, I'll give you your money back, and I'll even try to find you a nice, ripe banana for that monkey of yours."

Being particularly peeved at a tax-collector one day, Jesus, like all men, had the inclination to call the man a son of a bitch. Instead, he merely said, "Be on guard, my good man. For when you go home, make sure your mother doesn't come out from under the porch and bite you."

We understand that the latest party game is called Pearl Harbor. You lie down and get the shit blown out of you!

Three elderly women, recently transplanted from the Northeast to a Florida retirement community, were getting acquainted at poolside. Inevitably, their conversation turned to children.

"My son is the most successful doctor on Park Avenue," announced one.

Not to be outdone, the second remarked, "My son is the most successful lawyer on Wall Street."

The third remained conspicuously silent. Sensing easier game, the first matron inquired, "And you, dear, do you also have a son?"

"And is he also a professional?" demanded the second.

"Well, not exactly," answered the third. "Actually, he's a plumber. And not only that, he's gay."

Beaming, one of the poor woman's interrogators offered consolation: "Ah, he's not doing so well."

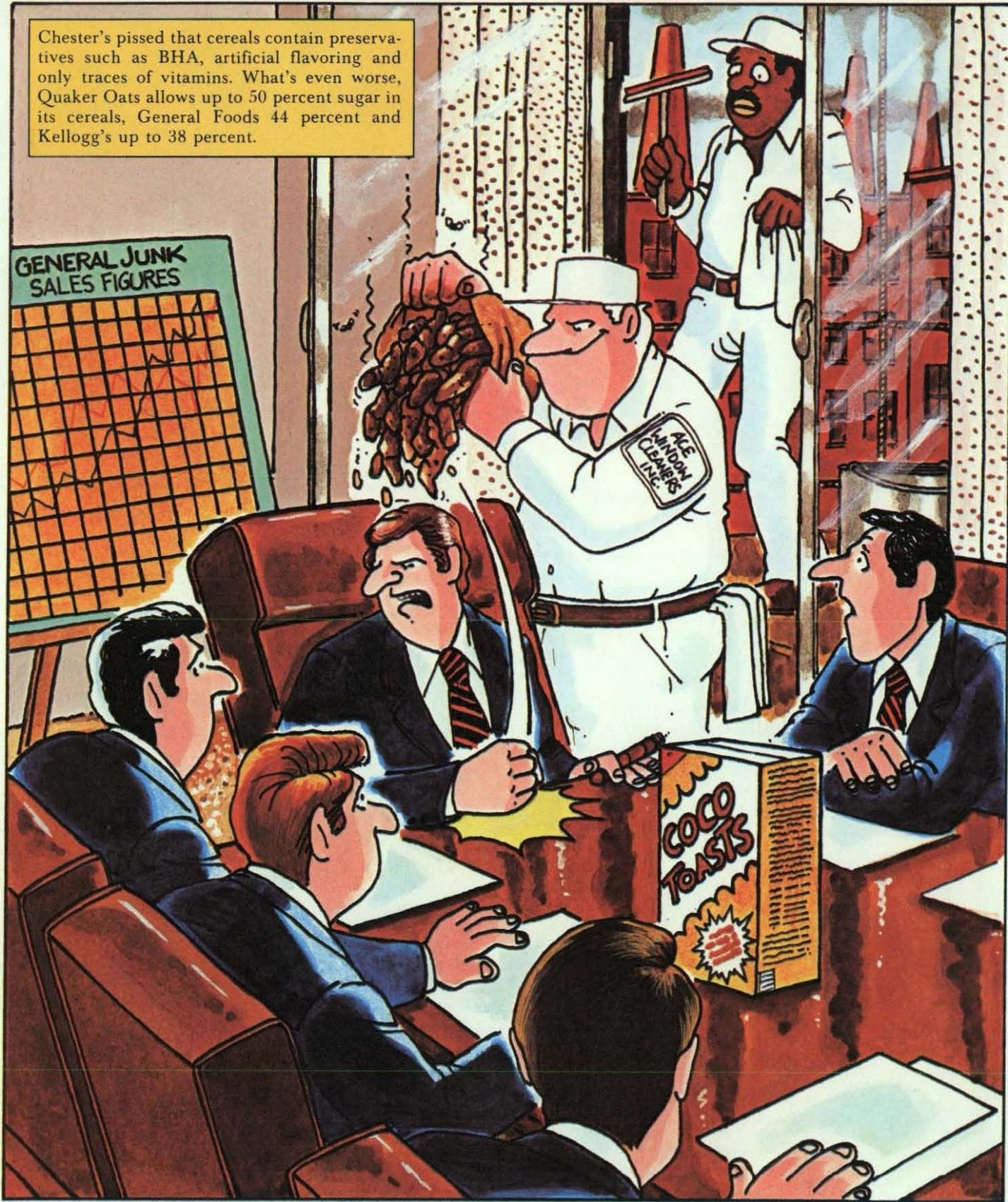
This time it was the third woman who smiled. "He's not doing so badly," she explained. "He goes out with the most successful doctor on Park Avenue and the most successful lawyer on Wall Street."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions.

CHESTER

BY DWANE B. TINLEY.

Chester's pissed that cereals contain preservatives such as BHA, artificial flavoring and only traces of vitamins. What's even worse, Quaker Oats allows up to 50 percent sugar in its cereals, General Foods 44 percent and Kellogg's up to 38 percent.



"I don't care if parents are complaining about their kids' health! I want to beef up Saturday-morning ad campaigns!"



ROGER MACBRIDE

EXTREMIST IN PURSUIT OF LIBERTY

Profile by Paul Hoffman

They are a curious breed—on social questions to the left of all but the most liberal Democrats, on economic issues a little to the right of Attila the Hun. They believe government should keep its nose out of people's bedrooms...and out of businessmen's boardrooms. They are members of the Libertarian Party, founded only six years ago but already the nation's third-largest political party—or largest "third party." And their titular head is Roger MacBride, the Libertarian Party's 1976 presidential candidate.

* * *

"We own our own lives, and so long as we don't impose on somebody else by force or fraud, the government ought to keep its hands off," says MacBride. In the flesh, MacBride looks somewhat like former Nixon speechwriter Pat Buchanan with glasses, though he notes, "I hope the resemblance ends there." Now 48, he stands 5-11 and admits he's "involved in the perennial struggle to lose weight."

He was born and raised in New York City's Westchester suburbs, the son of a *Reader's Digest* editor and a descendant of two of the Founding Fathers, Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph of Virginia. His education was typically well-to-do WASP—Phillips Exeter Academy, Princeton University and Harvard Law School, where his specialty was Constitutional law. He spent a year in the Philippines as a Fulbright scholar studying the new nation's constitution. Then he joined White & Case, a giant Wall Street law firm whose clients included U.S. Steel and Bankers Trust Company.

"After four years I got bored with how many angels can dance on the head of a bank holding company," he remarks. "I got lucky in the market, borrowed to the hilt and bought some property in Vermont—as an investment at first. Then I fell in love with it."

MacBride moved to Vermont and set up a two-man partnership that handled everything from wills to whiplash—far different from his Wall Street practice. Eventually, he entered politics and was elected to a term in the state legislature. There, he says, "I was the leader of a contingent of people who said, 'We've had enough of ever-bigger government.' In 1964 he lost his bid to become the Republican gubernatorial candidate.

Meanwhile, MacBride got in on the Vermont land boom and made a bundle buying property and sell-

ing lots for summer homes. Then he repeated the process in Nova Scotia.

After eight New England winters his wife longed for warmer climes, so the MacBrides moved to Virginia. Now divorced, he lives with his eight-year-old daughter on a 100-acre cattle farm near Charlottesville. Appropriately for one who traces both his ancestry and his philosophy to the nation's third president, his Georgian-style house is said to have been designed by Thomas Jefferson. And like Jefferson, he considers himself a "deist" and is not a member of any church.

Although admitted to the Virginia bar, he has never practiced in the state. Instead, he has a career in television. MacBride thinks of himself as an "adopted grandson" of Rose Wilder Lane, a best-selling author of the 1920s, and has come to know the works of Mrs. Lane's mother, Laura Ingalls Wilder. He transformed Mrs. Wilder's memoirs into a television series, *Little House on the Prairie*. Again appropriately, the show's theme is individualism and self-reliance. MacBride and his business partner, Ed Friendly—formerly executive producer of Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In*—are now planning another TV series.

In addition, MacBride turned out a pair of legal treatises, *Treaties Versus the American Constitution* and *The American Electoral College*. "As a result," he notes, "the Republicans nominated me for elector, something they've regretted ever since."

* * *

The Libertarian Party was founded when five persons met on July 17, 1971, in the Westminster, Colorado, home of David Nolan. A month before, Nolan had gone to the Young Republicans' convention in Phoenix and had run unsuccessfully for vice-chairman of the Young Republican National Federation—on an anti-Nixon platform! He was disturbed by the turn the GOP was taking, and at the meeting in his home he broached the subject of forming a new political party.

"The meeting was inconclusive," Nolan recalls. "After a prolonged pro-and-con discussion we agreed to put off making any decision, talk to some other people we knew and reconvene in a month."

A second meeting was held on August 15, the day President Nixon devalued the dollar and imposed wage and price controls. "That galvanized us to action," Nolan continues. "It had become evident that

the GOP was selling out everything it ever claimed to represent; a consistently pro-freedom party was now desperately needed."

The five worked through the fall, eventually gathering about 100 persons across the country into the Committee to Organize a Libertarian Party. The new party was formally proclaimed on December 11, 1971. Unlike most third parties, which spring from grass-roots movements or split off from the major parties, the Libertarians were a philosophy in search of a constituency.

The Libertarian Party held its first national convention in Denver in June 1972 to nominate candidates for U.S. president and vice-president. Murray Rothbard, a professor of economics at the Polytechnic Institute of New York, was the first choice of most delegates, but he wasn't interested in such a quixotic venture. The delegates then turned to John Hospers, a professor of philosophy at the University of Southern California and author of the aptly entitled book *Libertarianism*. For his running mate the party picked Tonie Nathan, a businesswoman from Eugene, Oregon.

The Libertarian spirit hardly swept the nation in that year of Watergate. The new party raised and spent only \$6,000, got its candidates on the ballots of only two states—Colorado and Wash-

ington—and received fewer than 5,000 votes.

But when the Electoral College convened on December 18, 1972, Roger MacBride, as a Republican elector from Virginia, cast his ballot not for the GOP ticket of Nixon and Agnew but for the Libertarian slate. Thus, the final tally was: Nixon-Agnew, 520 electoral votes; McGovern-Shriver, 17; and Hospers-Nathan, 1. As a footnote to history, Tonie Nathan became the first woman ever to get an Electoral College vote.

"I would not cast my vote for Mr. Nixon or Mr. Agnew," MacBride explains. "I wanted to cast it in such a way as to create a kind of minithunderclap across the American political scene. So I voted for the Libertarian candidates. I saw that night on the television screen that they used the zoom lens, and my hand filled the screen writing her [Miss Nathan's] name. All the news organs were focused on me and what I was doing. Here these regular Republicans who had devoted their lives to raising money for the party and ringing doorbells were ignored, and here was Benedict Arnold getting the attention of the press."

If MacBride was indeed a traitor to Republicans, he quickly became a hero in libertarian circles. When he appeared at the Libertarian Party's second national convention in Cleveland the

following July he received a standing ovation, and the first "MacBride for President" banners were unfurled. Three years later he became the party's presidential nominee.

Unlike the party's first attempt, MacBride's 1976 presidential campaign was well-organized and well-financed. The party raised nearly one hundred times the funds it had four years before—"a little over \$500,000," according to Robert Meier, the party's national director. Most of the money was spent not on buttons, bumper stickers, radio spots or TV time and campaign hoopla, but on the arduous task of getting the Libertarian candidates on the ballot under a complex of disparate state laws. This involved petition drives and lawsuits, many of them joined by former U.S. Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, an independent candidate for president in 1968.

Since only the Democratic and Republican parties are eligible to receive matching campaign funds from the federal government, a prime source of money was denied the Libertarians. But true to Libertarian principles, matching campaign funds would have been refused had they been available. MacBride says he would have whipped out his Zippo and set fire to the first federal check he received. It would have been a figurative gesture, however, since he'd given up smoking eight years earlier.

Eventually, the Libertarian ticket of MacBride and David P. Bergland, a lawyer from Orange County, California, was put on the ballots of 32 states—more than any other party except the "Repocrats," as Libertarians refer to the two major parties. The party also fielded about 250 candidates for lesser offices.

MacBride crisscrossed the country in a rented DC-3 and in his own twin-engine Aztec to spread the Libertarian message. Unlike many political ideologues and academics, he is a personable candidate, good-humored and quick with a quip. "My first act as president would be to put Henry Kissinger on an Amtrak train to Harvard," he'd tell audiences. "My second would be to abolish Amtrak."

On Election Day the MacBride-Bergland ticket received 183,187 votes, more than any other third party in the voting. Unlike 1972, though, there was no defector to give the party an electoral vote. The party ran strongest in the West; in Alaska it garnered 5.5 percent of the vote.

Robert Meier says the geographic tilt is easy to explain: "People in the West have a greater sense of independence and self-identity. When you get into the

(continued on page 86)



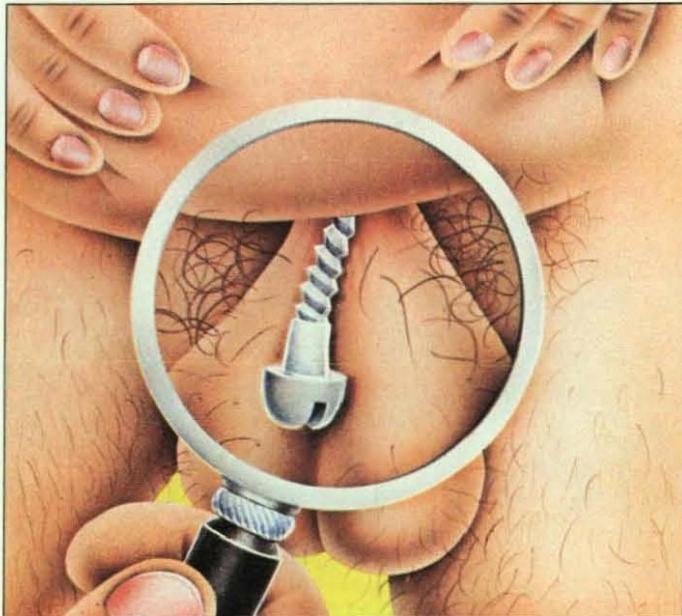
"I... am... woman, hear... me... roar, in... numbers... too... big... to... ignore!"

CELEBRITY COCKS

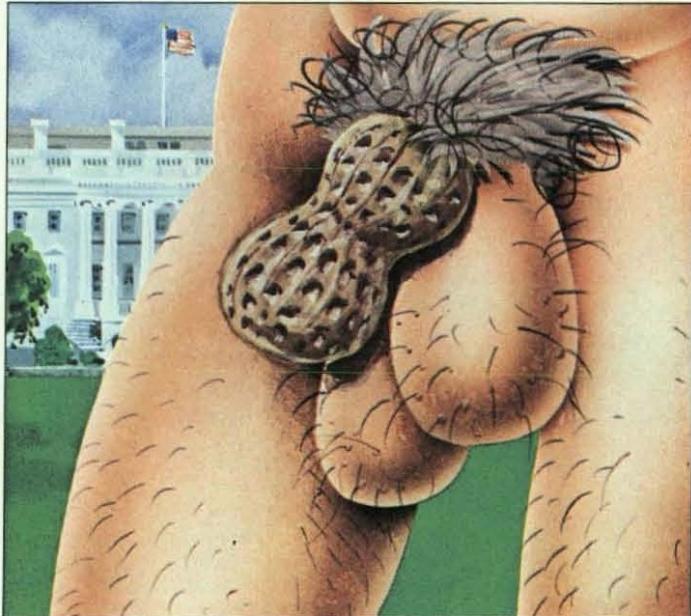
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
TOM HACHTMAN

We know you. You're like us. You've always wondered about the rich, the famous, the big guys. What have they got that we haven't? HUSTLER, continuing its tradition of subnavel investigations, has gained an unprecedented peek into some priv-

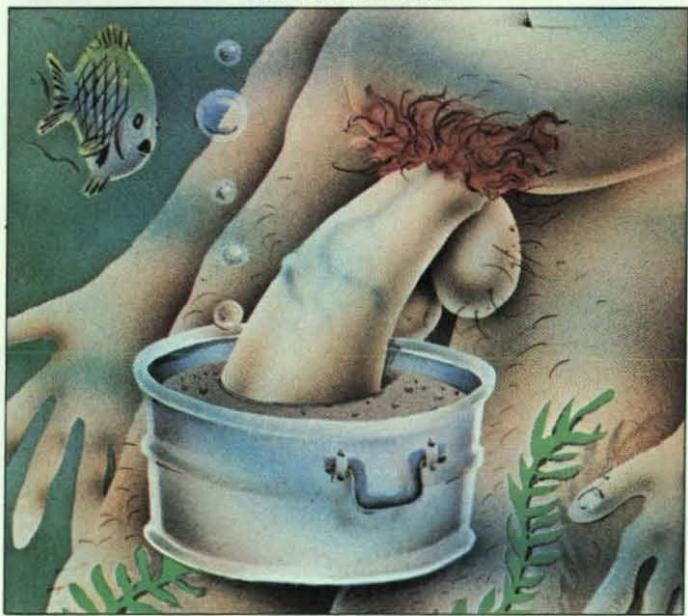
ileged pants. Don't ask how; our lips are sealed. But we made some surprising discoveries, as you can see. So here it is. Without further ado. The envelope please. The nominees for the most splendiferous schlong in Celebrityland are . . .



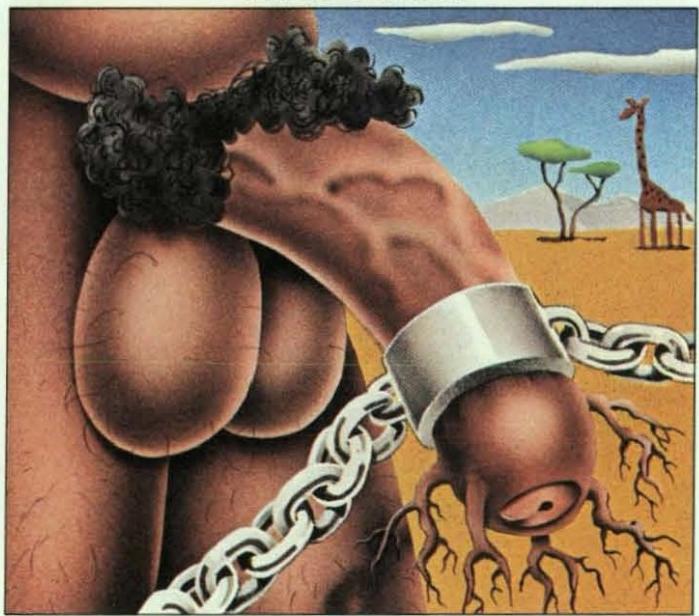
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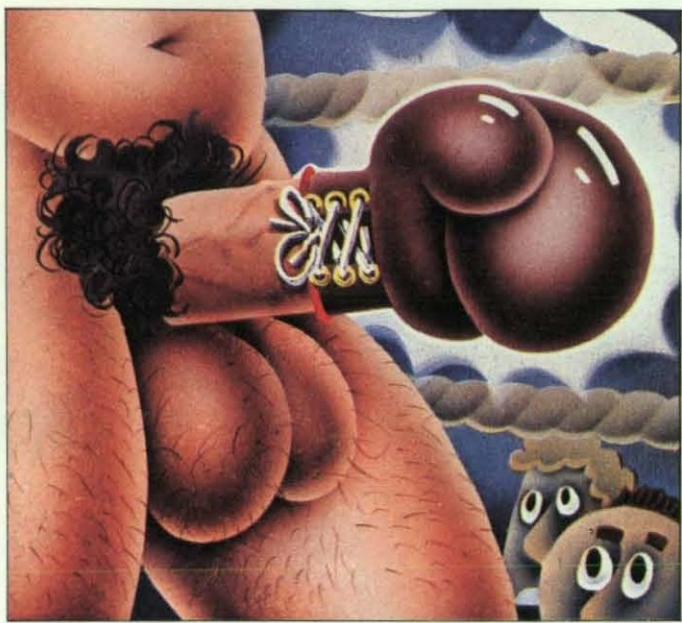
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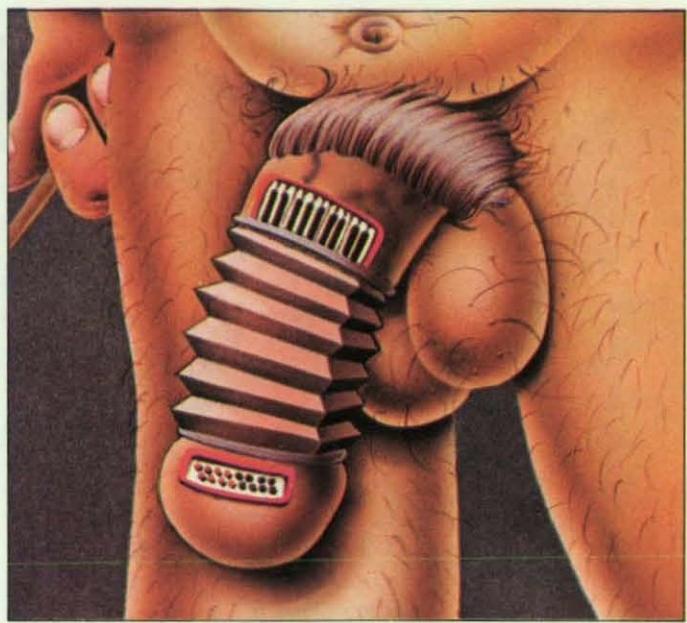
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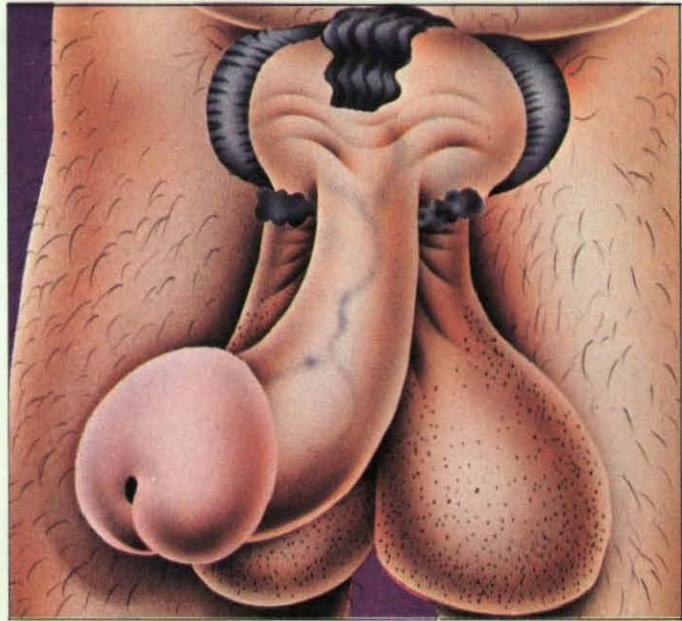
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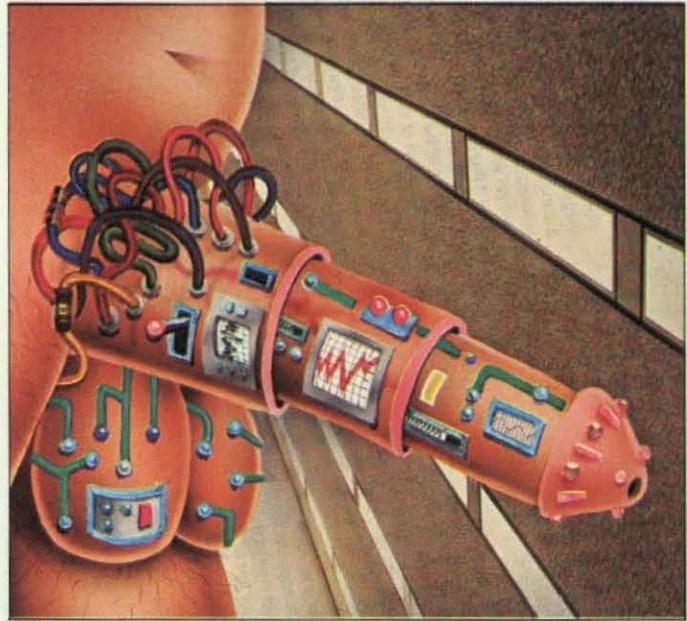
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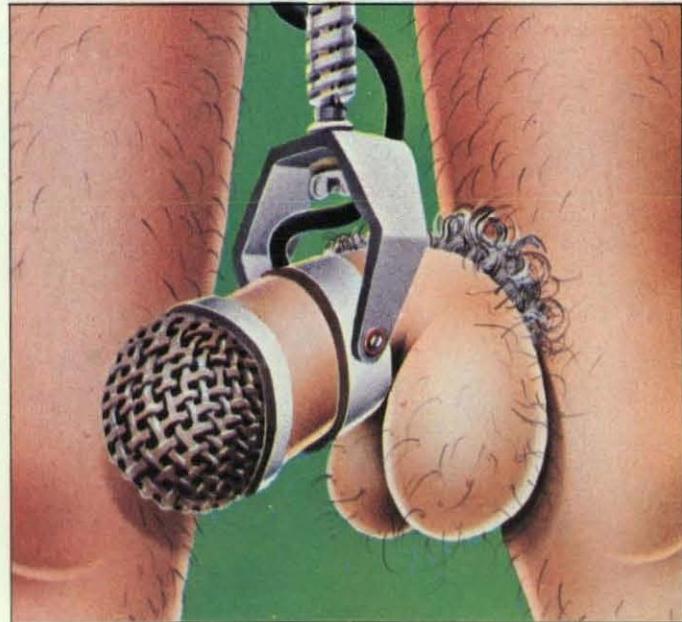
LAWRENCE WELK



RICHARD NIXON



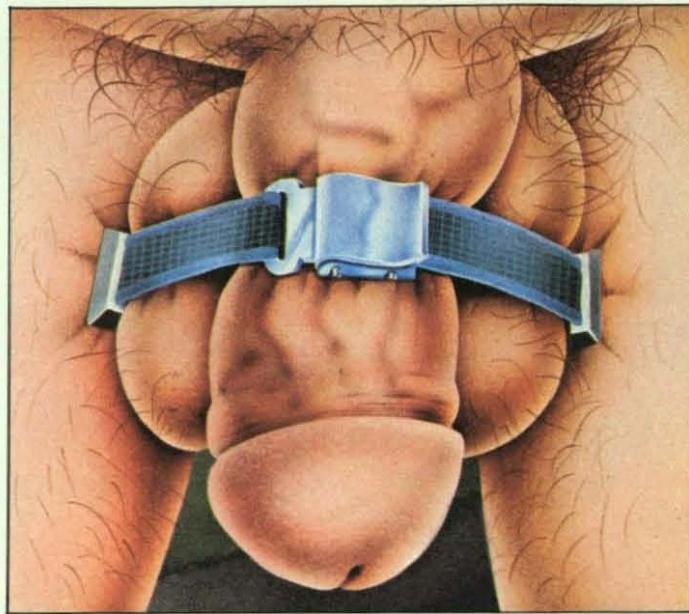
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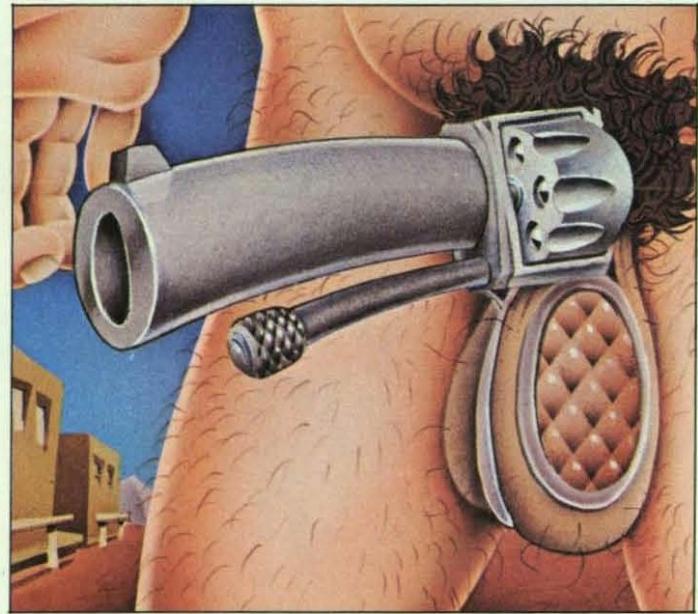
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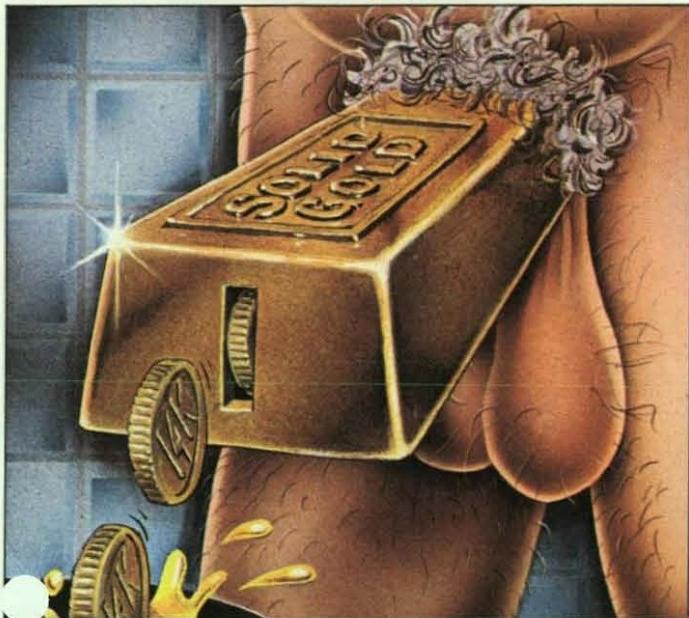
JACQUES COUSTEAU



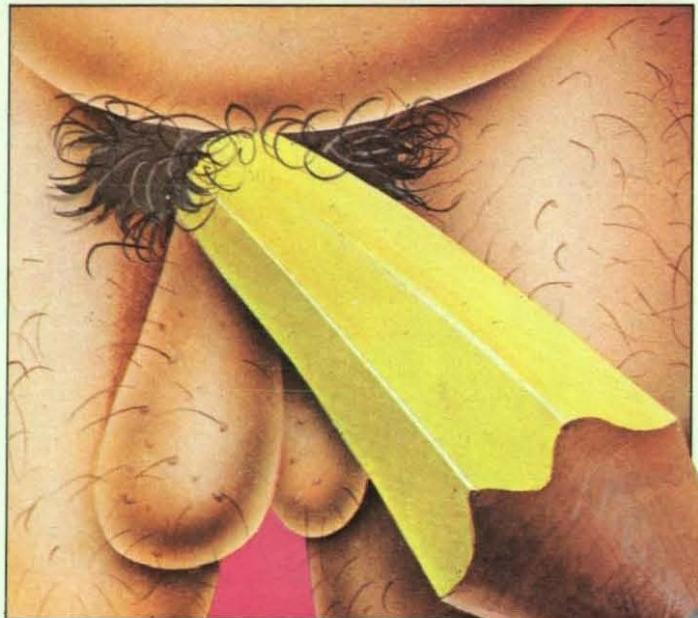
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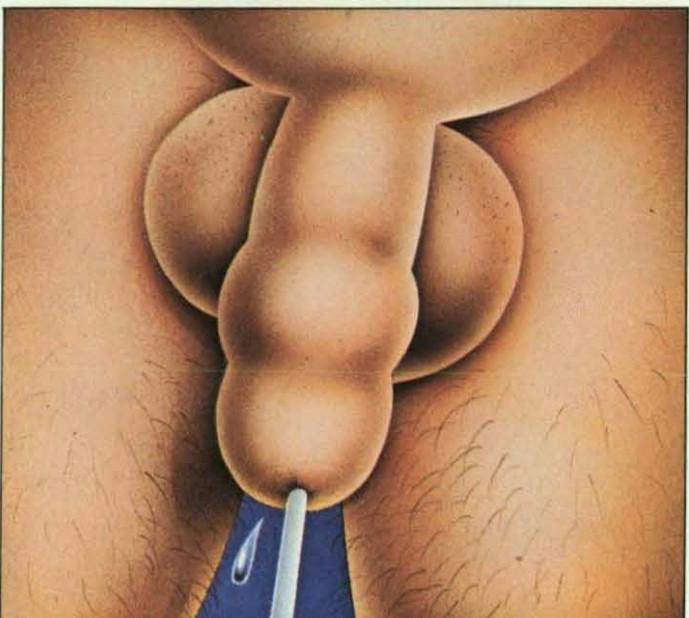
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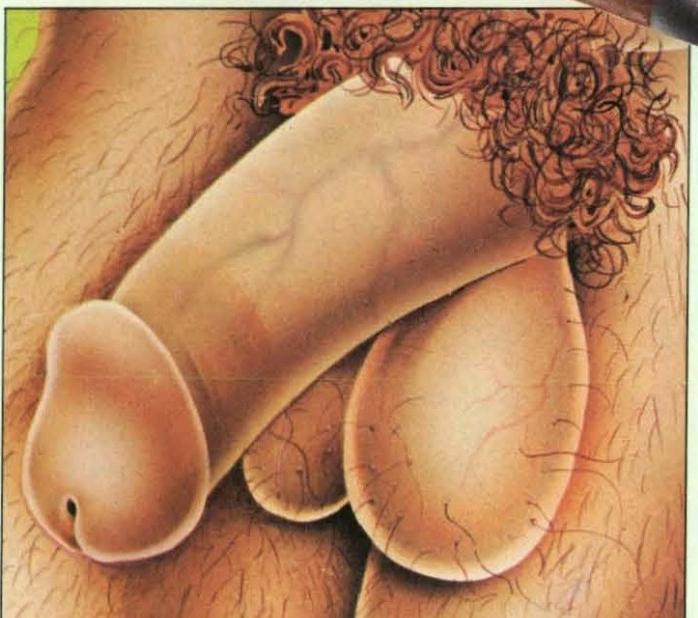
NELSON ROCKEFELLER



NORMAN MAILER



TELLY SAVALAS



GLORIA STEINEM





SUE

SALOON SWEEPSTAKES

Sue comes from a small town in Oregon, where she has been haunted by the TV show *Gunsmoke* since she was a teenager. Whenever she saw Matt Dillon draw his iron, her panties would pucker.

"Here I am as Miss Kitty, being my usual welcoming self," says Sue of these pictures. "Matt is playing a mean hand of five-card draw with a gang of sweaty desperadoes, when I jump onto the table and say, 'Tonight, boys, we're gonna play a low-down game of strip poker.'

"The boys gather around as I squat on the table and offer myself as the pot. The cards are dealt. The hands are played. Before long, Matt is the only man left with a stitch of covering—his holster. Just as he is about to take his pleasure, I tell him to hold his horses (but to keep his gun cocked). 'Everybody's a winner in my saloon,' I announce. 'So come on, you grimy sons of bitches, winners take all!'"

The men gather around Sue as she goes down in history, making the West a truly wild and woolly place. Yahoo!













PROFILE: ROGER MacBRIDE

(continued from page 74)

city, you don't have that." It could be called "the little-house-on-the-prairie syndrome."

Although no Libertarians were elected, some local candidates ran far ahead of the national ticket. Larry Fullmer amassed 30 percent of the vote in his race for the Idaho state senate, and Helen Stevens, a candidate for the Arizona legislature, received 15 percent. Martis Goodwin, the Libertarian candidate for sheriff of Ingham County, Michigan—which includes Lansing, the state capital—collected 20 percent of the vote, much of it undoubtedly from Michigan State University students who found the party's permissive stands on sex and drugs to their liking.

* * *

Libertarians believe that people should be free to read what they want, to smoke pot or drop acid, to lose weight by swigging cyclamates or fight cancer by taking Laetrile, to make love to whomever they want, however they want to, and even to charge a fee for such services.

Similarly, they would end government interference with free enterprise. Airlines could compete by cutting rates and flying whatever routes they wished. Automakers would not be forced to

install seat belts and antipollution devices. Corporations would not be subjected to wage and price controls.

As a result of this dual-edged program, the Libertarian Party has attracted a crazy-quilt following. On one side are those who think the Republican Party has become "authoritarian" and is selling out free enterprise, and on the other side are peaceniks and persons committed to alternative life-styles.

"Walk into one of our state conventions," says Robert Meier, "and the chairman might be some crew-cut Chamber-of-Commerce type, the vice-chairman someone who resembles a traditional hippie."

A reporter who covered the party's 1977 convention in San Francisco observed: "A visitor to the lobby of the Sheraton-Palace . . . could be excused for thinking that he had stumbled into a convention for either gays, prostitutes, feminists, conservative businessmen, peaceful anarchists, political activists—or all of the above."

The convention's program was equally eclectic. In addition to party functionaries, the roster of speakers included Eugene McCarthy; Timothy Leary, once the high lama of LSD; Margo St. James, a prostitute-turned-political-activist who crusades to decriminalize the conduct of her sisters on the street; Nathaniel Branden, the leading disciple

of "objectivist" author Ayn Rand; and Murray Rothbard, who turned down the 1972 presidential nomination.

McCarthy, the maverick Democrat from Minnesota, who in 1976 again ran for president as an independent, said of himself and MacBride: "We had no trouble at all identifying each other as the only two acceptable candidates and the only qualified ones."

Despite their radical rhetoric about letting people live their own life-styles, the Libertarians aren't libertines. MacBride describes himself as "moderate in style," and most of the party's leaders are sober, serious men who are determined to give the organization a solid, scholarly philosophical foundation. Plowing through the party's position papers can be heavy going for those used to the clichés of the stump speech and street-corner handout.

The party admits it is "extremist" on the issue of individual liberty. "Extremism in the pursuit of liberty is no novice," Barry Goldwater said in his famous speech at the 1964 Republican national convention. But few of Goldwater's right-wing supporters, who made morality a key issue of the campaign, would agree with the Libertarian Party's stands on individual liberty.

"We're firmly opposed to any effort by any government to dictate private morals," MacBride says. Among other things, the party advocates: total freedom of speech and press, with no censorship of any sort; repeal of all laws regulating private sexual conduct; total freedom to cultivate, manufacture, sell and use drugs; no involuntary hospitalization for mental illness and a halt to experiments in behavior modification; repeal of compulsory education laws; abolition of the draft and the dismantling of the Selective Service System; no gun control—"When only the police have guns, the police state is just around the corner." The party also adamantly opposes busing to achieve racial balance in schools.

"We all discriminate every day," MacBride explains. "Discrimination is a judgment by a human being as to the kind of people he wants to associate with. There are discriminations that are rational and discriminations that are irrational. Racial discrimination is irrational, in my judgment.

"But if we accord the government the power to say, 'You may discriminate in these fashions because we approve, but not in that fashion because we disapprove,' then you're giving somebody the power to tell you how to run your life.

"Today they say you can't discriminate against blacks because it's not a

(continued on page 100)



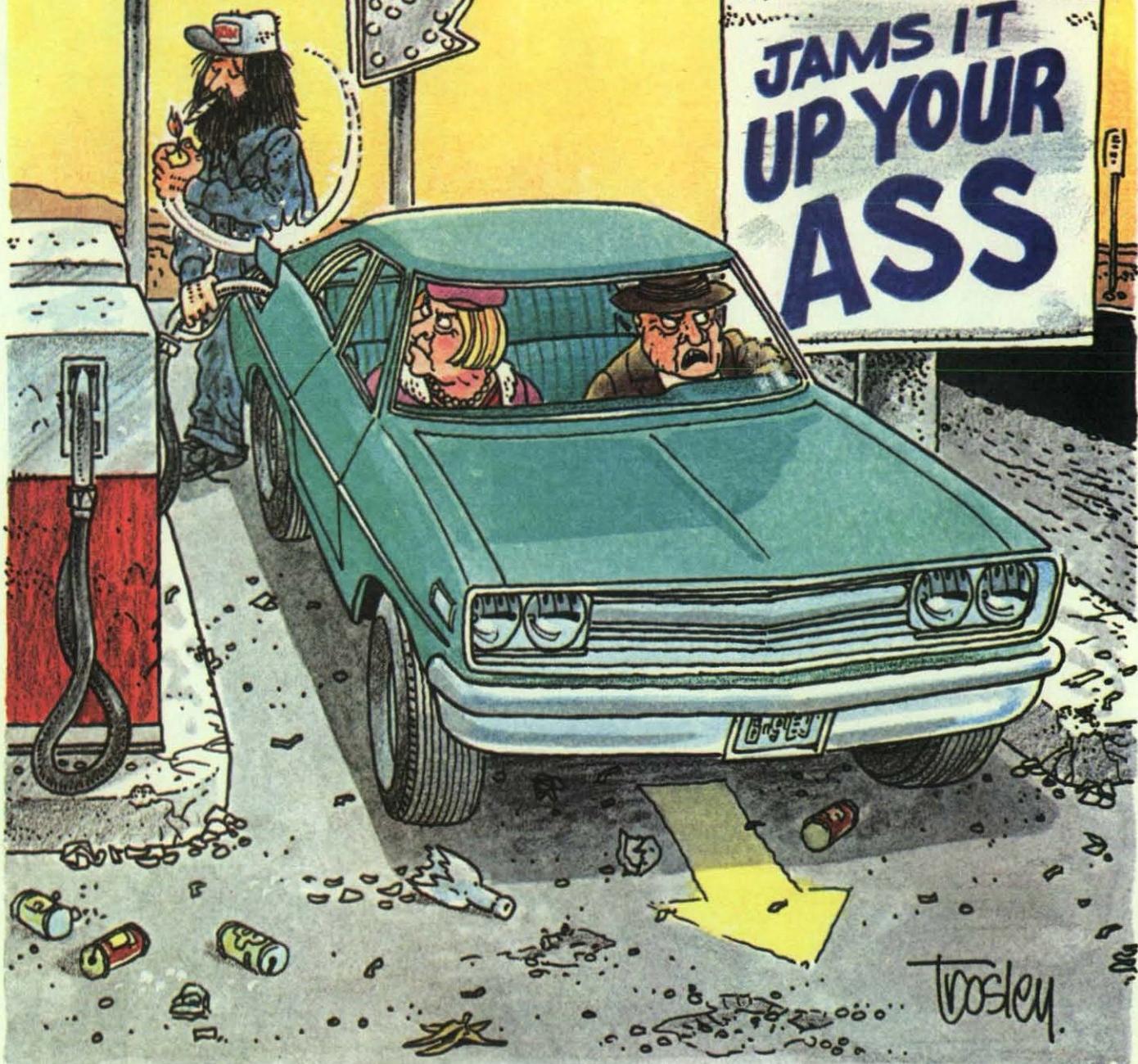
"Oh, for heaven's sake, Clarence! Stop asking, 'Who loves you, baby?' and let me watch Kojak in peace!"

HEXON

**PAY MORE!
GET LESS!**

HEXON

**JAMS IT
UP YOUR
ASS**



"I remember when they used to wash your windshield and give you free glasses!"

THE TERRORIST BOOM

Humor by
Ronald Washam

The day of the peaceful protest is over. Sit-downs, slow-downs and Hugh Downs are no longer popular or successful. We are entering the era of the terrorist group: self-styled prophets of doom armed with endless dogma and powerful weapons. The organizations described here are not the only ones trying to change the world—to paraphrase T. S. Eliot, not with a whimper, but a



SKYJACK AIRWAYS

WE FLY YOUR WAY



bang—but they are potentially the most dangerous.

Free Hoagy Carmichael League

This notorious band of terrorists is currently making life miserable for the Berkeley, California, Police Department. Its members have installed whoopee cushions on police motorcycles, painted watercolor swastikas on off-duty policemen and put saltpeter in the vice squad's coffee. Their announced goal: "To force law enforcement to free, once and for all, the distinguished black guerrilla leader, Hoagy Carmichael."

Officials have made numerous attempts to convince the FHCL that (1) Hoagy Carmichael is not black; (2) he is not and has never been a leader of a guerrilla band; and (3) he is already free. Che Guava, leader of the Free Hoagy Carmichael League, has insistently voiced the belief that the United States government is holding Carmichael against his will somewhere beneath the porpoise tank at Sea World. The FHCL leader maintains that he personally will not rest until Hoagy is rescued from "the mind-boggling torture of watching 'Shamu Meets the Tuna Fleet' three times a day."

The Free Hoagy Carmichael League made headlines in Bay Area newspapers

last year when it kidnapped 13-year-old Heather Hostess, whom the band believed to be heiress to the immense Hostess Twinkies fortune. Threatening to fill her tender insides with a rich, sticky cream, the daring terrorists demanded freedom for their spiritual leader, Hoagy Carmichael, and his comrade-in-arms, Beaver Cleaver.

Fortunately, Heather managed to escape from her captors. The little girl apparently took advantage of the confusion of the moment, for her abductors inadvertently left Heather in her parents' mailbox and took the ransom note back to their hideout at gunpoint.

Police believe that the Free Hoagy Carmichael League, whose members were last seen purchasing 15 shovels, has gone underground.

Federation of Ladies Against Tits

Dolly Parton has heard of them; Adrienne Barbeau has heard of them; Jane Russell and Playtex have heard of them—and it won't be long before everyone knows who they are. They are the members of FLAT, the Federation of Ladies Against Tits, and they are dedicated to the extinction of "large breasts, casabas, torpedoes and other disgusting growths on the female torso."

FLAT unequivocally demands that

all women with large breasts be forced to either undergo double mastectomies or walk on their hands until they slap themselves silly. FLAT's other demands are: reconstructing 18-hour bras for ten-second tits; removing the Community Chest squares from Monopoly boards; barring Colonel Sanders from selling the breasts; banning bikinis from beaches; and, finally, using Playboy bunnies in pregnancy tests.

"Tits," says FLAT's manifesto, "are the pits, but FLAT is where it's at!"

So far the group's most daring and successful guerrilla tactic has been carried out against topless waitresses. Typically, four or five FLAT guerrillas, disguised as men, will go into a topless bar. When the unsuspecting topless waitress comes up to serve them, they grab her, quickly pin her to the floor and, with an indelible laundry marker, draw a funny face on her chest and stomach. Then, to add insult to injury, the terrorists throw quarters at the waitress, calling her a two-bit whore.

It is, indeed, a desperate group that must resort to drawing and quartering.

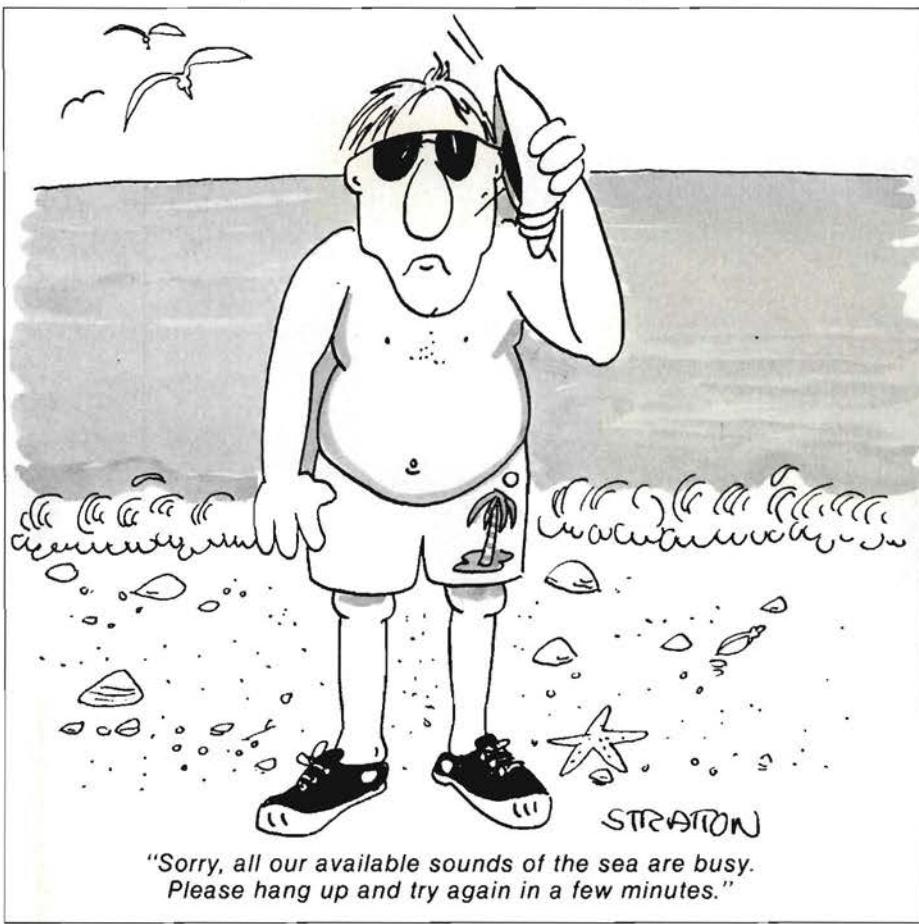
Libra Liberation Movement

If your birthday does not fall between September 23 and October 22, your life could be severely threatened by this new but rapidly growing terrorist organization. The Libra Liberation Movement is dedicated to eradicating the other 11 signs of the zodiac, in the belief that "if everyone in the world were the same sign, there would be no misunderstandings, no more wars, and it would be easier to remember birthdays."

While its ultimate goal is to eliminate every non-Libra and halt all procreation except during late December and early January, Libra Lib is currently striving to achieve those ends in the Chicago area only. Several outrageous plans have already been enacted.

One such plan had Libra Libbers, posing as gynecologists, phoning women during the day. They would advise these women to have their panties surgically sewn to their waists to avoid an epidemic of penicillin-resistant venereal disease, which, they said, men had been catching by grabbing balls in the bleachers at Wrigley Field.

Other Libra Libbers have been wreaking havoc in maternity wards in Chicago hospitals by switching name bracelets on newborn babies with medical IDs on elderly patients, then laughing hysterically as proud parents take home a pink-blanketed old person with kidney failure. Yet a third plot had Libra Libbers planting fake astrological forecasts in the newspapers that for the





"Yep, used to be a lot of deer 'round these parts."

other 11 signs read, "A wonderful day for a warm bath with your toaster."

Worried government officials say the Libra Liberation Movement is spreading faster than a congressional secretary. Already an astonishing 11 people—one from each of the other zodiac signs—die for every Libra who passes away. Though currently outnumbered, Libras are gaining fast. Unchecked, they may soon tip the scales.

Pink Panthers

On a summer day in 1970 seven men armed with large handbags held up a Bank of America branch in San Francisco. Bank employees that day were the first to see what has become the trademark of Pink Panther operations—all the robbers had mauve tights pulled over their faces and wore expensive silk panties underneath. The Pink Panthers had emerged from their underground closet.

A few months later police raided a home in the famed Nob Hill area of San Francisco and confiscated several blood-stained pocketbooks, pipe bombs (several were classic meerschaums), plastic explosives and 50 pairs of mauve tights with traces of mascara on them. No one was home at the time of the raid, but neighbors said the residents claimed to be the offensive line of the Oakland

Raiders and always wore full padding whenever outdoors. The police could not have known that the raid had only scratched the surface of the vast Pink Panther organization, a group capable of scratching right back—and hard.

The homosexuals who formed the original Pink Panther movement eventually separated and organized splinter groups in other major cities. They have adopted the classic terrorist technique of entering from behind and pulling out just before passage is blocked. Needless to say, the Pink Panthers are fighting for gay rights and say they will not disband until every homosexual is supplied with free Preparation H.

Last year police trapped eight Pink Panthers inside a suede-and-leather store for several hours. When a SWAT team finally broke into the store, they found that the suspects had disappeared. Officials now say they may have escaped disguised as four pairs of suede shoes for victims of elephantiasis.

Polish Liberation Front

The Polish Liberation Front was an obscure terrorist outfit until its now-famous hijacking of \$10 million cash, which it held hostage for a week until an unmarked 747 was delivered. In the eyes of terrorist buffs that act of terrorism elevated the PLF from the amateur ranks

into the world of the pros. The PLF has since committed random acts of violence worldwide and will continue to do so until its key demand that Poland and Hawaii trade locations is met.

In one particularly daring incident in Hawaii, several members of the PLF attended Don Ho's midnight show and ate several of the singer's pet macaws as appetizers. (They were later apprehended after an island dentist reported strange men demanding to have their teeth plucked.)

The list of PLF grievances is long. The main complaints are: It is patently unfair that the Poles have to come from Poland while the Hawaiians get to come from Hawaii; Polish jokes have got to stop (they offer the following Hawaiian joke as an alternative: Why did the Hawaiian marry the dog?—He had to); the price of gasoline makes proper hair grooming impossible; and it is too hard to advance their watches six months every time Daylight Savings Time ends.

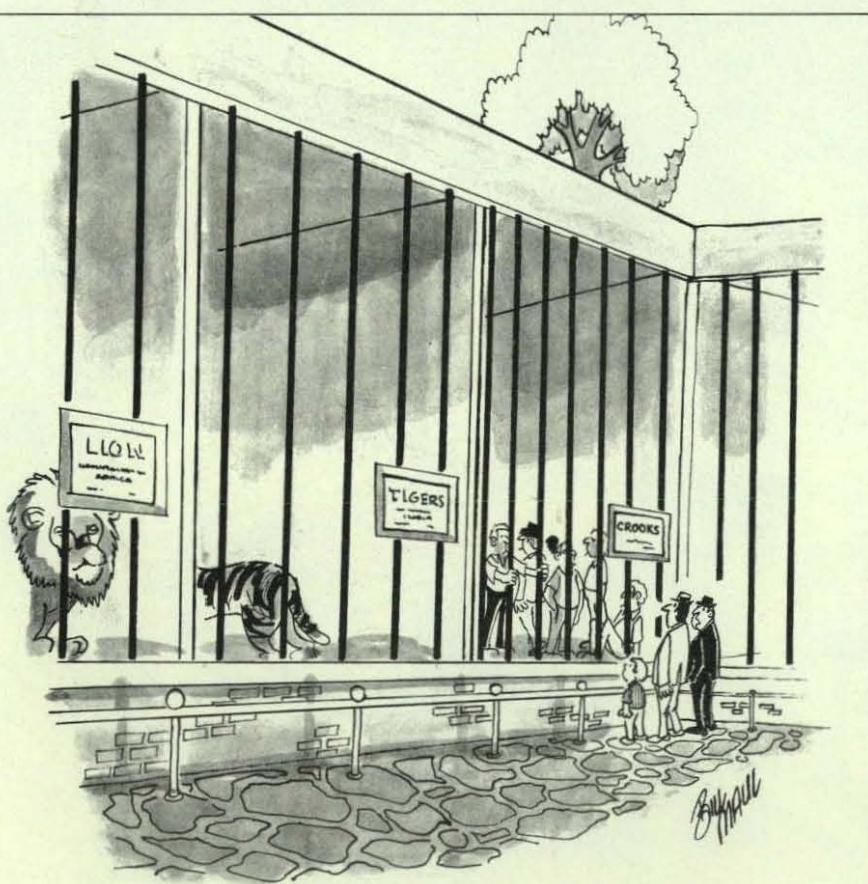
The continuing success of PLF operations has led to its meteoric growth. However, a spokesman for the group says there are plans to have the unattractive growth removed. Law-enforcement officials representing Poland and the United States have declared that the PLF will not pose a serious threat until its members are trained in the use of sophisticated arms. This, officials say, should come soon after they learn how to use their sophisticated legs.

Fruit and Vegetable Underground

With a membership of strict vegetarians dedicated to eradicating meat-eating—so that ultimately all fruits and vegetables will be devoured into extinction—the Fruit and Vegetable Underground has been increasingly active in recent months. It has been credited with the stink-bombing of the Chicago stockyards. And it is responsible for the continuing terrorist raids on dairies, where the Veggies have become notorious for capturing workers and attaching them to automatic milking machines.

All this activity is aimed at "ending the slaughter and torture of animals on behalf of man's gluttony, and focusing attention on man's most dangerous enemy, the carrot." The Fruit and Vegetable Underground does not adhere to vegetarianism for health's sake, but rather as the best way to deal with what it calls humanity's most diabolical foes: fruits and vegetables.

An excerpt from the group's radical publication *You Are What You Eat* reads: "We will not rest until the day comes
(continued on page 98)





Anne

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE







A sultry 19-year-old Frenchwoman who travels light, Anne visits Paris several times a month for her American boss, a tire manufacturer with factories throughout Europe. By day Anne is all business, a firm and awe-inspiring figure moving forward with quick decisiveness. "I lead an active life and try not to waste a moment," she tells us. "In Paris, especially, there are so many distractions—the stores, the restaurants and, above all, the men."

Yet underneath her St. Laurent suit and businesslike veneer this hard-driving lady's

a totally different girl . . . tender and willing. "After six I leave my work behind. I love to take off my shoes and relax in my room." As Anne unwinds, her transformation from chic career woman to playful sex kitten is lightning-fast.

One of her co-workers is in town, and Anne is ready to give him an oral report, but not about tires. Perhaps after dinner, dancing and a magnum of champagne they'll get down to business. Besides, tomorrow *le weekend* starts, and there will be plenty of time for work—after play.



THE TERRORIST BOOM

(continued from page 92)

when each and every American realizes that every time he eats his meat and pushes aside the vegetables, another battle is won by the vegetables. It will take every American committed to spending a lifetime eating vegetables to win the war over the creeping menace of our nonsentient enemies. We shall spread this message over the land like the aromatic fertilizer that so nourishes our enemy."

It was the apple, Undergrounders point out, that got man thrown out of Eden, and it was the potato that led to the downfall of Ireland. Isn't it about time these creatures were stopped? It may even be too late. With the advent of frozen foods, fruits and vegetables now have the secret of suspended animation!

The Fruit and Vegetable Underground has joined with the Pink Panthers to proclaim, "Eat a fruit for dinner!"

The Children's Hour

Even children have begun to band together to combat oppression and espouse their cause through the use of terrorist tactics. The largest such organization is The Children's Hour, a greatly feared terrorist group whose

oldest member is nine. Whenever The Children's Hour spots something it decides is being used to keep children under the thumb of adult tyranny, kids are mobilized to fight it.

For example, 12 members of The Children's Hour commandeered the boardroom of Mattel toys and then threatened to disembowel the company directors unless functioning genitals were put on Ken and Barbie. (Mattel executives tried to bluff the kids by offering to put the necessary equipment on the dolls—under their arms.) Police, afraid to use tear gas on the kids for fear of public outcry, read them the final two chapters of *Charlotte's Web* over bullhorns—and the blubbering kids were forced to surrender.

However, judges have found it difficult to sentence the children to prison. As punishment, each of the terrorist tots has had to write "I will not off pigs" 500 times.

The Children's Hour has even resorted to explosives. Last June the FBI thwarted a plot to cherry-bomb a Los Angeles theater that was showing a movie starring Shirley Temple. The terrorists were protesting Hollywood's exploitation of kids and the use of curly hair anywhere but between the legs, where it belongs. Furthermore, police say the gang has been secretly hoarding box tops, and needs only 75,000 more

before it can trade them in for a neutron bomb. Certainly, the Children's Manifesto is being treated with great respect, and has not yet been washed off the walls of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington despite the flies it attracts.

Actual membership rolls are not known, but the FBI has said publicly that the number may be as high as "eleventy zillion million." Whatever the facts, take a closer look at the child nearest you and remember that, eventually, he will take over the world.

New Industrial Revolution

The New Industrial Revolution is dedicated to combating machinery and its hold over everyday life. Last year the NIR caused more damage than all of John Denver's albums combined. The NIR may possibly be the most sophisticated of all the newborn terrorist groups, since it does not work with ordinary guerrilla techniques. Instead, members find subtle ways to foul up machinery.

For example, a revolutionary will fix traffic signals so that all four directions are permanently green. One ambitious arm of the NIR actually installed a huge business telephone with hundreds of lines, which he then used to dial all the available operators, putting the entire Oxnard Telephone Company on "hold." And in one truly clever plot, undercover terrorists in Detroit rigged it so every new car off the assembly line had an odometer that ran backwards. For months baffled police watched confused motorists speeding in reverse.

The FBI has been especially reluctant to divulge the activities of the New Industrial Revolution. Instead of answers it gave nosy journalists free circus tickets. Many observers believe the FBI is afraid the NIR might become more popular because it has nicer-looking initials. Thus, any estimates of its size must be purely speculative, and they range from the unbelievable tens of thousands to a conservative total of one (a small, demented inventor angry that his recent invention, the lever, was stolen by a Greek 4,000 years before the inventor was born).

Brown August

Formed in early 1969, Brown August is composed mainly of followers of an obscure religious sect, the Boomers, who worship explosions and practice veterinary sex therapy. The name Brown August is derived from a favorite hymn of the Boomers, "When I'm Shepherdin' in August, I Only Think of Ewe." (continued on page 132)





"Is the doctor in?"

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PROFILE: ROGER MacBRIDE

(continued from page 86)

good thing, but you know fifty years ago it was the other way around—those in power said you must discriminate against blacks because it was a good thing. I don't want them to have the power to tell me either."

MacBride denies he's a racist—"Oh, hell no!"—and says "a Libertarian administration would have repealed any and every law that kept blacks from riding in the front of the bus or from voting."

The party also rejects the concept of "Big Momma" government, one that not only takes care of the individual's every need but tries to prevent him from harming himself. Thus, it opposes such things as seat-belt requirements, motorcycle-helmet laws and "health hazard" warnings on cigarette packs.

This idea of individual liberty extends to economics. Citing such works as Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics* and Friedrich A. Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*, the Libertarian Party is for *laissez-faire*, pure and unfettered.

Libertarians would restore the free market and abolish all regulatory agencies, dismantle the Federal Reserve System and return the economy to the gold standard, and end the federal government's competition with private industry and its subsidy of favored businesses. Above all, the Libertarian Party would eliminate the "confiscatory" income tax.

"We take the position," MacBride says, "that for the government to take your money—a percentage of which it, not you, decides upon—is fundamentally wrong. It is robbing you of your earned production. To tax anybody in such a way is morally wrong, just as wrong as if I came down the street and said, 'I want ten percent of what's in your wallet right now. I have a charity I want to give it to.'

"Naturally, government is going to have to be financed through taxation, and taxation is going to have to be—as far as I can see—compulsory. Now, that being so, our concern is to aim in the direction of as little taxation as possible.

"Probably, we'd go to some sort of a sales tax on a national basis. A sales tax has a quasivoluntary nature to it. If you don't want to pay that tax, you don't have to buy that merchandise."

The party's hands-off philosophy also carries over to its foreign policy, one appealing equally to both right-wing isolationists and New Left liberals. Libertarians reject the concept that America should be the defender of the

free world... or of anyone other than America. "We'd like to be a giant Switzerland...," the party's platform reads, "and not treat foreign policy as if it were some sort of John Wayne World War II movie."

Libertarians would rely on a small volunteer army to extinguish "brush fires" and on a nuclear deterrent to hold off China and the Soviet Union. All foreign aid would be cut off, but individuals would be free to trade, travel, give aid or even fight—anywhere.

* * *

The Libertarian Party now claims 21,000 members, each of whom pays annual dues of \$10. (It also offers life memberships for \$250 and sustaining life memberships for \$1,000.) In 1976, Young Libertarian Alliance chapters were organized at 250 colleges.

The party's headquarters are in Washington, D.C., with a full-time staff of six, plus part-time volunteers, and an annual budget of \$250,000. In addition to churning out propaganda and position papers, planning the party's conventions and coordinating campaigns, the office staffers lobby on Capitol Hill for Libertarian causes. The current effort has been directed against the President's energy program and toward preparations for the 1978 elections.

About once a month MacBride—as the party's head—speaks to college audiences or local groups. "To accomplish what we did—make it the third largest party—took full-time effort for a year," he says.

"The strategy from '78 on has to be to build on our gains," he adds. This year the party hopes to field candidates in 200 congressional districts and will make a big push to capture the Alaska governorship. If a Libertarian were elected governor there, that person would be the party's most likely prospect for president in 1980.

"The media would have to cover him," MacBride explains, still chafing from what he considers "the total lack of interest by the national media" in his own campaign.

If the party doesn't win in Alaska, MacBride feels he might be "the most visible candidate" for a second shot at the White House. He has no illusions of victory, but he predicts that within a few years the Libertarians will cease to be the largest third party: They'll become the nation's second party.

"The Republican Party has totally collapsed, both as a political entity and as a possible vehicle for freedom," MacBride says in conclusion. "Only one organization is ready, willing and able to pick up the fallen banner—our party. And we shall." 

BEAVER HUNT

For some time *Beaver Hunt* was open to anyone...as long as the candidate was a woman. Dogs and cats next found their way into our pages. Some months ago came the big breakthrough: We ran our first male Beaver. Well, we have continued to expand the scope of our hunt. We want to encourage our readers to send in all submissions, whether they be male, female or any combination of the two. We hope to see submissions from couples, and we're resigned to seeing entries of pets too. So, ladies, it's your chance to stand behind the camera, or take turns with your man. And if your camera has a timer, you and your lover can both get into the act.

Send your entry to **HUSTLER Beaver Hunt**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Send us a sharply focused color photograph—

no black and whites, please—of your favorite nude model or models, along with a short personality profile. Coax him or her to be as candid and original as possible, and be sure to include a signed model's release form like the one appearing on page 106. Sorry, but all Beaver photos become the nonreturnable property of **HUSTLER Magazine**.

The coveted **HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's License** will be awarded to everyone who sends us a photo. If we publish your entry, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee. Should your entry be chosen as best amateur Beaver by a panel of our staffers, she or he may be offered a chance to appear in one of **HUSTLER's** pictorial spreads, and receive a professional modeling fee of up to \$1,500.

Happy hunting!

Photo by Peter Johansen



A globetrotter, 22-year-old Ingrid Kjellstrom lives in Sweden, vacations in Florida and loves to pose nude. On her next trip, she says, she'll be looking for nude beaches, where she will give passing photographers "a souvenir pose." (Ingrid and her boyfriend-photographer, Peter Johansen have asked us to donate their contributor's fee to the Red Cross.)



Photo by Sam

Photo by Bill Jones



Thirty-five-year-old Amy Jones hails from Fairfax, Virginia. A housewife whose only hobby is bowling, Amy dreams of making it with a well-hung black man.

Photo by Mike Brown



K. B. is an 18-year-old secretary from St. Ann, Missouri. She says she has always wanted to pull a Lady Godiva—riding bareback and bare-assed on a beach.

Photo by S. M.



Rosa Ortega, 25, says she has no fantasies. Explains the Los Angeleno: "I just do what I want." Rosa is a waitress and her hobby is men.

Photo by Jimmy Jones



22
Cindy, 23, and Kay, 25, are inseparable.
They do everything together...
except hunt for men. Natives of Tucson,
Arizona, Cindy is a telephone
solicitor and Kay is a real-estate
salesperson. They would both like to
watch "how different people have sex."

Mark Vogle, 20, a college student and amateur boxer from Buffalo, New York, says his ambition is to make love to three gorgeous women at once, giving each of them multiple orgasms. It's a good thing he's an athlete.



Photo by Jennifer Jimerson

Photo by C. L. Dornquist



734

An erotic duo, Suzy Creamcheese and T.B.A. are into touch therapy. They also run a nonprofit catnip parlor and tap-dance professionally. Suzy dreams of making it with Morris, that fussy TV cat. T.B.A. thinks Suzy is a star-fucker, and dreams of an experience involving tuna fish and a litter pan.

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Luella Bufford, 31, of Memphis, Tennessee, hopes to join a professional bowlers' tour. Her fantasy? "Making it on a beach with just the three of us . . . him, me and Mother Nature."

Photo by T. J.

Maribel Sierra, an 18-year-old student from Colombia, South America, hopes to marry a rich gringo, "a very old one—at least 70." Younger men, she says, may apply "if they have a bad heart."



Photo by Jim Fitzpatrick



A 23-year-old housewife from Detroit, Geralie Bertrand has one hobby: sex. She fantasizes "getting it on with several guys at the same time."

Photo by Ronald Bertrand

Photo by Steve Ryals



Sabrina Ramsey is a 22-year-old draftswoman from Houston who combines her hobbies (music and sex) with her fantasies: making it with weirdo Paul Stanley of Kiss and being in HUSTLER.

Dave Caldwell, a 26-year-old accountant from Columbus, Ohio, likes tennis, chess and reading.

Dave says his big ambition is to one day be in a porn movie in which he gives pleasure to a tribe of hairy women.

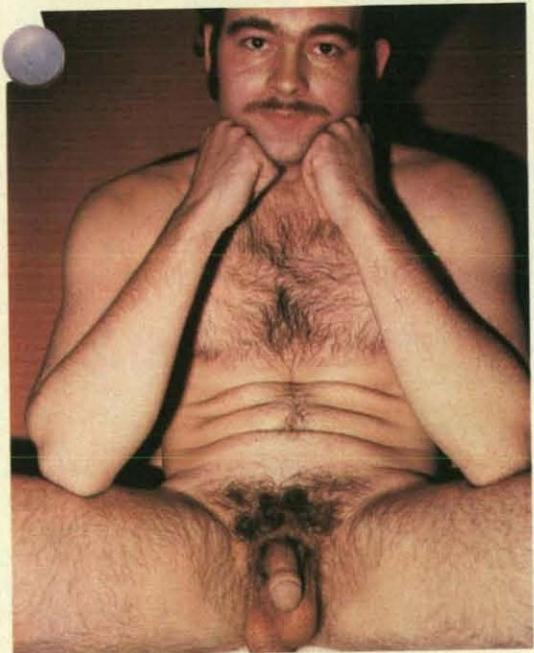


Photo by Sara R.

A 34-year-old homemaker from Sacramento, California, Angel Alderson is her husband's favorite model, and all her fantasies revolve around exotic places and poses.



Photo by John Alderson

WHO'S WHO IN BLUEGRASS

(continued from page 54)

another. "After all, you can only listen to 'Blue Moon of Kentucky' so many times. There's a lack of fresh material."

Many bluegrass artists are bitter about the indifference their music meets within the industry. "We get some airplay on smaller stations, but the big ones are out of the question," says Jesse McReynolds of Jim and Jesse. "I don't think the station managers and the major labels realize the audience for bluegrass. I just wish they could get out to the festivals and see the crowds. I believe they would change their minds."

One man who is determined to take bluegrass music to the record-buying

public is Martin Haerle, head of CMH Records, a small, Los Angeles-based label dealing exclusively in bluegrass. CMH has under contract such artists as Lester Flatt, Mac Wiseman, Don Reno and Benny Martin.

"Most major labels aren't geared to reach the specialized regional markets for bluegrass," says Haerle, "but we know where to go. I can sell [distributors] not only an artist, but a music—a full line of music for which I have enthusiasm. Lester Flatt is my Elton John."

Some attribute this lack of success as recording artists to the bluegrass musicians themselves. By reputation, bluegrass has always been a clannish affair, dominated by the hierarchy of conservative traditionalists like Monroe, and often characterized by infighting and near-warfare.

"Historically, bluegrass musicians have had a way of alienating the people who could help them most," says one insider. "For instance, I know a woman who was managing editor of a major music magazine and had taken a sincere interest in an established group. Well, she went on their bus to talk to them at a festival one day, and the whole band manhandled her so bad that she'll never speak to them again."

A lot of the infighting in the past few years has been spurred by the so-called "newgrass"—or progressive bluegrass. The more traditional musicians don't care for these young upstarts, with their flashy fiddle and mandolin licks, messing around with their music. A schism has resulted.

"I'm saying it's torn the music apart," says Nashville's George Gruhn in an October 1977 *Louisville Times* interview. Gruhn, an internationally renowned musical-instrument dealer and an amateur authority on bluegrass, continues, "You can go to a newgrass festival, but then it will be boycotted by Bill's [Monroe] friends. You can go to one of Bill's festivals, or one that's run by a promoter he likes, but then you'll hear only Bill and his friends. And there's no mixture anymore, and they are bitter enemies, and that tears the music up."

"Bill Monroe can be extremely obtuse," adds one musician. "In the last ten years he's probably hurt the music more than he's helped it."

Monroe is by nature a man of few words. He has a reputation for stubbornness that runs as deep as his musical traditions. "We don't want to run it into the ground and tear it all up," he explains. "[For] somebody to come along and try to tear it up, or make it into bluegrass-rock, you know. That's sick-

ening to think about . . . I believe if I was one of them groups, I wouldn't call myself bluegrass. I'd get out of that business. And some of 'em needs to get out."

Though not all first-generation bluegrass enthusiasts share Monroe's bitterness, there are quite a few who agree with him about the potential bastardization of bluegrass. With respect to a style of music, there seems to be some strange perversion of the law of diminishing returns: As it reaches more people, it suffers.

"It's the bitch goddess Success," says the Country Music Foundation's Doug Green, a former Blue Grass Boy who has written books on the history of country music. "And she wields a two-edged sword. Bluegrass is now very successful and having to pay for it. It can't remain small and pure and loving when it turns into grubby festivals and infighting between groups."

"Over a decade ago I went to the second bluegrass festival that was ever held," Green continues. "There were no more than a few hundred people there. It was genuinely beautiful. But now all that I found appealing in the music, I no longer find. What I hear now is dazzling music, but empty music. Bluegrass is a feeling that has been lost by many of the new bands. A lot of longtime bluegrass fans have lost interest."

Other bluegrass devotees will argue that the change in the music is not only inevitable but also beneficial. Monroe himself, they point out, probably irked some of the string-band traditionalists when he started playing his new mandolin style back in the '30s.

"A lot of younger pickers are doing some outrageously jazzy or progressive stuff," says Sam Sanger, a grad-student-turned-picker and a member of Boot Hill, a bluegrass group working the festival circuit out of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. "But we're not all rural like Bill is. We love bluegrass, but we have to kind of swing with the influences we know."

Perhaps the same law of diminishing returns applies to the festivals as well. Now that several hundred of them are being held across the country each year, many folks feel the talent is being spread too thin. "There aren't enough good bands to go around," says Sam Bush of the New Grass Revival. "When people travel hundreds of miles to hear mediocre music, they're not likely to come back."

Also, bluegrass festivals seem to be catching the human fallout from the nearly extinct rock fests. All the ritualized drunkenness, tits 'n' ass nudity, dope-smoking and general craziness associated with rock festivals seems to

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Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 101). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

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be surfacing at bluegrass shows these days.

"A lot of people are just there to boogie," says one musician, "to get drunk, take their shirts off and fuck their girlfriends in the backseats of their cars. They don't give a shit what's on stage. This is alienating a lot of older people."

"There were even a couple of shootings at festivals last summer," adds another. "It used to be wholesome, but now it's kind of funky."

"Bluegrass is a true and clean music," says Bill Monroe. "There's no filth in it. No vulgar stuff."

This is the message touted by most bluegrass traditionalists, that their music is being bastardized from all avenues of approach. They believe that until recently bluegrass had unified people more than any other genre of music in America's past. The current trend, traditionalists feel, is destroying the roots of the music and turning it into something other than what was envisioned. Meanwhile, the progressive element is taking the criticism with a grain of salt, as it continues to change and readapt the established modes of the traditionalists.

Though no one can say where this schism will eventually lead, one thing is for sure: Bluegrass music will be with us a long time.

BLUEGRASS HALL OF FAME

Across the U.S. today there are thousands of groups playing good bluegrass music. Dozens of pickers are considered to be virtuosos on their particular instrument, and even the most comprehensive list would leave out somebody's favorite. However, a handful of groups and individuals, in addition to Bill Monroe and Earl Scruggs, are widely imitated and are generally credited with setting the standards for present-day bluegrass.

THE STANLEY BROTHERS

Next to Bill Monroe, perhaps the most influential traditionalists in bluegrass have been the Stanley Brothers, who grew up in the isolated Clinch Mountain community of Nora, Virginia. Although undoubtedly influenced by Monroe—Carter Stanley was a Blue Grass Boy for a short time—they were noted for their own distinctive sound (attributed to the "high, lonesome" timbre of Ralph's voice) and for their instrumentals, drawn heavily from antecedents performed by the mountain string bands of the '20s and '30s.

Eulogizing Carter Stanley in 1966, Bill Monroe called him "the best natural singer I have ever heard."

Ralph Stanley has carried on with the Clinch Mountain Boys since Carter's death. Over the years his sound has become even more lonesome. "I got to like the lonesome songs," Stanley says. "I like 'em as lonesome as you can get it. Somethin' that'll bring tears, sweat and this, that and another."

Japanese admirers have labeled his music "straight mountain soul."

JIM AND JESSE

Jim and Jesse McReynolds, along with the Osborne Brothers, represent one of several directions bluegrass has taken in the past 20 years. Widely revered for their beautiful vocal harmonizing, they have incorporated into their style heavy influences from commercial country music.

Born in Coeburn, Virginia, Jim and Jesse played unaffected mountain-style string-band music until 1951, when they began experimenting with pedal steel guitar and drums. In the past their repertoire included Chuck Berry rock 'n' roll songs. More recently, they are noted for popularizing John Prine's classic composition "Paradise." Lately, their music has drifted back toward traditional bluegrass.

JIMMY MARTIN

Guitarist-singer Jimmy Martin, from Sneedville, Tennessee, joined Bill Monroe's Blue Grass Boys as a singer in 1949. He later left to form his own group, the Sunny Mountain Boys, which at one time included the Osborne Brothers.

Jimmy continues to adhere to his own bluegrass traditions. He was awarded a Grammy and a gold record for his performance on the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band's memorable tribute album, *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*.

THE OSBORNE BROTHERS

Kentuckians Bobby and Sonny Osborne are known for their experimentation within the perimeters of traditional bluegrass. They are acknowledged for introducing more intricate harmonies, using two banjos on some numbers and adding electric bass to the music.

At age 13, Sonny Osborne joined the Blue Grass Boys and later he and brother Bobby joined Jimmy Martin and the Sunny Mountain Boys. Ultimately, the Osbornes left to strike out on their own.

In 1967 they "went modern" and electrified their bluegrass instruments. They also added guitar, piano and drums. But in 1975 they abandoned their innovative style and returned to traditional acoustic instruments. The

(continued on page 112)

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KINKY KORNER

by Ray Otis

I look like the average guy at the auto-parts plant where I work. We're a bunch of burly, solid guys—real shit-kickers. But under my gray overalls I've got a secret kink that would shock most of my friends: I'm into body-piercing. I have this tiny bronze ring through one of my nipples and a larger gold ring through the head of my cock. I'm particularly proud of that last one. My wife, Loreen, gave it to me for Christmas.

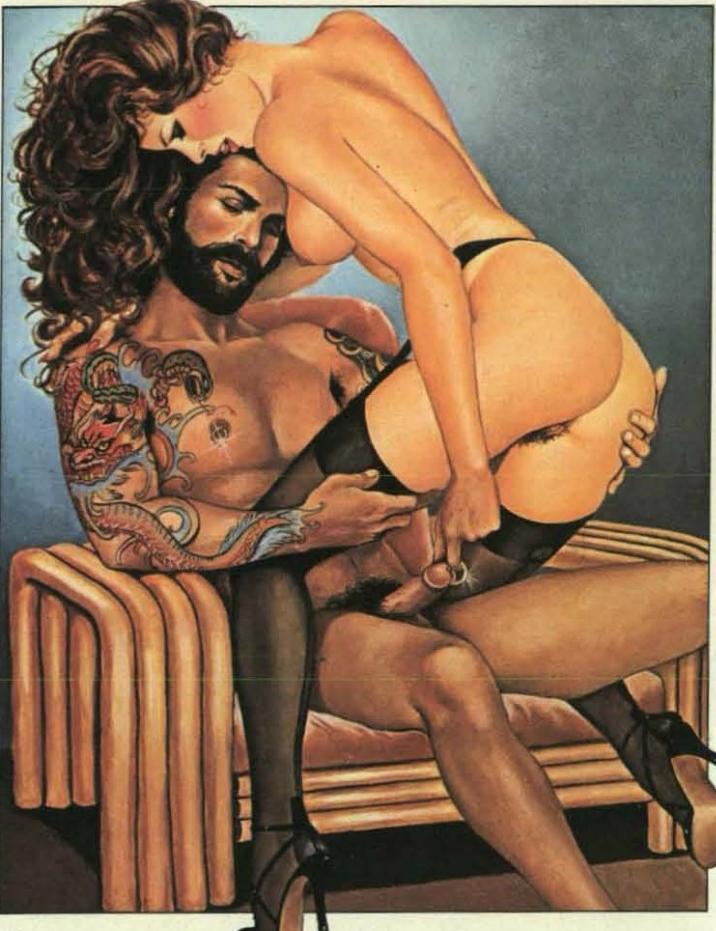
I know you must be wondering how a guy gets into body-piercing. Well, it started out with my interest in tattoos. I have a strong body, and I like to show it off. The colorful ornate- tions draw attention to the muscles in my arms. In my younger days girls went crazy over my tattoos, and guys usually were impressed. They thought it was a heavy trip because tattooing was painful and involved a lifetime commitment.

Body-piercing has that same mystique, especially since it is done to the most sensitive parts of a man's body. I've seen chicks who have had their tits pierced, but I don't dig that. I think body-piercing is more of a man's thing.

On weekends I go dirt-bike riding out in the Jersey woods with some buddies of mine. One of the guys I ride with, a tattoo artist named Bobby, first told me about body-piercing. He had been getting requests for nipple-piercing jobs from motorcycle-outlaw types. Like most tattoo artists, Bobby has to try every new trick of the needle out on himself. So he pierced himself and said that it was as though his nipple woke up. It felt erotic all the time. A chick only had to tweak it, and ol' Bobby would be on top of her—ready, willing and able.

So I thought I'd get a nipple-job too. Even though the hole would be permanent, I wouldn't have to wear the ring if I didn't like it later. Bobby performed the operation quickly, in the back room of his parlor under 100 percent hygienic

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. HUSTLER does not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is simply to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue about sexual variety among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your submission.



LEARNING ABOUT PIERCING

conditions. (Good tattooists always work in clean surroundings.)

Bobby asked if I wanted a local anesthetic, one of those sprays that freeze the nerves. I chickened out and said yes. After the operation I had to wear the ring constantly during the week and a half it took for the incision to heal. Then I could take the ring off and wear it whenever I wanted. But I never take it off. Man, that nipple-ring is something else. Every now and then it'll rub against my shirt in a certain way, and I'll feel a tingle right down to my dick. When my wife bites on that nipple during sex, hell, I shoot like a wild man.

Loreen liked the ring immediately. She told me she had always been turned on by my chest muscles, but she thought it wasn't lady-like to do anything about it. But that little ring in my nipple really got to her. "I don't feel like a lady tonight," she said when she first saw it.

We started to fuck right in the kitchen. I told her not to fool with the ring just yet, because the anesthetic was wearing off and the skin was still very tender. So my wife started blowing on it, gentle as an April breeze. Hell, my nipple started throbbing like it had a hard-on.

Funny thing is, I'd never felt any charge when a chick played with my nipples. So my wife blew on it, and I felt this little ache there, and it turned me on. I don't know too much about the human body and how the nervous system is connected, but this ache set off tingles all over my body: up my spine, in my gums and in the vein of my cock.

While standing against the kitchen sink, we made love that night like I was Adam and Loreen was Eve and there was no one else in the world to service our needs.

A few days passed, and the next thing I knew she wanted a nipple-job too. "No way," I told her. I explained I didn't dig body-piercing on chicks because it looks too tough.

"But it feels good, doesn't it?" she asked.

I agreed it did, informing her it was only because I had never felt anything there before. But women always feel aroused in their tits, I added. It took Loreen only a minute to see through that argument. She said it was a case of "It's all right for you, but it's not all right for me." She thought I understood that women deserve the same pleasures as men.

And I do. I just don't like the way nipple-rings look on chicks. It looks like that S&M shit. I told her that if she wanted to be tied up and beaten, she

sure as shit married the wrong dude. She didn't want to be beaten, she said. She just wanted to increase her arousal. I guess the real reason I didn't want Loreen to get her nipples pierced is because I didn't want a wife who'd get turned on every time that damn thing brushed against her blouse. Hell, I could just see my Loreen at the supermarket, leaning over to look at her receipt and then suddenly eyeing the packer's crotch.

But she kept bugging me about getting a nipple-job. One day she went to the library and brought home a lot of books about body-piercing, full of pictures of pierced tits, pierced clits, even shaved and pierced pussies!

"Look at these chicks in Africa," Loreen said, turning the book to glossy photos of tribal women with rings through their noses and lips. "You think it's so macho to get pierced. Well, women have been doing it for years."

I learned from the books that Loreen was right. She kept bugging me about getting a nipple-job until she started to get sleepy. She told me she was going to bed. We had been having supersex at that time, and I knew her tone meant that we should hop in the sack. I was learning so many interesting things

about body-piercing that I almost didn't want to leave the books. Loreen bit me on the ear and hugged me. Her long nails found my nipple-ring.

I already had a hard-on when she led me to our bedroom. In bed, we wrapped around each other, kissing and loving. I got inside her and began to take my pleasure. Her hands slid farther down on me. She was caressing the hair on my chest, straying over the curves of my pecs, casually catching her fingernail on my ring and giving it little tugs.

"You're mean," Loreen said playfully. I held her so close she might have broken. After we had finished our lovemaking—great, long, ring-tugging lovemaking—Loreen fell asleep in my arms. I couldn't get those body-piercing books out of my mind, so I quietly slipped away from her and went into the kitchen to read.

What I learned about cock-piercing nearly knocked me through the kitchen wall. There were more possibilities than I had thought. In Victorian times a man often had a ring put through the head of his cock—that is, entering the hole, passing through the urinary tube and coming out the base of the head underneath—so he could secure his penis in the right or left trouser leg. This type of

piercing is called the "Prince Albert" because Queen Victoria's husband supposedly had had such an operation.

There are also little studs called dydoes, which look like tiny barbells and are inserted through the sensitive cockhead. They are made of gold, silver or stainless steel, and are usually inserted in groups, decking out the dick with an honor guard of metal balls.

I was at first shocked by all this, but it did turn me on enough to go at it again with Loreen, waking her from a sound sleep. (She didn't complain; she's a hot-blooded little thing.) The next morning I told her that if she wanted to get her nipples pierced, I'd learn to like it.

That day at work all I could think of were those cock-piercers—"penis-enhancers," the book had called them. Suddenly, my ol' nipple-ring was no big deal anymore. There was a tingle when it accidentally rubbed against my overalls, but still, something was missing. I wondered if I was crazy enough to go for the dydoes and the rest. I knew if I showed Bobby the books, that crazy ol' bastard would do it in a second. But the idea kept growing in my mind. By the time I got home I was almost ready to call him up and get my cock pierced. I decided to check out the books again, and that's when I found this quote in *The Visual Dictionary of Sex*:

"The secret knowledge that one is sexually adorned with rings and studs can itself give satisfaction. Generally, the ornamentation starts in a small way, but grows more extravagant with time as the wearer discovers its compelling nature and learns new possibilities from fellow-piercers or from seeing photographs. The craving for more and more holes is often combined with an interest in tattooing. Very few clubs exist for pierced people of either sex, but groups tend to form spontaneously."

Holy shit! I felt like the authors were writing a personal letter to me! I figured I had better control my urge or soon I'd be as full of holes as a junkie. Can you imagine? And what's your husband addicted to, Loreen? Oh, Ray's strung out on cock-rings!

Loreen came over to me and gave my nipple-ring a tug. "Guess what?" she asked. I didn't have to guess. I knew Loreen was going to pull up her blouse and flash two pierced tits at me.

"I'm not going to do it," she stated. "What?"

"I'm not going to get my boobs pierced." She said she had been thinking about how a woman's breasts are already supersensitive, and she also con-

Polish Shower-Massage



sidered that there's enough breast cancer going around without messing with one's body for no good reason.

I couldn't hide my relief. I showed her the passage in the book about how people get addicted to piercing, but Loreen only had eyes for the different kinds of cock-ornaments.

That weekend, when I was out riding with Bobby, I told him about the books. Bobby let out a roar of laughter, drove his bike into a thicket and hopped off. Before I knew it, Bobby had dropped his chaps and was flashing his fully ornamented rig.

After that I kept toying with the idea of getting my cock pierced too. Loreen sort of knew what was bugging me, but she never brought up the subject. Sometimes we'd have sex, and she wouldn't even play with my nipple-ring. No longer a new kink, it had sort of faded into the mat of hair surrounding it.

I wasn't afraid of getting pierced. Hell, I had so many tattoos that if I were going to get an infection, it would have happened already. And I checked on the health risks and found that if the piercing is done under antiseptic conditions, there's no real risk. My only concern was that I didn't want to be addicted to body-piercing.

Well, last Christmas, Loreen and I and Bobby and his old lady were sitting around the tree and getting high. Loreen crept up behind me and said, "Merry Christmas" as she put a little gift box in my hand. I opened it, and there was a small gold ring inside.

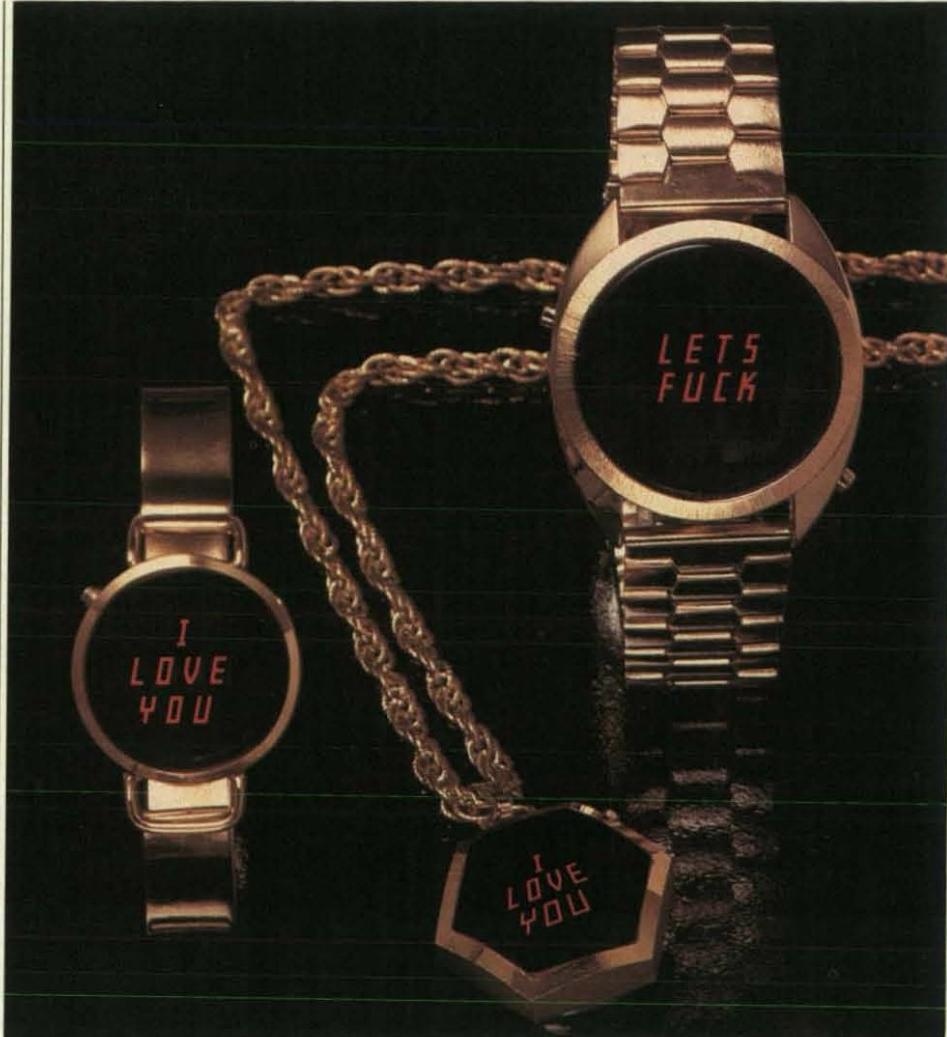
"Now I'll have a matching set," I said, holding the ring up to my ringless nipple.

"No, honey," Loreen whispered.

And that's how I came to have a "Prince Albert" under my jeans. Bobby took me into the bathroom—he knew what Loreen was up to and had brought his needles—and did it for me. Without anesthetic! I was drinking and high, but I'll tell you something: If you're gonna get pierced, do it without a pain-killer. The feeling is enough to drive you crazy and make you come, all at the same time.

I wanted to make love to my wife as soon as the job was over. She pointed out that my cock might be too tender, but I said there's more than one way to skin a she-cat. I licked my lips and Loreen squealed. We left Bobby and his lady under the Christmas tree and went upstairs.

I'd like to tell you what the two of us did that night, but that would be another *Kinky Korner*. ☺



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WHO'S WHO IN BLUEGRASS

(continued from page 107)

Osbornes are best known for their rendition of "Rocky Top."

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

Washington, D.C., is generally recognized as the nation's unofficial bluegrass capital. It was there that hundreds of pickers moved from the hill country of Virginia, Kentucky and the Carolinas in the '30s and '40s to find work.

The oldest and most established group to emerge from D.C.'s bluegrass scene is the Country Gentlemen. Formed in 1957, the Gentlemen are credited with pioneering "newgrass"—progressive bluegrass. They have been heavily influenced by jazz and blues, and their raucous onstage humor is a departure from the somber intensity often associated with the more traditional groups. Often dubbed "urban bluegrass," the Country Gentlemen include in their repertoire songs as far-afield as the theme from *Exodus* and the Beatles' "Yesterday."

THE SELDOM SCENE

Another widely recognized and equally progressive Washington-based group is the Seldom Scene, led by John Duffey, formerly of the Country Gentlemen.

The *New York Times* once called the Seldom Scene "one of the best bluegrass bands in the country." As musicians, they are known for their ultratight instrumental work and near-perfect harmonies. As writers, they have added a whole new repertoire of original songs to bluegrass, such as "The C&O Canal," "Song for Life" and "Gardens and Memories."

THE NEW GRASS REVIVAL

The New Grass Revival is typical of the ultraprogressive wing of bluegrass. Formed by Louisville native Sam Bush, a three-time winner of the National Fiddle Championship, the New Grass Revival has been described as sounding like "a modern jazz combo on bluegrass instruments." The band is known for its extended, rocklike solos. "Our music has moved away from the traditionalists," Bush explains. "We're pretty much into swing-jazz and jazz-rock."

While hailed by younger enthusiasts as the best of the "newgrass" groups, the New Grass Revival has endured heckling at the more tradition-oriented festivals. Bush is a genuine admirer of traditionalist Bill Monroe, but his efforts to make peace with the patriarch of bluegrass have been fruitless. Monroe has slammed doors in Bush's face and otherwise consistently snubs him. ☐

TALKING WOMAN

(continued from page 58)

raise even my hopes. I couldn't help but notice that Norton was especially attentive to her and that his wife occasionally looked tense and unhappy. It was hard to believe anything went on between Norton and Trudy, because of the age difference. At least that's how I saw it. But, then, I was feeling negative.

Trudy was spending the weekend with the Nortons. She worked as a waitress in San Francisco, a job she hated. An ex-student of Norton, she came down to Venice occasionally to help him sort his voluminous files. I wondered what else she sorted out for the old man.

Next evening around 5:30, I rang the doorbell and, as Norton was hard of hearing, I let myself in as usual. Jenny sometimes returned quite late from her office in Westwood, so I'd usually make myself at home. I poured some wine and idled through the newspaper, thinking maybe Norton was coping one of his snoozes.

Finally, bored and drowsy, I got up and went to the john to urinate. In the john a second door, which was slightly ajar, opened into Norton's bedroom. I heard a long moan and, for one startled moment, thought the old guy was dying.



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I was about to rush in when I heard his lowered voice: "Ooooh, baby! Mmmm, get down and lick those balls! Yeah! That's it! Aah, run those sweet lips over daddy's big dick! Aaaah, honey! What a hot little cocksucker! Suck me off, quick!"

Stunned, I hurriedly zipped my fly, returned to the living room, poured a tumblerful of red and gulped most of it in three swallows. Obviously, Norton was far from dying. As I was wiping my brow, Norton appeared in his blue flannel pajamas and slippers, his face more flushed than usual.

"When did you get here?" he asked grumpily.

"Oh, I just—I—let myself in," I stammered, "a minute ago."

"I didn't hear you," grumbled Norton, as if he could hear.

"I rang the bell," I said.

"Have some wine." He waved vaguely toward the half-killed bottle.

"Thanks," I said, pouring another tumblerful.

"Trudy's working on some files," said Norton. "I'm starved. Where the hell's Jenny, dammit?"

He shuffled around, turned on the tube for the news. It blasted like hell. He sat down to record it for his files. This was a daily ritual. No item was too dull or insignificant. He had to record every newscast, every commercial, so that nobody would catch him napping. A truly dedicated journalist, he probably interrupted a good fuck for the 6 o'clock news.

The front door opened, and Jenny, loaded with brown paper sacks of supermarket foods, swept breathlessly into the room. She kissed her husband, who grumbled about being hungry. Then she smiled at me and went into the kitchen to prepare dinner. Trudy emerged through the toilet door and sat beside me. I almost jumped when she gave me one of those lingering looks.

I lurched to my feet.

"Well, since you're all gonna eat," I said, "I'll be shoving off."

"Sit down!" Norton yelled. "You're fucking up my news!"

"Oh, pardon me!" I said, and fell back into the armchair.

"Why don't you stay for dinner?" Jenny asked. "We've got enough. Please stay."

"Yeah, why not?" said Trudy, adding, "I really wish you would."

She smiled enticingly.

"SHUT UP, GODDAMNIT! EVERYBODY!" screamed Norton. "I CAN'T HEAR THE FUCKIN' NEWS!"

Trudy's eyes rested on me while Norton spat bits of food and saliva over us,

eating and talking at once. Jenny busked about, serving dinner. She hadn't eaten since lunch, but she wouldn't take a bite until the table was cleared. Then she would nibble something before joining us. She was like that.

I kept cramming the eats down my throat, guzzling wine. My eyes met Trudy's. Arguing with Norton, she seemed to hold her own. But her eyes were on me. Suddenly, she invited me to visit her in San Francisco. She said she could put me up. I couldn't believe my ears. I almost choked when I saw Norton's expression.

Jenny called out gaily from the hot kitchen, wiping the sweat from her brow, "Oh, I knew you two would get together! Didn't I tell you, honey?"

Norton savagely gummed a hunk of chicken like an old hyena. "Goddamnit, Jenny, what the hell are you, a matchmaker?" he rasped. "They've just laid eyes on each other and you've got 'em hitched already!"

Trudy grinned and patted his bald dome mischievously. "Oh, come on, Sammy," she teased. "You know I'm not the marrying kind."

"Yeah, but maybe the sexual revolution has gone too far," Norton muttered. "I'm ready to start the fuckin' counter-revolution."

Everybody laughed. Norton had written one of the pioneer books documenting the new sexual freedom of the '60s. I couldn't help but think how lucky the old buzzard was to have two women crazy about him at 75 years of age. Like many of his followers, Trudy worshiped the old man. I figured her invitation to me was mostly formal, a friendly overture. Nothing more.

Everyone except Jenny had quite a bit to drink. Norton could hold his liquor, but something seemed to be buggering him. He was unusually loud and offensive. Was he jealous? Who gives a shit? Or even a fart? I couldn't care less, I thought. Deliriously, joyously smashed, I could hardly believe my good luck.

If I had any reason to doubt Trudy's sincerity during the evening, when she had eyes for nobody but me, all my fears were dispelled as I reeled out the door to my beat-up old Fairlane around 1 a.m. Trudy stepped onto the porch with me and whispered, "I'm serious about seeing you in San Francisco. Here's my phone number and address."

She pressed a piece of paper into my hand. As I stared at it dumbly, she placed one hand around my ass and the other hand around the back of my neck and stuck her tongue in my mouth. I grabbed her ass and crushed her braless tits against my chest, dry-fucking her

(continued on page 119)



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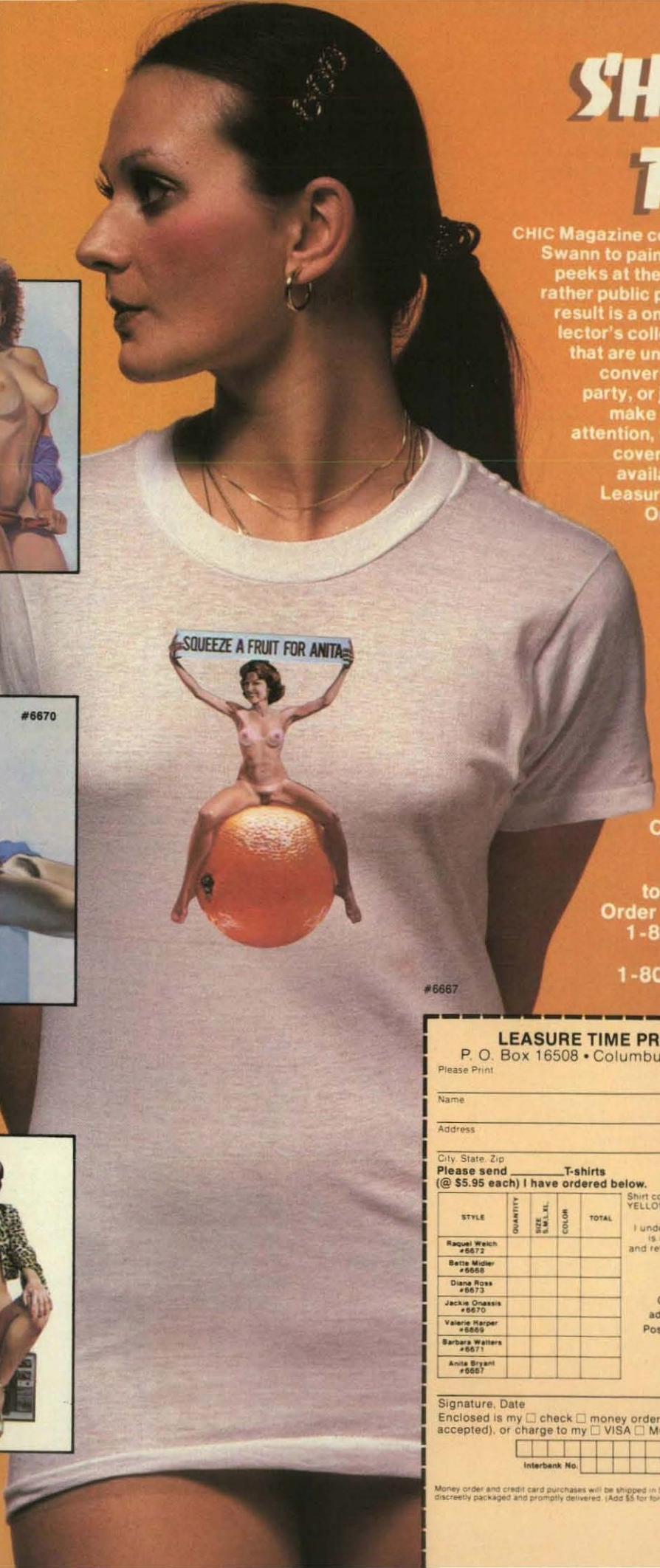
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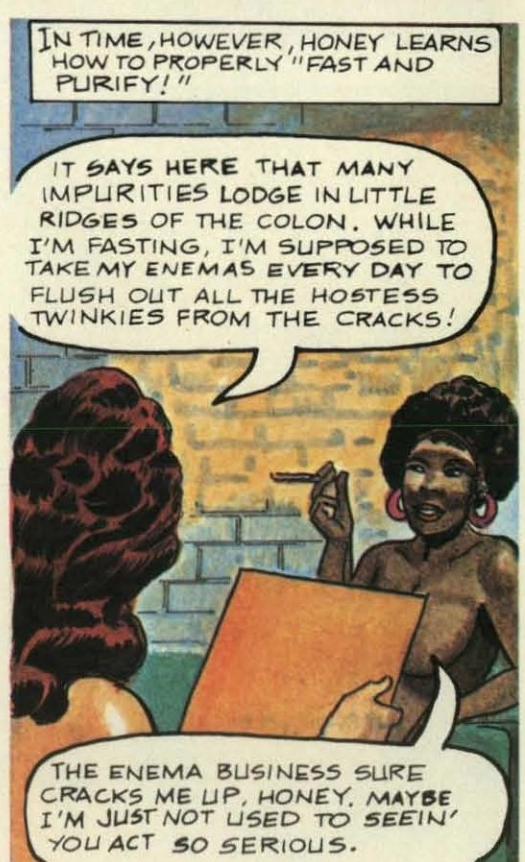
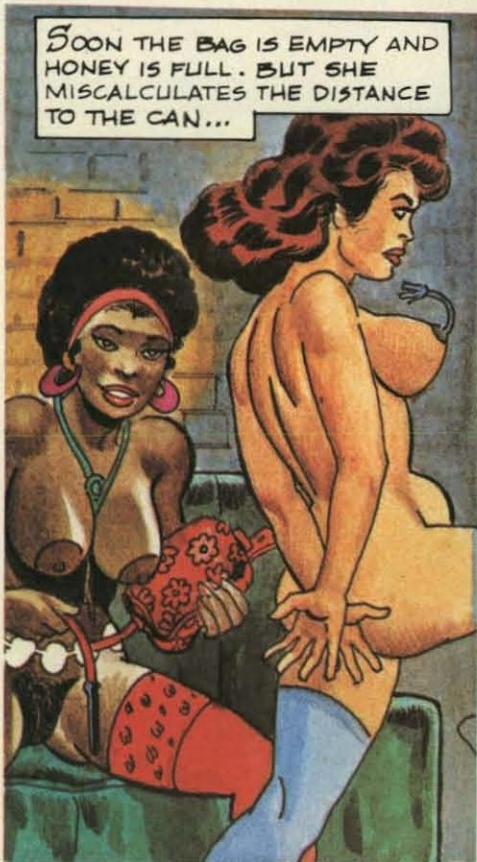
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Honey

by MIKE TOOHEY and FRED FERNANDEZ

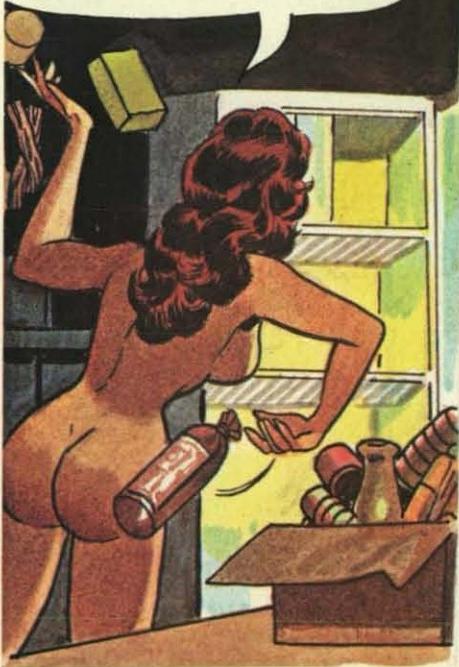
LAST MONTH, WHEN GOD APPEARED TO HONEY AS A TUB OF MARGARINE, SHE DECIDED TO GIVE UP PROSTITUTION AND BECOME A STRIPPER.





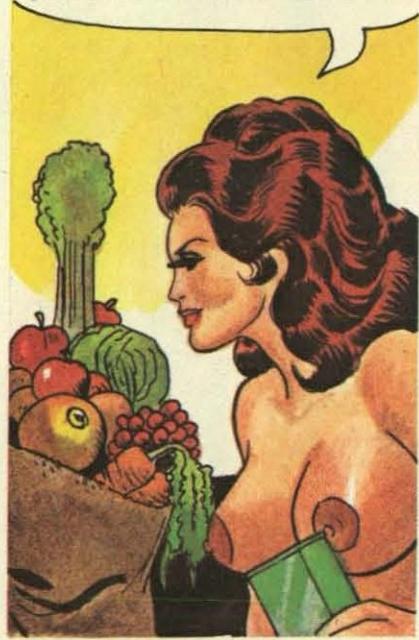
FIRST, SHE GETS RID OF ALL HER FOOD.

MAYBE I SHOULD SEND THIS STUFF TO THOSE STARVING MASSES IN INDIA I'VE HEARD ABOUT. NO... I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T BE INTO POP-TARTS.



AND SHE BEGINS STOCKING UP FOR AFTER THE FAST!

LET'S SEE. RAW FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, FRESH-SQUEEZED JUICES.... THINGS SHOULD WORK OUT FINE AS LONG AS NO ONE OFFERS ME A JELLY DONUT IN THE NEXT TEN YEARS.



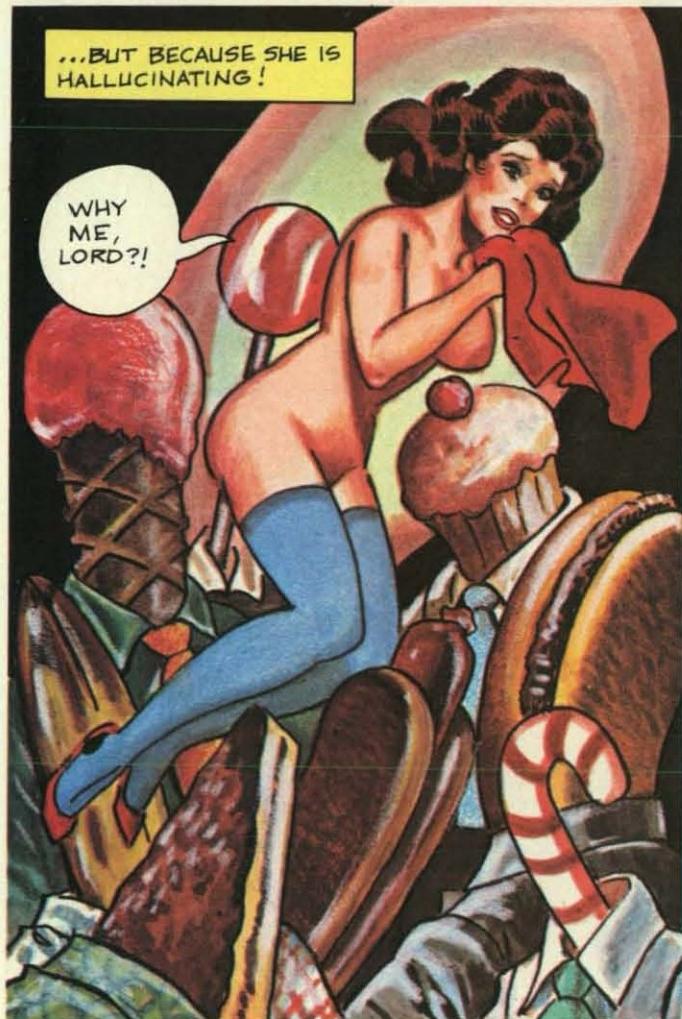
AFTER NINE DAYS OF FASTING IT GETS TOUGH TO WORK AS A STRIPPER - NOT BECAUSE SHE'S TOO WEAK...

HUBBA! HUBBA!
WOW!
HOORAY!



...BUT BECAUSE SHE IS HALLUCINATING!

WHY ME, LORD?



HER STOMACH'S EMPTY, BUT SHE'S FULL OF SPIRIT!

IT'S FUNNY! I HAVEN'T BEEN EATING, YET I FEEL REALLY GOOD! LET'S GO FOR A WALK, TOKEN.

HONEY, WE JUST DANCED FOR SIX HOURS STRAIGHT. BESIDES, I THOUGHT YOU GAVE UP STREETWALKIN' TO GO STRUTTIN' WITH JESUS. YOU GO ON, AN' DON'T GET INTO TROUBLE!

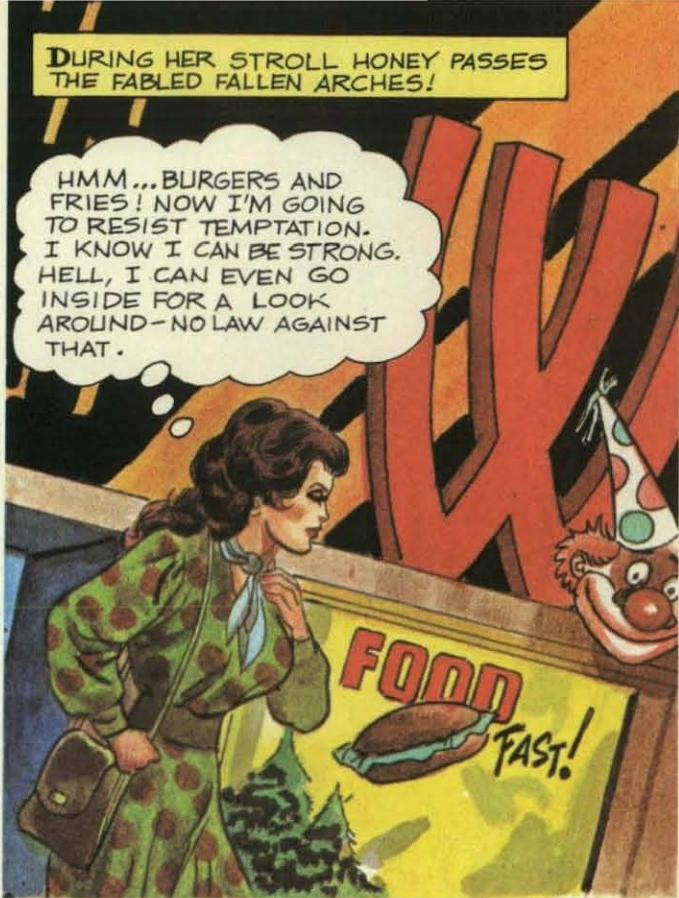


DURING HER STROLL HONEY PASSES THE FABLED FALLEN ARCHES!

HMM...BURGERS AND FRIES! NOW I'M GOING TO RESIST TEMPTATION. I KNOW I CAN BE STRONG. HELL, I CAN EVEN GO INSIDE FOR A LOOK AROUND - NO LAW AGAINST THAT.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE TEMPTATION IS STRONGER THAN SHE IS.

HONEY, SOMETIMES YOU ARE SO DUMB! I MEAN, GRANTED YOU'RE HUNGRY RIGHT NOW, BUT THE PRESERVATIVES THEY PROBABLY PUT IN THIS BUN WILL ROT YOUR ARTERIES...





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with boils and had pointed, cactuslike tips. Syphilitic plants? It was very depressing. I wondered if Trudy had painted them, hoped she hadn't.

Well, to be fair, I'd have to say they did have a certain force, a desperate, neurotic violence that communicated an inner struggle. Still, they were very unpleasant to look at. I felt as if I had caught a glimpse of somebody's venereal disease.

I spent the day lounging around the house, drinking beer. Then I took a walk around the Haight. The hippies, like those in Venice, panhandled and sold dope. I returned with a joint of Colombian, which I smoked, luxuriously stretched out on the bed, indulging in sexual fantasies....

Trudy was standing over me, puffing one of her poisonous Kents. I had dozed.

"Did you get a good night's sleep?" she asked with a touch of irony. She looked tired.

"Oh, sure," I said, grinning. "But I only slept fourteen hours."

"I had three. Then eight hours of sheer bummer. I hate that place. I hate working. It just murders me. I feel like my whole life is being wasted. A fucking waste. I hate the men who leer at me and expect me to smile when they pat my ass because they might leave a tip. The filthy bastards!"

She took violent drags on her cigarette. For the first time I noticed her fingers. Her nails were bitten halfway to the cuticle. She was definitely not happy. She lighted one cigarette after another. We went into the kitchen, where she began preparing dinner. She would stop what she was doing, take a nervous hit on her smoke and talk. Resentful talk. The dinner took two hours to prepare, as she did more talking than cooking. She talked about how she couldn't stand her job, couldn't stand people. She couldn't stand anything. Christ, how that woman could talk!

"It's disgusting. The customers make me vomit. All they can think about is sex. I rush from table to table, and these big fat men try to date me, pinching my ass. I'm a waitress, goddamnit, not a whore!"

"Yeah, maybe they overdo it," I said. "Still, you've got to admit they know a good thing when they see one, Trudy."

"Huh? I'm not on the menu, you know!"

I couldn't quite agree as I looked at that nice, big ass and those milky boobs, but I knew enough to keep my mouth shut.

"Well, at least you didn't jump me," she said earnestly. "That's what I liked about you. You're not like the others.

You're not aggressive. You look... well, civilized."

Is that what I was? Civilized? I really was chicken.

"The others act like animals," she said. "I'm not a sex object. I'm a woman."

Well, I can vouch for that, I thought. I didn't want to say anything to spoil her good opinion of me. To me a woman and a sex object were not always two different things. If a relationship came out of a sex trip, so much the better.

"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's the implicit assumption that men have the right to go after women as if they were hunks of meat!" she went on fiercely. "I don't go around winking at men or grabbing their butts. Why should they do that to me? It's the whole damn concept of women that men have always been trained to believe—that we are their property, like houses, dogs, cars. Sammy Norton is different. He's a great writer and a great man. He has documented society's rottenness. He loves women, but he's got a mind. He knows that private property does not extend to the female body, the human body. That's what I love about him. He taught me everything I know."

Hmm... so that's the way Norton scored! I wondered just how much he had taught her. She was really good in the sack. Was that part of Norton's course at the university? Trudy must have been a good student. She had also picked up his habit of lecturing. I was not too crazy about that; it made me contradictory or silent. I would have to be careful. Not that I was a male chauvinist pig. It was their attitude, self-righteous, full of sweeping generalizations, that I didn't like about women who put men down. I had always regarded women as equals. At least until I met Trudy.

During the meal—she was a fine cook—I began to find out that we were not equal. Women were better than men. If she wasn't exactly a women's libber, she damn sure came close. She had opinions on everything, radical notions that Norton wrote about and more—for Norton, not being a woman and not being young, could at best deal only with concepts. As a woman, Trudy was trying to live her beliefs. And she believed she was hot shit.

I had never made it with that type of woman before. All the ones I had fucked and loved seemed content to play the domestic role—even college women with degrees. They did not complain about cooking, laundering, doing the dishes—the menial tasks—but did them willingly, as part of their so-called "natural" functions. Not Trudy. She re-

sented all this and made it quite clear.

"My only natural functions," she said, "are shitting, pissing, puking, menstruating, eating and fucking. Same as yours."

"If I had the monthlies," I told her, "it would be unnatural."

"There's nothing natural about washing dishes," she retorted.

I couldn't argue with that.

After dinner we sat on the sofa in the living room among those dreadful paintings. (They were hers, she told me. She had painted them two years before at college.) She chain-smoked and bit her nails and talked and stared at my crotch. Her insistent stare made me uncomfortable. At the same time it aroused me. For once, I knew how it felt to be a sex object.

I hazarded a risky question: "Trudy, are you attracted to Norton?"

For a moment her blue eyes flared with anger.

"What do you mean, *attracted*?"

"Well, I mean, he's pretty old, you know. And fat and bald and—"

"That's a chauvinist remark. That's ageism."

She began nervously to curl a wisp of hair with one finger.

"Well, no, I don't mean it that way," I said. "I mean, do you really go for him sexually?"

"Listen, Norton was my teacher. I was eighteen when I first took his classes at UCLA. He was a famous writer. We all worshiped him. And besides," she gave a little laugh, "he's more of a man than most young studs! He's a Scorpio, and they're very sexy. What sign are you?"

"I'm a Cancer, penis rising," I said. She laughed.

"So the old fart is a good lay. Who would have thought it?" I said.

"A damn good lay. Most of the time, though, I jerk him off."

"Oh, does he go in for that?"

"He does as far as I'm concerned. Oh, it isn't exactly a love affair. Although the age difference doesn't mean a thing," she added quickly. "But you know, he is rather kinky."

"That figures. He's been through so many wives and mistresses that I thought by now he must have some pretty weird trips."

"Well, I had to do the lace panties and black-mesh-stockings thing a few times. I enjoyed it."

"Any B&D? S&M? Water sports?"

"A little of those too."

"My God!"

This was getting better and better. Even radicals were kinky, after all.

"What about Jenny? Doesn't she mind Norton's playing the field?"

"Oh, Jenny's pretty secure. Twenty years with Sammy is a long time. Her life's work. I love Jenny. I'd never hurt her. But she's a doormat. I could never do it."

"So she knows about you."

"I'm sure she does. And about the others. Listen . . . I'm not the only one. Sammy's quite a lover. He has two secretaries and—"

"Holy shit!"

"Before I made it with him I'd had only one experience. A boy my own age. But . . . not all the way."

Norton was a Bluebeard. All those virgins in the closet!

"And since then?"

"Well, only a couple. I'm twenty-three. But I hate men who don't think. That's why I left Southern California."

I remained silent. She poured another coffee. Then she stared boldly at my crotch again. It was maddening. The talk had made me hot as hell. When I stared back, she said in a small, demanding voice, "I'm horny."

That week I saw a lot of action. Then I returned to the mindless beach community of fun and frolic to recover from the shock of getting as much pussy as I wanted.

* * *

A few weeks later I recovered completely. I couldn't stand living alone any

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longer in the boonies of Tinseltown by the Sea. After several long-distance phone talks with Trudy that must have burned the wires, I decided I would move to Frisco. By a stroke of good luck, someone I knew there was leaving for a year in Europe and let me move into his flat.

I took the midnight flight, glad to be rid of the old ladies and crazies who inhabited the seafront apartment house I had survived for three years. In San Francisco I found myself, during the early hours, in a raunchy, five-room, roach-infested walk-up on the third floor of a dilapidated Victorian house South of Market, hard by the freeways in the business district.

In the evening I looked up Trudy. She had also moved, opposite Golden Gate Park on Lincoln Way. She opened the door and kissed me, her eyes drawn like a magnet to my fly. I got a hard-on. We exchanged a few remarks about moving, but my mind was not on that subject.

I could barely concentrate while she kept her gaze down there on my crotch. She kept licking her dry lips with a quick, darting tongue. We lamely attempted conversation.

"Oh, yeah, sure I'm a little tired, but that's to be expected," I said.

"Perhaps you'd like to take a nap," Trudy said suggestively.

"Uh, sure. That would be fine."

"Let me show you the bedroom."

We went to the front of her flat, where a queen-size bed, neatly made, looked incredibly inviting. Trudy sat on it as I stood over her, her eyes glued hypnotically to the bulge in my pants. She reached out and touched me there. She began to fool around with the zipper, which stuck. I moved closer, my fly about two inches from her mouth. She fumbled with the zipper, but I wouldn't help. I wanted her to take my cock out. But the zipper stayed stuck.

Then, suddenly, she was pleading, "Give it to me! Oh, God, give it to me!"

"Sure, I'll give it to you," I said. "But first I want your bare tits hanging out. Show me your tits!"

She swiftly pulled off her blouse and exposed her two fine boobs, very full and white. I grabbed her nipples and manipulated them, squeezing and rubbing until they were hard as my prick. She began whimpering and seized my zipper again, almost crying with vexation. "Shit! Oh, shit! Open the damn fucking zipper, for God's sake!"

Slowly I began rotating my hips, weaving in slow fuck movements, pressing my crotch against her lips, her cheeks, over and between her naked tits, teasing her. She threw her arms around

my ass and ground her face desperately against my crotch. She ran her hands down my hard thighs and calves. I had to keep from coming. The sensation was delicious. For a moment I flashed on the toilet at Norton's where I had heard him command her to suck him off.

"Ya wanna blow me, baby?" I crooned. "Wanna give me head?"

"Yes-s-s," she hissed. "Yes-s-s!"

"Ya wanna lick my hairy balls?"

"Mmmmm," she moaned, as I pressed them against her mouth.

"Let's see your cunt. Show me your juicy twat under your dress. Don't remove your dress. Sit and spread your legs on the bed with your knees up. Pull down your panties to your ankles and show your crack. Like a dirty little girl."

She leaned back and dropped her panties and exposed her pink, dripping gash. I leaned over and tickled her clitoris with my forefinger delicately. Then I began to lick it. She went crazy. I licked it harder.

"Faster, faster!" she whined. "Faster! Oh, shit! Oh, fuckin'-hot shit!"

She gave out mad little squeals. Then a loud cry. She climaxed.

Then slowly, deliberately, I unzipped my fly, her eyes riveted wildly upon it. My cock sprang out, huge and swollen and throbbing. With a quick movement I flipped out my balls.

"Now suck me off!"

Her mouth clamped on it almost before I spoke. Her lips clamped tight over the head. She went down to the base, gobbling the whole thing in her throat. She slid back and forth in deep, hungry gulps. I spat an enormous hot load down her throat almost immediately; she gulped and gagged convulsively, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Finally, I withdrew, still standing over her. She stared at my half-hard dick hanging thick and purple with its big blue vein running down the top of the shaft to the bulging head, where a pearly drop or two still formed. She licked the cum off and swallowed it. Then I took my nap.

When Trudy wasn't sucking my dick or fucking, she talked. God, how that woman could talk! She talked me into a coma. The only way I could stop her was to shove my cock down her throat. Or throw her on the bed and fuck her into silence. But as soon as she came, she would scream against chauvinist pigs. Macho pigs. The female of the species did not draw her hatred. The female was a martyr. As for me, I found both sexes—as well as the ones in between—piggish.

Sometimes it took her three or four hours to prepare a meal as she worked

herself into a righteous rage about man's exploitation of woman. By then, I would be so tired and hungry that I could only nod in helpless agreement, feeling guilty about eating dinner because she had prepared it.

I began inviting her to my place, since I could make dinner while she smoked and talked. This way I would not feel hungry or guilty. She never offered to do the dishes, but I didn't mind. It was a small price to pay for being a pig. And, besides, I no longer collapsed with hunger. It was worth it. So we spent most of our evenings at my flat, where Trudy would stay over and leave in the morning for work. It was convenient for her. The downtown restaurant where she worked was not far from my place.

All the same, she burned cigarette holes in the bedsheets and soiled them with her feet after walking around barefoot on the dirty floors. She never made the bed or helped with the laundry. Dirty dishes piled up in the sink. The garbage overflowed in paper sacks, and stank. The floors grew slimy. She busied herself telling me how unfair men were to women. I don't know how she did it, but she yakked right up to the moment she fell asleep.

I'd toss and turn, unable to doze off. Her whining voice echoed in my ears for hours, giving me no peace. She kept tell-

ing me I was wrong about this and that. Being a member of the hated species, I felt more and more inadequate or apologetic. I was getting laid regularly, but my ego, never too robust, was getting slowly but surely pulverized. I had expected mental stimulation, but all she did was complain, blame and bait me into arguments so she could convince herself I was not her lover, but her enemy.

I think she hated me for my prick. It was my secret weapon, the one thing I could always draw like a magic sword, a wand I could brandish to bring her to her knees.

But even in this arena Trudy fought back, made war. She tried to suck me dry, body and soul. Like the female black widow spider after sex, she wanted to devour me.

"Yes-s-s!" she hissed. "You men have colonized women's minds and bodies like the imperialist pigs you are! For thousands of years! But in the end we will win! We'll suck the juices out of you and *destroy* you! Like witches! I'm a witch!"

I thought she was going nuts. Her voice would rise to a shrill singsong, her s's keen and sibilant, like the hiss of a rattlesnake. Sometimes she stamped her foot, a petulant, angry little girl. It was chilling.

One night around midnight, as we were getting into bed, she said, "Oh, I forgot my vaginal foam! Let's fuck anyway. I'm horny!"

This was a familiar command. When Trudy said she was horny, I had to service her on the spot. Not that I minded. But I had begun to feel like some kind of fuck machine, a disembodied cock, a piece of meat. She had turned the tables, treating me as men treated women. The feminist backlash.

"Well, listen, Trudy. Actually, I'm very tired. And it's late. I think I'm coming down with the flu. I feel terrible. Let's just forget it tonight."

She stared uncomprehendingly.

"I don't see why we can't fuck. I'm horny."

"I'm not up to it," I said. "Can't we just forget it for once?"

"Oh, shit," she said disgustedly. "All right, if you *must* have the damn foam, we can go to a drugstore and buy some."

"There's no drugstore in this part of town."

"You're wrong! Of course there is! There are lots of them on Mission or Market. Come on!"

The nearest one was about ten blocks away. On Saturday night it would be closed. I told her; she refused to believe it. I got to my feet in utter exhaustion.

(continued on page 130)



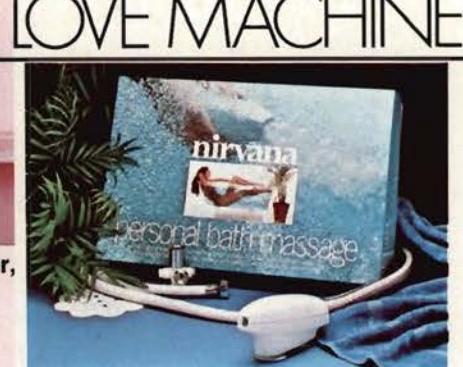
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CASSETTE SEX

Remember the old-time radio shows? Even if you don't, chances are you've at least heard about them. Unlike TV, radio shows required the listener to use his imagination, since the stories unfolded by voices and sounds only. The porn industry, in the form of adult cassette tapes, is keeping the Fibber McGee and Molly tradition alive. *Fantasia* (P.O. Box 4328, Austin, Texas 78765) has a particularly intriguing line of sex tapes. They may not live up to the dramatic standards of the old shows, but they should get a rise out of you all the same.

We listened to six *Fantasia* tapes, and all are chatty and slapdash. The distributor boasts that these tapes are unrehearsed; we don't doubt it. Some are so loose they sound like a rowdy minor-league hockey team in the back of a bus. The actors, we are pleased to say, possess good, healthy lungs. They aren't much at ad-libbing, but man, can they grunt! This amateurishness results in long pauses as actors think up sexy, but inane, things to say. Hence, there are a lot of gaps.

The star of the tapes (heard on at least three of them) is a lady billed as "Belle De Jour, Dominatrix." *Belle du jour*—"beauty of the day" in French—derives its inspiration, we suspect, from *soup du jour*. That's fitting; the lady sounds a little wet around the edges. This is not to say she isn't a crackerjack dominatrix. On Side One of *Mistress Belle Trains a New Slave* she ticks off a little lecture that Parris Island graduates will recognize as a slightly altered Marine Corps "welcoming" speech.

The *Fantasia* tapes cost \$8.95 each. But you can save money by ordering three (\$23.85) or five (\$36.95) at a time. We think they compare favorably with other tapes on the market . . . and we've heard them all. At least it seems that way.

HARD-CORE HEAVEN

All too often a customer sends for what he thinks are hot, steamy films only to end up with the kind of soft-core loops he might see at a West Virginia county fair peep show. Thus, we are glad to announce that a new firm, *D. J. Lang* (210 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010), offers real X-rated goods to the public.

Two films it sent us are #1 and #2 of the Diamond Collection, a European series Lang is distributing here. Though nothing on the boxes indicates where the two films—*Milk Jugs* and *Country Girl*—were made, we strongly suspect they were shot in West Germany. The featured women both have the buxom depravity of the fuckee-suckee specialists we associate with Deutschland.

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK



This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order products. We will review any mail-order items, not to endorse them but to let you know what you will receive. Companies are invited to send us sample merchandise and information. Also, we'll advise customers on conducting business with mail-order firms, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, and alert our readers to shoddy products and outright frauds. If you have a problem with a dealer, write us so that we can alert other readers. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts. We'll contact the establishment and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a reliable firm, we would like to know that too. Address all correspondence to: *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

In *Milk Jugs* the heroine is a blond who lactates all over the screen. She has beautiful knockers, which lack theropy vein structure of many women who appear in "milk" epics. This little lass also gives head like a champ, going about it with Teutonic thoroughness and single-minded relish. She looks like she might have walked out of a Lufthansa ad. She is class-A material, definitely not of the eye-rolling *Mein Gott* school of porn-acting. Instead, she throws a precision fuck.

Milk Jugs is a lactate film that recognizes something few films of this genre do: Milk dripping from a tit is not particularly interesting. The milk here is subordinated to the sex action, as it should be. We think this is the biggest lesson European mail-order pornographers can teach their American counterparts: Watching ten minutes of a tit leaking milk is about as stimulating as watching your grandmother put on a girdle.

The second film, *Country Girl*, is not the film that starred Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby. No indeed! This one stars a German couple we shall call Hansel and Regretal.

We first see Regretal—a big, meaty girl—seated in an easy chair, repairing a rip in her panties. We like her immediately, if for no other reason than there is something touchingly irresponsible about a girl who fixes her underwear while wearing it. Happily, she is interrupted by Hansel, a young lumox dressed like a field hand.

Regretal has two facial expressions: forward and reverse. Hansel has to guide her through the actions like a man leading a cow to slaughter. She seems willing enough to fuck, but we suspect an unscrupulous director got her consent by offering her sugar cubes between takes. Frankly, the woman is not quite there.

She fucks like an automaton. When the guy offers her his cock, there's a moment of

real suspense; we almost expect her to chomp it off. But after a moment of confusion, she goes to work and delivers an assembly-line blow job, complete with the mandatory cum-on-face-shot. Presumably, this is to let us know that her partner got off, even if we didn't. Sexually, *Country Girl* will probably put you to sleep.

GODZILLA FILLER

Diverse Industries, Inc., a Dependable Dealer of mail-order adult films, is branching out. It is now marketing studio-authorized excerpts from six sci-fi/horror feature films. There are two *Planet of the Apes* movies, a *Star Wars* reel, a selection of Raquel Welch scenes from *One Million Years B.C.*, a Super 8mm version of *War of the Worlds* and—last but certainly not least—the Japanese classic *Destroy All Monsters*, which has cameo walk-ons by

Godzilla, Mothra and Rodan.

Because each film is offered in a variety of forms—black and white, color with or without sound—the pricing is somewhat confusing. All six films are available in silent Super 8 black and white for \$14.95 each. All films except *War of the Worlds* come in color Super 8 with sound for \$34.95 each. (*War of the Worlds*, for some reason, is available only in black and white, though the original film was in vivid '50s Technicolor!) *One Million Years B.C.*, *Destroy All Monsters* and the *Planet of the Apes* films are also available in color Super 8 without sound for \$24.95 each.

The sound films will work in nonsound projectors; the silent films have subtitles. When in doubt, check *Diverse Industries'* brochure, which also includes a wide range of adult novelties, films and tapes. For a film brochure write the company at 7651 Haskell Avenue, Department YC, Van Nuys, California 91406.

One reader writes that these films are the best way to juice up an 8mm porn party. Can you picture it? You've just shown a series of hard-core films—all of them with titles like *Lydia, Bride of the Burro* and *The Day the Dildo Broke*—when who should flash on the screen but Godzilla, wagging his big business all over downtown Tokyo during rush hour. Enough to give any stoned porn-film freak a permanent case of the shakes!

NEW POLICY

In keeping with *HUSTLER*'s policy of remaining responsive to the needs of our readers, the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* will be expanded. We have received letters complaining about the service from mail-order companies that do not necessarily traffic exclusively in sex-oriented material. Accordingly, we will monitor all sectors of the mail-order business.

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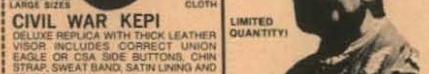
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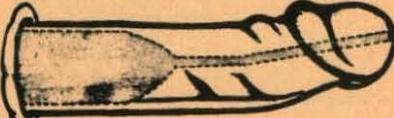
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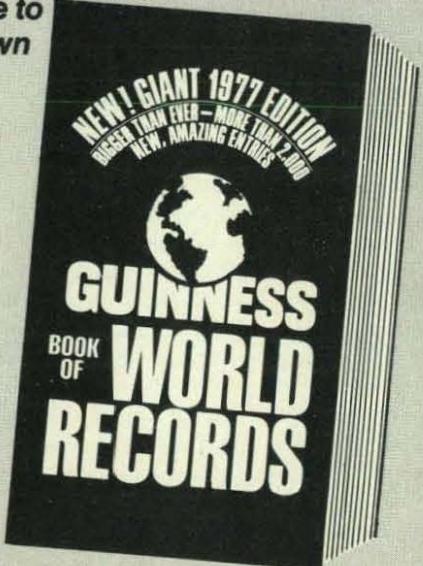
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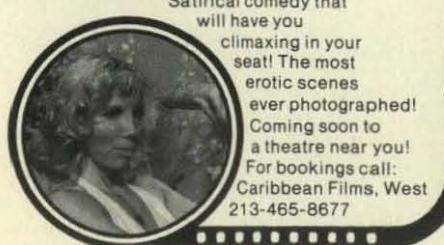
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TALKING WOMAN

(continued from page 123)

We walked the dark, deserted streets under the freeways to Mission. Everything but the bus terminal was closed.

"Well, let's try Market," Trudy said.

The same thing happened on Market. Then she wanted to walk toward North Beach. The buildings and streets were vacant. When we got to Broadway and Columbus, everything was lit up, the adult-book stores, X-rated movie marques, Enrico's, Carol Doda's, Nedick's, restaurants, bars, shish-kebab joints, but no drugstores. I asked a cop where we could find a drugstore.

"Not in this town at night, buddy," he said, squinting at us suspiciously. "Too many holdups. Junkies, y'know. Say, where ya from, anyway?"

"Oh, we live here," I said, pulling Trudy's arm as I saw her gird herself for a confrontation.

"Oh, crap. Goddamnit!" Trudy exclaimed. "I hate those fucking cops! Did ya see the way he stared at us? As if we were a couple of freaks or something."

"He probably looks at everyone like that, for Chrissake! Do you have to make something of it?"

"You're wrong! You should never let the pigs get away with intimidation!"

"He wasn't trying to intimidate us," I said.

"Bullshit! How can you say that? Didn't you see the way he looked at us?"

There was no stopping her. She had to win every point; I was always wrong.

We had walked nearly an hour. I felt like dropping dead. We had to take the bus back. It didn't show for half an hour. As we waited at the bus stop in front of City Lights Bookstore, she began blaming me for the bad evening. Why hadn't we stayed at the flat and fucked instead of wandering fruitlessly around the city? She forgot this was her idea. I was so exhausted I could hardly stand.

She didn't give a shit. She was so combative I gave up.

"Look, if that's how you feel, why the hell don't you just take a bus back to your place and let me get a night's sleep? I told you I didn't want to ball tonight."

She looked as if I had struck her.

"So that's it!" she said. "I see. I see. You don't want to ball. You're tired of me, aren't you? Now you want to get rid of me. Just drop me like that. Like a stone. You know how to make a person hate you, don't you? Don't you?"

"You already know how," I said. "You could give lessons."

"I hate you! I hate you!" she said in

that shrill, witchy, little girl's voice that I couldn't stand.

"Well, if that's how you see it," I said with a shrug.

The bus came, and she boarded it with me. We sat in silence until we got off. We walked up First Street to my place. "You can sleep in the front room," I said coldly.

Trudy stomped out of my bedroom. I got some sleep for a change.

In the morning she appeared in the doorway. Her eyes had dark circles around them. She sucked on her cigarette with jerky movements. "I didn't get a wink of sleep all night!" she said viciously.

She had used the same complaint I'd been using for some time.

"Now you know what it's like," I said.

"You drag me around town and then make me sleep alone, and you have the gall to take that nasty tone with me after you've had a good night's sleep and I haven't!"

"It was *your* idea, not mine," I said.

"My idea!? How should I know the drugstores would be closed?"

"I told you."

"I told you," she mimicked.

"Now, Trudy, cut this out."

"Now, Trudy, cut this out."

"You're behaving like a spoiled bitch!"

"You're behaving like a spoiled bitch!"

She kept up this childish mimicry, getting more infantile, more mocking, more insane. I leaped out of bed; I couldn't stand it anymore. I stood there in my shorts.

"GODDAMNIT! SHUT YOUR FUCKING TRAP!" I screamed. "I'LL BEAT YOUR GODDAMN BRAINS OUT!"

She stopped, looked scared.

"I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR INSANE TALK! JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

For once she was scared shitless. She couldn't deal with my violence. As for me, I was through. Finished. I'd had enough. The woman was a case. I told her so.

"GO TO A SHRINK, YOU SICK BITCH!" I yelled. "NO MAN WILL EVER PUT UP WITH THE SHIT YOU HAND OUT! IF YOU HATE MEN SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU GO AND SUCK CUNT?"

She stood cowed and silent. She had never seen me like this. I was out of control. I quickly dressed and made for the door. She followed. We went into the bright, empty Sunday light, walked to the terminal. Her trolley, the N Judah, came up. She turned to me with moist eyes.

"You're right," she said in a small, shaky voice. "Absolutely right."

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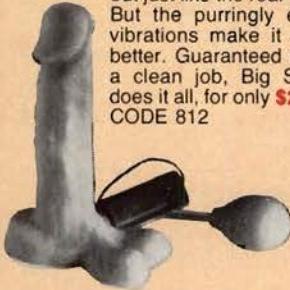
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Signature Date

THE TERRORIST BOOM

(continued from page 98)

Prior to 1972, Brown August was an obscure group known only to international security organizations and a few armchair terrorist aficionados. In fact, it required ten Brown August terrorist trading cards to obtain five Black Panther cards or one IRA card.

It took the 1972 Winter Olympics to bring Brown August to the general public's attention. Leaders of Brown August planned an incredible massacre of the team from Taiwan in retaliation for that country's refusal to host Brown August's annual picnic and autumn carnival. Tragedy was narrowly averted when the Olympic Committee announced that Taiwan did not have a team in the Winter Olympics.

More recently, Brown August terrorists were responsible for the hijacking of a Disney World monorail, which they demanded be taken to Cuba. The monorail, of course, remained on its track, and when the hijackers were finally subdued, they were fined 700 "E" tickets.

Nothing involving this group makes a whole lot of sense.

Anti-Terrorist League

A fiercely dedicated bunch, the Anti-Terrorist League has pledged itself to wiping out terrorism—and this organization will bomb to hell anyone who tries to stop it. The ATL asserts that terrorists are the worst sort of scum—cowards who skulk away from a real fight—and they publicly challenge any terrorist group to take the Anti-Terrorist League on, "if they can find us."

Anti-Terrorist Leaguers have no fear. Several of them once crashed a Black Panther meeting and put on a minstrel show. This won them a round of applause and several rounds of machine-gun fire. Another band of Anti-Terrorists invaded a Ku Klux Klan picnic and sold starched sheets. Only rabid believers would dare attempt those death-defying acts.

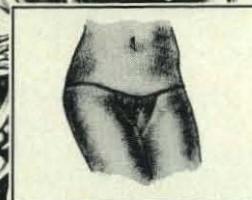
While the average Joe has nothing directly to worry about from the Anti-Terrorist League, experts believe the cost to other terrorist groups will, naturally, be passed on to the everyday consumer. Word is out on the streets that the Anti-Anti-Terrorist League—which advocates that terrorists have the right to shorten life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—is being formed. Already, in response, there is an Anti-Anti-Anti-Terrorist League. Of course, there are further plans to up the antis even more—ad infinitum pauseum.

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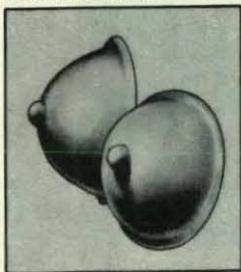
414—TEENY-WEENY

44-TEEN TWENTY
Feel free and naked in this sheer, see-thru, open-crotch G-String. A dash of rhinestones engulfs your most private area. Black. One Size Fits All. **\$6.99, 2/\$12.99.**



659—SNAKEY

Maneuver your hot little body into this skin-tight, teasing lace body suit. This clinging suit is sure to be a passion turn on. Black Only. S-M-L. **\$15.99**, XL **\$18.99**.



LITTLE LIES (#104) can make big romances bloom when you're suddenly buxom and sexy. Life-like nipples and soft 'nude-look' rubber breast pads feel natural to the touch. One size fits all 2 pr. \$5.99/1 pr. \$3.25.

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(not shown)
So soft and bouncy only you will
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WET & WILD (#109) is how you'll look in this matching "Wet-Look" Nylon Clr'd Bra and Garter belt. Shelf bra undercups breasts leaving nipples bare. SET (#109) \$16.99 in Black or Red. BRA (#109A) \$9.99 in sizes 32-38. GARTER BELT (#109B) S-M-L, \$7.99. XL GARTER BELT \$9.99, XL SET \$18.99. Both available in Black Lace.

EXPOSED (#112) is what you'll be in this Sheer Nylon, open crotch, open nipple style. **SET \$7.99 (2/\$14.99).** Black, Red, Purple. One size fits all. **XL Set \$11.99 (2/\$21.99).** Panty alone (#112A) \$3.75 ea. (3/\$9.99). **Black Satin Panty \$16.99. \$25.00 Set.** **XL Black Satin Set \$35.00.**

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Seamless Black Seamed Pantyhose S-M-L-XL
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Preview

JULY

Fourth Anniversary Issue

Despite recent attempts to silence *HUSTLER*, we will continue our courageous publishing tradition. With our Fourth Anniversary July issue, we reveal our first born-again edition, representing a radical breakthrough in the field of national journalism. It is destined to become an immediate collector's item. From July on, *HUSTLER* will celebrate the whole person—body and soul, intellect and spirit.

Have we lost our sense of humor? Have we lost our sense of outrage? And most important—have we lost our backbone? Emphatically no! Simply stated, we have gained a new dimension that, we are confident, will add to your enjoyment of our magazine and of the exciting, perplexing and outrageous world in which we live. Let us assure you that *HUSTLER* will continue to be the most sexually candid magazine in the field.

INTERVIEW: PAUL KRASSNER—*HUSTLER*'s new publisher talks about his dedication to bringing truth to the American people. A behind-the-scenes conversation conducted by *HUSTLER*'s Editorial Director, Bruce David, will introduce you to our new guiding force.

DECLARATION OF SEXUAL RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES—Noted humanist Lester A. Kirkendall, Ph.D., spells out *HUSTLER*'s born-again stand on human sexuality. At 74, Kirkendall is as virile as ever; you'll find his illustrated credo provocative and passionate.



FEAR OF FARTING—David Q. Voigt humorously surveys our culture's horror of anal thunderstorms in a windy piece, pumped full of gaseous information, about this deeply rooted American taboo.

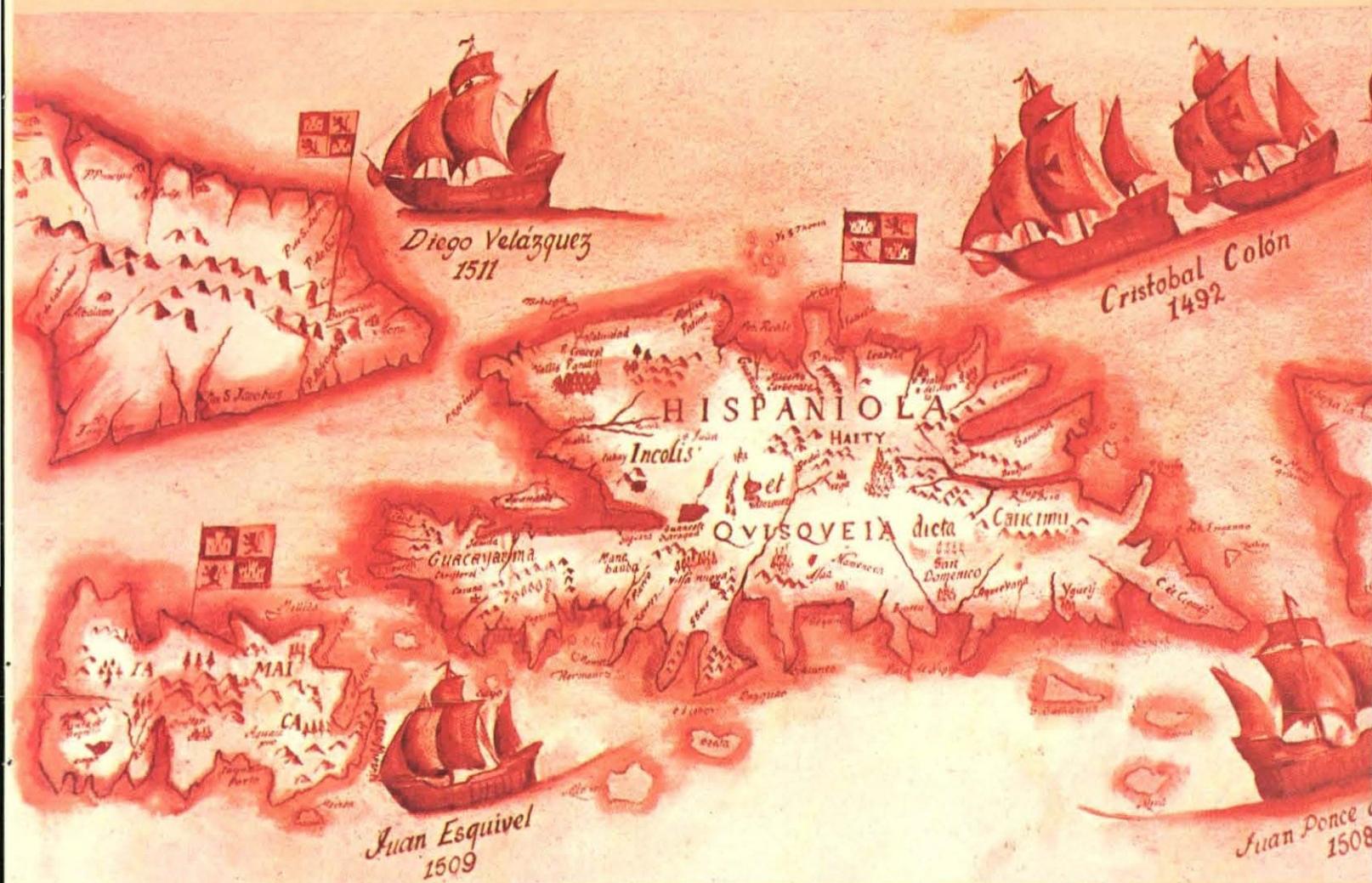
EVEN THE KINGS IN THEIR WINTER PALACES—A brutal and haunting piece of fiction about a Vietnamese peasant and his slaughtered son. By Ben Pleasants.

SEAT OF PASSION—The first of our loving-couple spreads, this photo-set will demonstrate how two sensible adults fulfill their deep-seated desires—in comfort. **FEMALE MASTURBATION** will further pictorialize our healthy approach to sexuality. We believe that God gave us our bodies to be enjoyed and that masturbation is a healthy outlet for such enjoyment. This feature will show that if you know how to love yourself, you can love others better.



PLUS—Hard-hitting and high-level information in **BITS & PIECES**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BEAVER HUNT**, **HONEY** and **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK**.

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